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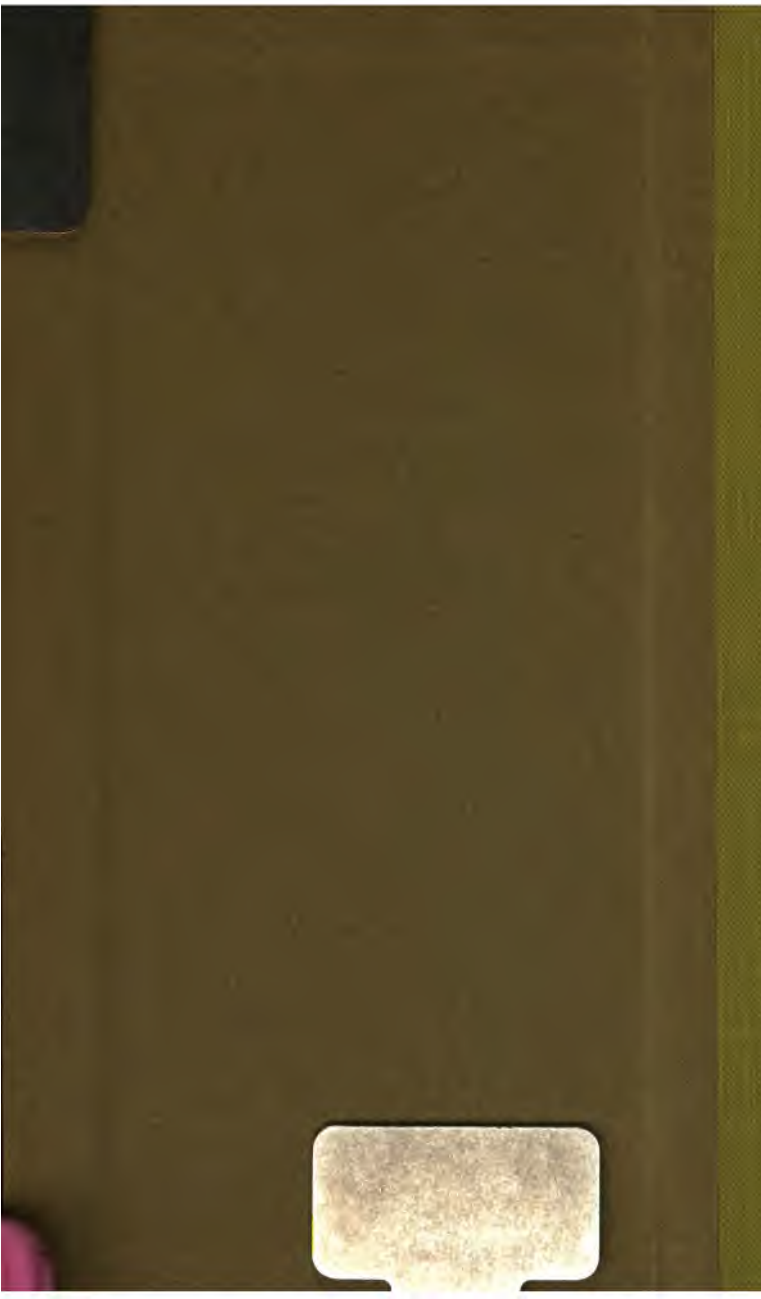
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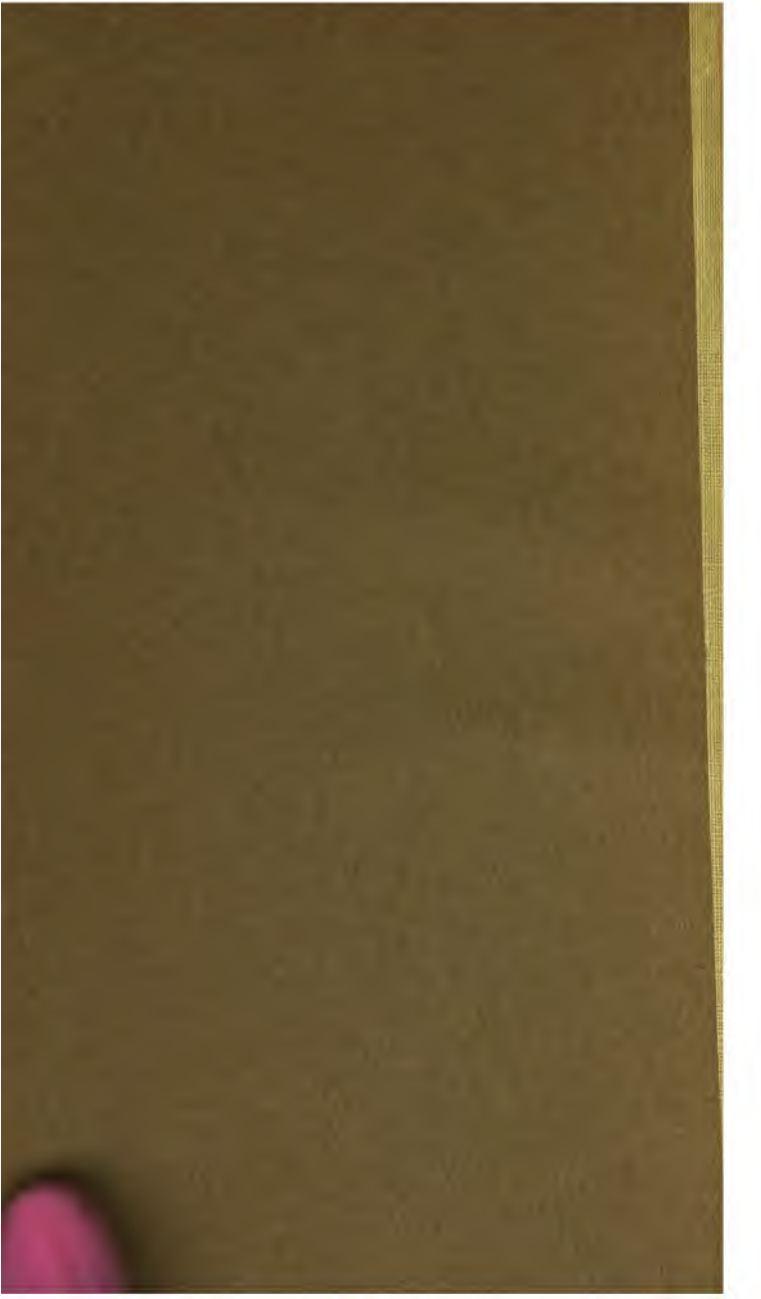
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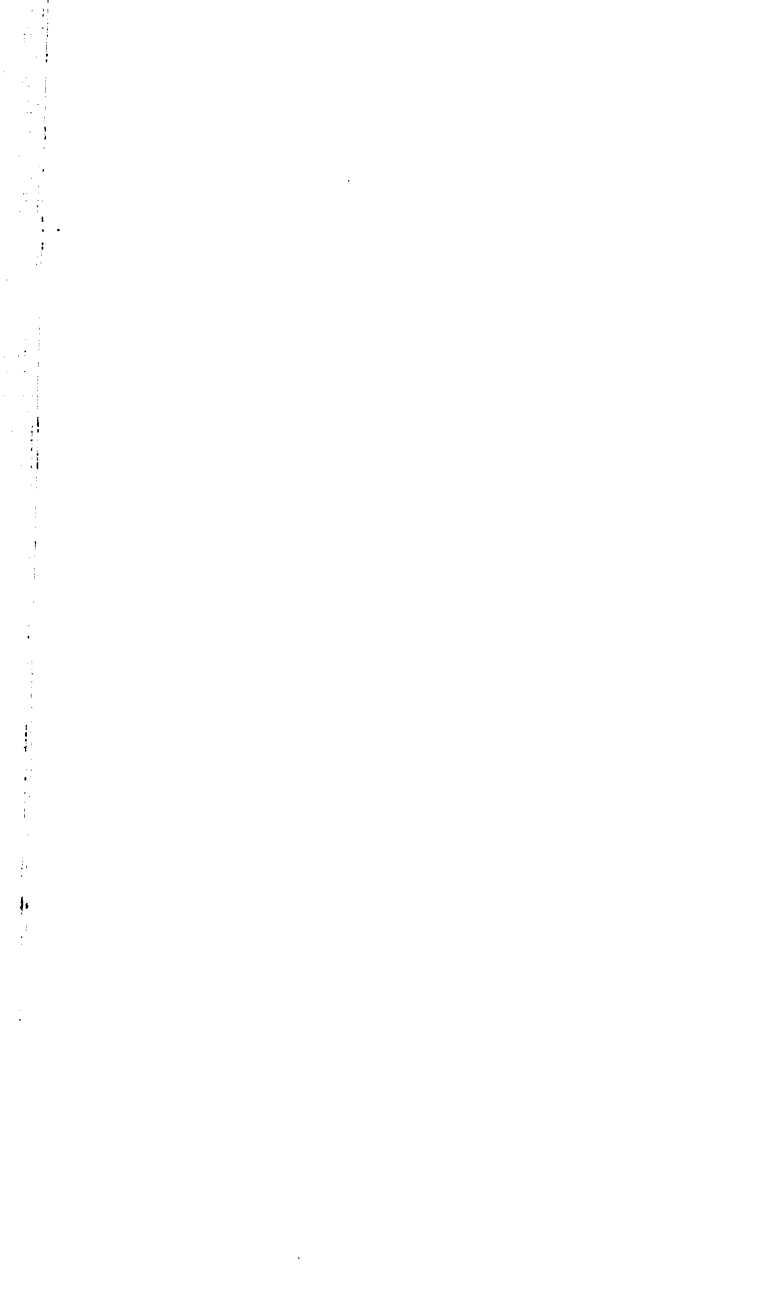
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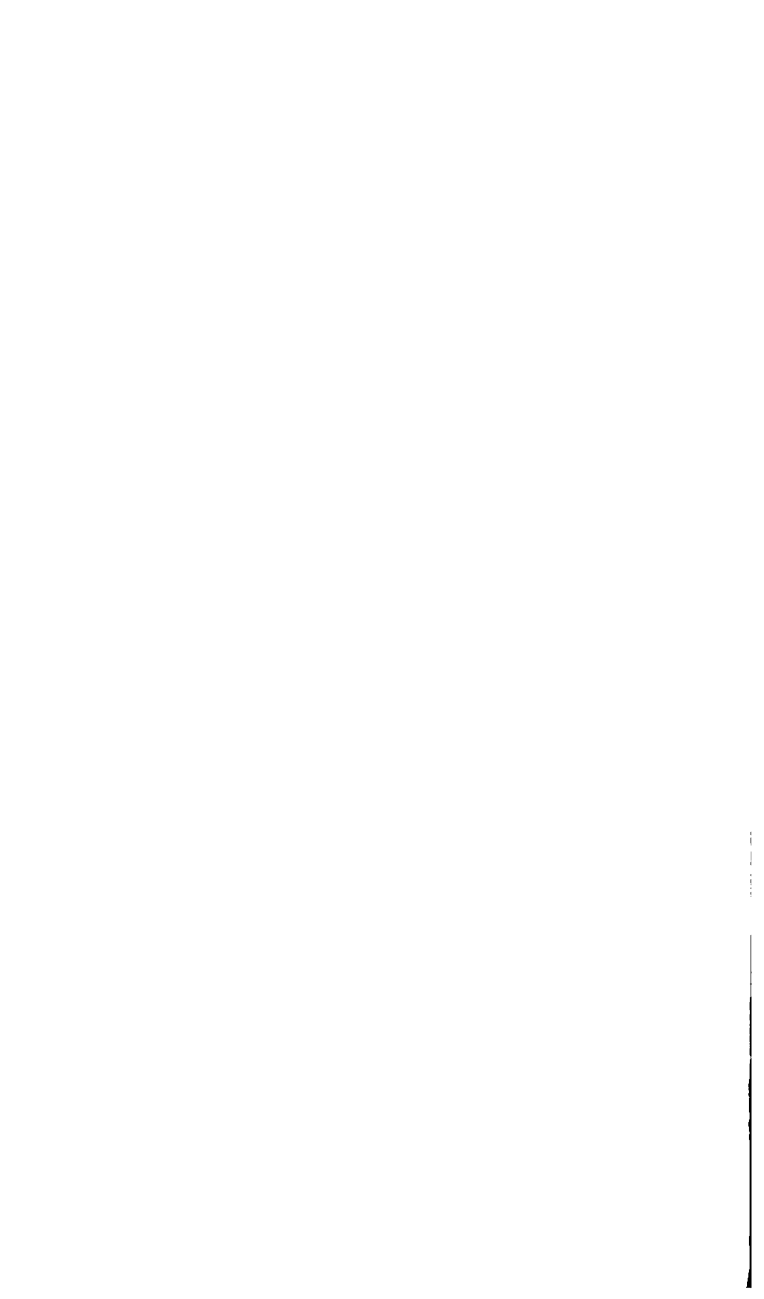
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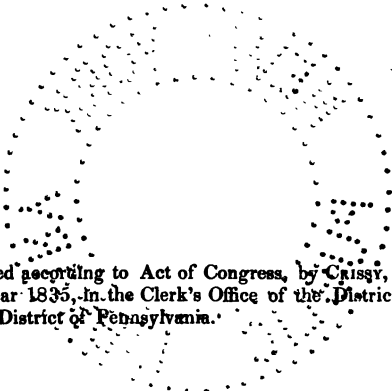
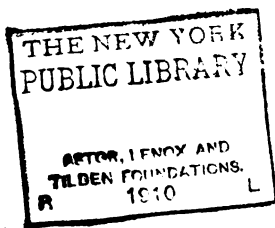
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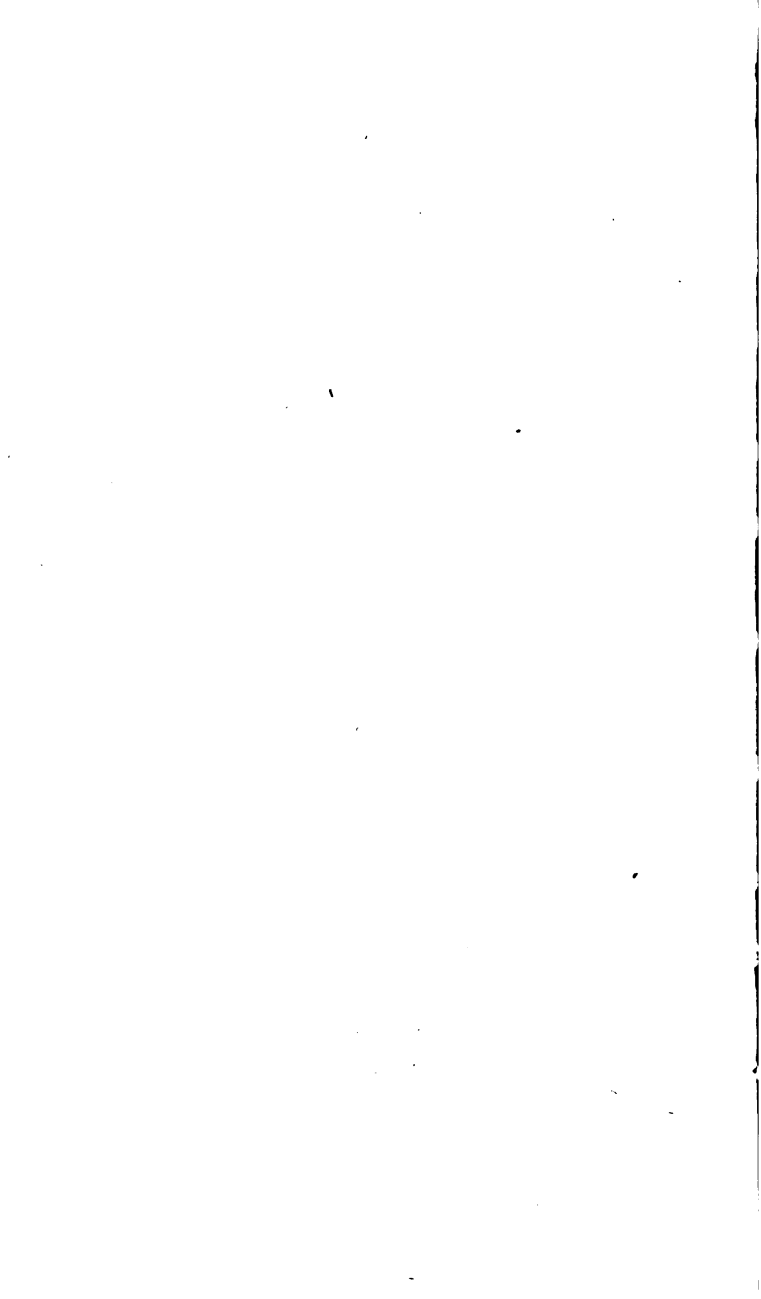
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PREFACE.

THE following work has been prepared with an unusual degree of care and attention. The plan pursued is this:—

1. To draw the materials from classical authorities.
2. To present such practical views concerning the developement of character, intellectual and moral, as are suited to the situation of young gentlemen who are ambitious to become useful and respectable members of society.
3. To illustrate these practical views not only by means of such narratives as present general truths under the form of fiction, but also by examples drawn from real life, calculated to excite the emulation of every ingenuous and spirited young man.
4. To point out not only the means of eminence and worldly distinction, but the sources of true rational

enjoyment—the means of being a happy as well as a respectable man.

5. To preserve a high moral tone throughout every part of the work.

6. To render the style unexceptionable ; inasmuch as the book is designed to be read at that period when the reader's own taste and style of composition are forming their decisive character.

Such is the design of the Young Gentleman's Library. The public will pronounce how near an approximation the author has made to its fulfilment. To its decision, with the profoundest deference, he now submits his work.

Mr. Wm. Garrison.

May 19, 183.

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THE UTILITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

As the power of acquiring knowledge is to be ascribed to reason, so the attainment of it mightily strengthens and improves it, and thereby enables it to enrich itself with farther acquisitions. Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it, we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites, the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation.

The author of nature has wisely annexed a pleasure to the exercise of our active powers, and particularly to the pursuit of truth, which if it be in some instances less intense, is far more durable than the gratifications of sense, and is on that account incomparably more valuable. Its duration, to say nothing of its other properties, renders it more valuable. It may be repeated without satiety, and pleases afresh on every reflection upon it.

These are self-created satisfactions, always within our reach, not dependent upon events, not requiring a peculiar combination of circumstances to produce or maintain them,

they rise from the mind itself, and inhere, so to speak, in its very substance. Let the mind but retain its proper functions, and they spring up spontaneously, unsolicited, unborrowed, and unbought.

Even the difficulties and impediments which obstruct the pursuit of truth, serve, according to the economy under which we are placed, to render it more interesting. The labour of intellectual search, resembles and exceeds the tumultuous pleasures of the chase, and the consciousness of overcoming a formidable obstacle, or of lighting on some happy discovery, gives all the enjoyment of a conquest, without those corroding reflections by which the latter must be impaired. Can we doubt that Archimedes, who was so absorbed in his contemplations as not to be diverted by the sacking of his native city, and was killed in the very act of meditating a mathematical theorem, did not when he exclaimed I have found it! I have found it! feel a transport as genuine as was ever experienced after the most brilliant victory?

But to return to the moral good which results from the acquisition of knowledge; it is chiefly this, that by multiplying the mental resources, it has a tendency to exalt the character, and, in some measure, to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments (and every man has such) in an innocent at least, if not in a useful manner.

The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate and afloat on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersoever the impulse of appetite may direct.

There is in the mind of such a man an intellectual spring urging him to the pursuit of *mental* good ; and if the minds of his family also are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford, puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely, the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection ; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and shun whatever would impair that respect.

He who is inured to reflection will carry his views beyond the present hour ; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants ; whence will result an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense. The poor man who has gained a taste for good books, will in all likelihood become thoughtful, and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favour than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the *principle* of all legitimate prosperity.

THE PROPER USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE first end to which all wisdom or knowledge ought to be employed, is to illustrate the wisdom or goodness of the Father of Nature. Every science that is cultivated by man leads naturally to religious thought, from the study of

the plant that grows beneath our feet, to that of the host of heaven above us, who perform their stated revolutions in majestic silence amid the expanse of infinity. When, in the youth of Moses, "the Lord appeared to him in Horeb," a voice was heard, saying, "draw nigh hither, and put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground."

It is with such a reverential awe that every great or elevated mind will approach to the study of nature, and with such feelings of adoration and gratitude, that he will receive the illumination that gradually opens upon his soul. It is not the lifeless mass of matter, he will then feel, that he is examining,—it is the mighty machine of Eternal Wisdom: the workmanship of him "in whom every thing lives, and moves, and has its being."

Under an aspect of this kind, it is impossible to pursue knowledge without mingling with it the most elevated sentiments of devotion;—it is impossible to perceive the laws of nature without perceiving, at the same time, the presence and the providence of the Lawgiver: and thus it is that, in every age, the evidences of true religion have advanced with the progress of true philosophy; and that science, in erecting a monument to herself, has, at the same time, erected an altar to the Deity. The knowledge of nature, however, is not exhausted. Here are many great discoveries yet awaiting the labours of science; and with them there are also awaiting to humanity many additional proofs of the wisdom and benevolence of "Him that made us."

To the hope of these great discoveries, few, indeed, can pretend:—yet, let it ever be remembered, that he who can trace any one new fact, or can exemplify any one new instance of divine wisdom or benevolence in the system of nature, has not lived in vain; that he has added to the sum

of human knowledge ; and, what is far more, that he has added to the evidence of those greater truths, upon which the happiness of time and eternity depends.

The second great end to which all knowledge ought to be employed, is to the welfare of humanity. Every science is the foundation of some art beneficial to men ; and while the study of it leads us to see the beneficence of the laws of nature, it calls upon us also to follow the great end of the Father of Nature in their employment and application.

I need not say what a field is thus opened to the benevolence of knowledge : I need not tell you, that in every department of learning there is good to be done to mankind : I need not remind you, that the age in which we live has given us the noblest examples of this kind, and that science now finds its highest glory in improving the condition, or in allaying the miseries of humanity.

But there is one thing of which it is proper ever to remind you, because the modesty of knowledge often leads us to forget it,—and that is, that the power of scientific benevolence is far greater than that of all others, to the welfare of society. The benevolence of the great, or the opulent, however eminent it may be, perishes with themselves. The benevolence even of sovereigns is limited to the narrow boundary of human life ; and not unfrequently is succeeded by different and discordant counsels. But the benevolence of knowledge is as extensive as the race of man, and as permanent as the existence of society. He, in whatever situation he may be, who, in the study of science, has discovered a new means of alleviating pain, or of remedying disease ; who has described a wiser method of preventing poverty, or of shielding misfortune ; who has suggested additional means of increasing or improving the benificent pro-

ductions of nature, has left a memorial of himself which can never be forgotten; which will communicate happiness to ages yet unborn; and which, in the emphatic language of scripture, renders him a "fellow-worker" with God himself in the improvement of his creation.

The third great end of all knowledge is the improvement and exaltation of our own minds. It was the voice of the apostle, "What manner of men ought ye to be, to whom the truths of the Gospel have come?" It is the voice of nature also, "What manner of men ought ye to be, to whom the treasures of wisdom are opened?" Of all the spectacles, indeed, which life can offer us, there is none more painful, or unnatural, than that of the union of vice with knowledge. It counteracts the great designs of God in the distribution of wisdom; and it assimilates men, not to the usual characters of human frailty, but to those dark and malignant spirits who fell from heaven, and who excel in knowledge only that they may employ it in malevolence.

To the wise and virtuous man, on the contrary, to him whose moral attainments have kept pace with his intellectual, and who has employed the great talent with which he is entrusted to the glory of God and to the good of humanity, are presented the sublimest prospects that mortality can know. "In my father's house," says our Saviour, "are many mansions;" mansions, we may dare to interpret, fitted to the different powers that life has acquired, and to the uses to which they have been applied. Of that great scene, indeed, which awaits all, whether ignorant or wise, it becomes us to think with reverential awe.

Yet we know "that it will then be well with the good, though it will not be well with the wicked;" and we are led, by an instinctive anticipation, to suppose that they who have excelled in wisdom and benevolence will be rewarded

with higher objects, upon which they may be employed, and admitted into nearer prospects of the government of Eternal Wisdom. "In his light they shall see light." "They shall see him, not as through a glass, darkly; but as he is. They shall know, even as they themselves are known."

GREAT TALENTS NOT REQUISITE FOR THE COMMON DUTIES OF LIFE.

SOME may allege, in bar to what I have said, as an excuse for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progress in learning. To which I answer, that few stations require uncommon abilities to discharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that share of apprehension which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will serve well enough. Bright and sparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not necessary for the good of the world; whereas common sense is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occasion for it: and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we seem to be aware of. Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a distaste for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the case of those whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and viva-

city, make them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: for great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere esteem as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is in their opinion, a poor, low, grovelling aim; their ambition is to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprising them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes: for they will not love truth as such; they will love it only when it happens to be surprising and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a swift and speedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey; whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Observe, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation,) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is unaccustomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connexion of ideas, which

to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them.

THE CULTIVATION OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH THE PURSUITS OF BUSINESS.

THE cultivation of science and literature has often been united with the most active and successful pursuit of business, and with the duties of the most laborious professions. It has been said of Cicero that "no man whose life had been wholly spent in study, ever left more numerous or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of science and the polite arts—in oratory, poetry, philosophy, law, history, criticism, politics, ethics: in each of which he equalled the greatest masters of his time; in some of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a small part of what he really published.

His industry was incredible, beyond the example or even conception of our days: this was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be lost." These are the words of his learned and eloquent biographer, Dr. Middleton. He says himself, in one of his orations—"What others give to their own affairs, to the public shows and other entertainments, to festivity, to amusements, nay even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy."

He tells us, too, in his letters, that on days of business

when he had any thing particular to compose, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, where he used to dictate his thoughts to his amanuenses, or scribes, who attended him. His letters afford us, indeed, in every way, the most remarkable evidence of the active habits of his life. Those that have come down to us are all written after he was forty years old; and, although many of course are lost, they amount in number to about a thousand. "We find many of them," says Middleton, "dated before daylight; some from the senate; others from his meals, and the crowd of his morning levee." "For me," he himself exclaims, addressing one of his friends, "*ne otium quidem unquam otiosum*—even my leisure hours have their occupation."

In modern times the celebrated Sir William Jones afforded the world, in this respect, a like example. All his philosophical and literary studies were carried on among the duties of a toilsome profession, which he was, nevertheless, so far from neglecting, that his attention to all its demands upon his time and faculties constituted one of the most remarkable of his claims to our admiration. But he was from his boyhood a miracle of industry, and shewed, even in earliest years, how intensely his soul glowed with the love of knowledge.

He used to relate that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother, a woman of uncommon intelligence and acquirements, for information upon any subject, her constant answer to him was, "Read, and you will know." He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. Even at school his voluntary exertions exceeded in amount his prescribed task; and Dr. Thackeray, one of his masters, was wont to say of him, that he was a boy of so active a mind,

that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches.

At this time he was frequently in the habit of devoting whole nights to study, when he would generally take coffee or tea, to keep off sleep. He had, even already, merely to divert his leisure, commenced his study of the law ; and it is related that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintance, by putting cases to them from an abridgment of Coke's Institutes, which he had read and mastered,

In after life his maxim was never to neglect any opportunity of improvement which presented itself. In conformity with this rule, while making the most wonderful exertions in the study of Greek, Latin, and the Oriental languages, at Oxford, he took advantage of the vacations to learn riding and fencing, and to read all the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French ; thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, " with the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince."

In the same spirit, while tutor, some time after this, in the family of Lord Spencer, he embraced an opportunity of accomplishing himself in dancing and the use of the broadsword, and of learning the German language, music, and the art of playing on the Welsh harp, the instrument of his country. It was while residing in the temple, and busily engaged in the study of the law, that, beside continuing his oriental studies with great zeal, he found time to compose and prepare for the press, a translation of the speeches of the Greek orator Isæus, and a volume of poems.

Yet he was, at this very time, both reading and writing elaborately on subjects of law and jurisprudence, an evidence of his proficiency in which he gave to the world, a few years after, in his learned Treatise on the Law of Bailments. He found leisure, too, in the midst of all these professional

and literary occupations, to attend the celebrated Hunter's Lectures on Anatomy, and to prosecute the study of mathematics so far as to be able to read Newton's Principia.

In India, where he filled the office of Judge in the Supreme-Court of Bengal, and where his professional duties were of the most laborious nature, he contrived to do more than ever in the study of general literature and philosophy. He had scarcely arrived in the country when he exerted himself to establish a society in Calcutta on the model of the Royal Society of London, of which he officiated as president as long as he lived, enriching its Transactions every year with the most elaborate and valuable disquisitions on every department of oriental philology and antiquities.

Almost his only time for study now was during the vacation of the courts ; and here is the account, as found among his papers, of how he was accustomed to spend his day during the long vacation in 1785. In the morning, after writing one letter, he read ten chapters of the Bible, and then studied Sanscrit grammar and Hindoo law ; the afternoon was given to the geography of India, and the evening to Roman history ; when the day was closed by a few games at chess, and the reading of a portion of Ariosto.

Already, however, his health was beginning to break down under the climate ; and his eyes had become so weak, that he had been obliged to discontinue writing by candle-light. But nothing could prevent him from pursuing the studies he loved, while any strength remained to him. Even while confined by illness to his couch, he taught himself botany ; and it was during a tour he was advised to take for the recovery of his health, that he wrote his learned ' Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India '—as if he had actually so disciplined his mind, that it adopted labour like this almost for a relaxation.

His health, after a time was partially restored ; and we find him again devoting himself both to his professional duties and his private studies, with more zeal and assiduity than ever. When business required his attendance daily in Calcutta, he resided at a country-house on the banks of the Ganges, about five miles from the city. "To this spot," says his amiable and intelligent biographer, Lord Teignmouth, "he returned every evening after sunset, and in the morning, rose so early as to reach his apartments in town, by walking, at the first appearance of dawn. The intervening period of each morning, until the opening of court, was regularly allotted and applied to distinct studies." At this time, his hour of rising used to be between three and four.

During the vacation of the court he was equally occupied. Writing from Crishna, his vacation residence, in 1787, he says, "We are in love with this pastoral cottage ; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are : even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mahometan or Hindoo lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions." It was these constant exertions, in truth, that gave its chief enjoyment to his life. "I never was happy," he says in this very letter, "till I was settled in India."

This eminent and admirable man however, at last fell a sacrifice to his zeal in the discharge of his duty ; and if it has been accounted a befitting fate for a great captain to die in the field of battle, surely his is to be deemed an equally appropriate and a far more enviable lot who, after a life, whether of many or of few years, in which he has done

enough for his fame, sinks to his rest in the full brightness of a career made glorious by many peaceful triumphs.

The greatest literary achievement of Sir William Jones was his last—the digest he undertook to superintend of a complete body of Hindoo and Mahometan jurisprudence. To this work, considered by him as of the very highest importance to the right administration of law in India, but encompassed, from a variety of causes, with difficulties of the most formidable description, he resolved, after long consideration, to devote himself, even under increasing weakness of sight, and probably general decay of constitution, which a fervid and unwearied spirit did not permit him to perceive.

In the midst of his labours, it was found necessary that Lady Jones should proceed to England for the sake of her health ; and this separation he felt severely ; but he determined, notwithstanding to remain in the country himself until he should have finished at least a certain portion of his task, on the accomplishment of which he had set his heart. He had been divided, however, but a few months from the companion of his life, and even of many of his studies, when he was suddenly attacked by an inflammation of the liver, which carried him off, after seven days illness, at the early age of forty-seven.

It was by a persevering observance of a few simple maxims that Sir William Jones was principally enabled to accomplish what he did. One of these, as we have already mentioned, was never to neglect an opportunity of improvement : another was, that whatever had been attained was attainable by him, and that, therefore, the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit formed no reason why he should not engage in it, and with perfect confidence of success.

“ It was also,” Lord Teignmouth tells us, “ a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated not

to be deterred, by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken." "But what appears to me," adds his Lordship, "more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed: hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion.

Nor can I omit remarking the candour and complacency with which he gave his attention to all persons of whatever quality, talents, or education: he justly concluded that curious or important information might be gained even from the illiterate; and, wherever it was to be obtained, he sought and seized it." By these methods it was that he accumulated that vast mass of knowledge, and enabled himself to accomplish those profound and extended labours which remain, even now that he is dead, for the benefit of us who yet live, and of those who are to come after us. This is truly to make a short life long—to exist, in spite of death, for unnumbered generations.

EXAMPLES OF THE SUCCESSFUL CULTIVATION OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE AMIDST THE ACTIVE PURSUITS OF LIFE.

It would be easy to select from the catalogue of those who have made the greatest stir in the world, either as conquerors or legislators, or borne the most active and conspicuous parts in any other way in the conduct of human affairs, many other names equally famous in the annals of literature, as in those

of war or politics. In former times, indeed, a taste for science or general literature, and a familiarity with it, was somewhat more common among European statesmen, and professional men of all descriptions, than it now is. There is no greater name among those of the statesmen of France than that of the celebrated Duke of SULLY, the writer of the well-known Memoirs, as well as of a variety of other works; and equally distinguished as a soldier, a financier, and an author. This great man used to find time for the multiplied avocations of every day, by the most undeviating economy in the distribution of his hours. He rose all the year round at four o'clock in the morning, and was always ready to appear at the council by seven. His hour of dining was at noon, after which he gave audience to all, without distinction, who sought to be admitted to him. The business of the day was always finished in this way before supper, and at ten he regularly retired to bed. Sully's illustrious countryman and contemporary, the President DE THOU, affords us another instance of the same sort. During the greater part of his life, De Thou was actively employed, in one capacity or another, in the management of affairs of state; and yet he found time to write one of the greatest and most elaborate historical works in existence, his celebrated 'History of his own times,' extending to one hundred and thirty-eight books, in Latin, beside various poetical pieces in the same language. In our own country, none were ever more mixed up with the political transactions of their times, or led busier lives from their earliest years, than SIR THOMAS MORE, the great BACON, and LORD CLARENDON. And yet these are three of the most eminent writers in our language; and the works of the two latter, particularly, are of considerable extent. We may add to the list the names of JOHN SELDEN and Sir MATTHEW HALE. Both were public men, and necessarily involved in

the ceaseless political convulsions of one of the stormiest periods of English history ; yet they were two of the most distinguished luminaries both of the law and the literature of their day. Selden's works, embracing many subjects of history, political controversy, and sacred, classical, and English antiquities, have been collected in three large volumes folio. Those of Sir Matthew Hale are also very numerous ; and relate to history, divinity, mathematics, and natural philosophy, as well as to several of the most important departments of the learning of his profession. He is said, during many years of his life, to have studied sixteen hours every day. Selden is called *the Glory of England* by his contemporary, the celebrated Dutch scholar GROTIUS (or Groot), who was himself one of the most remarkable instances on record, of the success with which the cultivation of general literature may be carried on, together with legal and political studies, and even amid the toils and distractions of a public life of unusual bustle and vicissitude. From his sixteenth year, when he first appeared at the bar, till that of his death, at the age of sixty-two, Grotius was scarcely ever released from the burthen of political employment, except while he lay in prison, or, altogether exiled from his country, wandered about from one foreign land to another, in search of a temporary home. Yet, even in these seemingly most unpropitious circumstances, he produced a succession of works, the very titles of which it would require several pages to enumerate, all displaying profound erudition; and not a few of them ranking to this day with the very best, or as the very best, that have been written on the subjects to which they relate. He occupies a respectable place in the poetry of his native language, and a high one among modern Greek and Latin poets. His critical labours in reference to the classical authors of antiquity are immense. In history, beside seve-

ral other works, he has written one entitled 'The Annals of Belgium,' in eighteen books. Of a variety of theological productions we may mention only his celebrated 'Treatise on the Truth of Christianity,' one of the most popular books ever written, and which has been translated, not only into almost every language of modern Europe, but even into Greek, Arabic, Persian, and several of the tongues of India. Finally, not to mention his other works in the same department, by his famous treatise on international law entitled 'On the Law of War and of Peace,' he has established for himself an immortal reputation in jurisprudence, not in his own country merely, but over all Europe, in every part of which the work was received, on its first appearance, with universal admiration, translated, commented upon, and employed as a text-book by all lecturers on the subject of which it treats. This work was written while Grotius resided in France, after making his escape from the castle of Louvenstein by a memorable stratagem. Having, in the religious disputes which then agitated Holland, taken the side of the Arminians in opposition to the Calvinists, when the latter obtained the ascendancy he was put on his trial, convicted of treason, and sentenced to the confiscation of all his property, and imprisonment for life. As some mitigation, however, of so hard a doom, it was permitted that his wife should share his fate; and that excellent and heroic woman accordingly took up her abode with her husband in the fortress we have named, where they remained together nearly two years. At last, however, Grotius resolved to brave the hazards of a plan of escape, which had been some time before suggested by his wife. He had been in the habit of borrowing books from some of his friends in the neighbouring town of Gorcum, and these were always brought to him in a large chest, which was in like manner employed to convey them

back when he had read or consulted them. This chest had at first been regularly searched, as it was carried into and brought back from the apartment of the prisoner ; but, after some time, its appearance on its customary service became so familiar to the guards, that their suspicions were lulled, and it was allowed to pass without notice. A day, therefore, having been chosen when it was known that the commandant was to be absent, Madame Grotius informed the commandant's wife, who was left in charge of the place, that she meant to send away all her husband's books, to prevent him from injuring his health by study, and requested that two soldiers might be allowed her to remove the load. In the mean time Grotius had taken his place in the chest in the top of which small holes had been made for the admission of air. Upon lifting it from the ground one of the soldiers, struck with its weight, jestingly remarked, that there must be an Arminian in it. " There are Arminian books in it," replied the wife of Grotius, with great presence of mind ; and, without saying any thing more, they took it on their shoulders, and carried it down a ladder, which led from the apartment. It would appear, however, that their suspicions had been again awakened ; for, it is said, that, before they had proceeded much further, the men resolved to mention the circumstance of its uncommon weight to the commandant's wife ; but she, misled by what had been told her, ordered them to carry it away. It had been contrived to have a trusty female servant in waiting to accompany the chest to its place of destination, and under her care it was safely deposited in the house of a friend at Gorcum, when the illustrious prisoner was, of course, speedily released from durance. A good deal of management was still necessary to enable him to effect his escape from the town. It is gratifying to have to add, that his wife, who, as soon as she understood that her

husband was safe, confessed what she had done, although at first detained in close custody, was liberated, on petitioning the States General, about a fortnight after. It was on the 21st of March, 1621, that Grotius obtained his liberty; and he arrived in Paris on the 13th of April. His wife rejoined him about the end of December.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED
IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the siren ! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life ; though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state :
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand

Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor then partakes
Fresh pleasure only : for the attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight : her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundations ; if to these the Mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous powers ?
Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,

The elements and seasons ; all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine : He tells the heart,
He meant, He made us to behold and love .
What He beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like Him,
Benificent and active. Thus the men,
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions ; act upon His plan ;
And form to His the relish of their souls.

ON THE PERVERSION OF TALENTS.

Let not that man indulge the hope of impunity, who has profaned or perverted the glorious gift of high intellectual endowments. To see genius diffusing a malignant, instead of a beneficial influence—shining but to mislead—enchancing but to betray—to behold beings who were formed, not only to shed light and lustre over the sphere in which they move, but to shine as stars for ever and ever, voluntarily renouncing their high destiny, and led captive by Satan at his will, might make even angels weep. There is no instance of human perversity more deeply affecting—none over which a reflective and conscientious spirit mourns with keener feelings of regret.

Let the young and ardent mind, kindling with the love of knowledge, and delighting in communion with superior intellect, beware of the baneful influence of such perverted minds. Moderate your admiration—withhold your confi-

dence—bring these talents to the touchstone—weigh them in the balance—will they not be found wanting?—Have they been used to the glory of God, and promoted the best interests of man—or have they served only to invest voluptuousness with more seductive charms—and to render the delusions of infidelity more plausible and attractive?

“Be not deceived—God is not mocked—That which a man soweth, that shall he reap.”

But turn from these false objects of admiration, to contemplate those who have blended the loftiest aspirations of genius, with the profound humility of a Christian—who have learned, from the pages of revelation, the holy lessons of faith and obedience—who have united the brightness of talent to the beauty of usefulness—and, amidst unwearied exertion, have still felt and acknowledged themselves to be but unprofitable servants—“they have done that which it was their duty to do;”—rich is their reward even on earth—in peace of conscience—in the admiration of the wise and good—but glorious and transcendent will be their reward in heaven in that day when the Lord “maketh up his jewels.”

THE UNHAPPINESS CONSEQUENT ON THE NEGLECT OF EARLY IMPROVING THE MIND.

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is slipped away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn

them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past: the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times: and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse: because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them

a distaste for the only true and lasting delights ; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground ; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and an insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object ; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge ! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature ; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength ; for, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains, empowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason : thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF A BAD EDUCATION.

I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by my relations with feasts, and dances, and bag-pipes ; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round ;

and my parents discovered, in my first cries, such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness, and the increase of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at assemblies and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without control; and, except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the dependants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school; very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my

head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured; and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burthensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these

depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself, have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to the metropolis, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique solicitations, my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the Park.

I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception ; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement ; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion ; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these wittlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches ; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are

content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

A SELF EDUCATED MAN OF SCIENCE.

Edmund Stone affords us an instance of a self-educated mathematician. Neither the place nor the time of his birth is exactly known; but he was probably a native of Argyleshire, Scotland, and born a few years before the close of the seventeenth century. He is spoken of as having reached an advanced age in 1760, and he died in 1768. The only account we have of his early life is contained in a letter, which is to be found prefixed to a French translation of one of his works, from his contemporary, the Chevalier Ramsay, who knew him.

His father, Ramsay tells us, was gardener to the Duke of Argyle, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's 'Principia' lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. "Upon this," (the narrative proceeds) "Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. 'Yours?' replied the

Duke. 'Do you understand Geometry, Latin, and Newton ?'
'I know a little of them,' replied the young man.

The duke was surprised ; and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician. He asked him several questions ; and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candour of his answers. 'But how,' said the Duke, 'came you by the knowledge of all these things ?' Stone replied, 'A servant taught me, ten years since to read. Does one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn every thing else that one wishes ?' The Duke's curiosity re-doubled : he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had become so learned.

" 'I first learned to read,' said Stone ; 'the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it.

" 'I was told there was another science called geometry ; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin ; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French ; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done : it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.' "

Under the patronage of the Duke of Argyle, Stone, some years after this, made his appearance in London, where in 1723, he published his first work—a Treatise on Mathematical instruments, principally translated from the French.

In 1725, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. Next year appeared his *Mathematical Dictionary*; which was followed by other occasional productions down to the year of his death. Of his private history, however, after he took up his residence in the metropolis, little or nothing is known.

UTILITY TO MAN OF THE POWER OF HABIT.

Whatever action, either good or bad, has been once done, is done a second time with more ease, and with a better liking; and a frequent repetition heightens the ease and pleasure of the performance without limit. By virtue of this property of the mind, the having done any thing once becomes a motive to the doing of it again; the having done it twice is a double motive; and so many times the act is repeated, so many times the motive to the doing of it once more is multiplied. To this principle habit owes its wonderful force, of which it is usual to hear men complain, as of something external that enslaves the will.

But the complaint in this, as in every instance in which man presumes to arraign the ways of Providence, is rash and unreasonable. The fault is in man himself, if a principle implanted in him for his good, becomes, by negligence and mismanagement, the instrument of his ruin. It is owing to this principle that every faculty of the understanding, and every sentiment of the heart, is capable of being improved by exercise.

It is the leading principle in the whole system of the human constitution, modifying both the physical qualities of the body, and the moral and intellectual endowments of the

mind. We experience the use of it in every calling and condition of life. By this the sinews of the labourer are hardened for toil ; by this the hand of the mechanic acquires its dexterity ; to this we owe the amazing progress of the human mind in the politer arts and the abstruser sciences ; and an engine which it is in our power to apply to nobler and more beneficial purposes. By the same principle, when the attention is turned to moral and religious subjects, the understanding may gradually advance beyond any limit that may be assigned, in quickness of perception and truth of judgment : and the will to conform to the dictates of conscience and the decrees of reason will be gradually heightened, to correspond in some due proportion with the growth of intellect. “ Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him ; or the son of man, that thou so regardest him ? Thou hast made him lower than the angels to crown him with glory and honour.”

Destitute as he is of any original perfection, which is thy sole prerogative, who art alone in all thy qualities original, yet in the faculties of which thou hast given him the free command and use, and in the powers of habit which thou hast planted in the principles of his system, thou hast given him the capacity of infinite attainments. Weak and poor in his beginnings, what is the height of any creature’s virtue, to which he has not the power, by a slow and gradual ascent, to reach ? The improvements which he shall make by the vigorous exercise of the powers he has received from thee, thou permittest him to call his own, imputing to him the merit of the acquisitions which thou hast given him the ability to make.

What, then, is the consummation of man’s goodness but to co-operate with the benevolent purposes of his Maker, by forming the habit of his mind to a constant ambition of im-

provement which, enlarging its appetite in proportion to the acquisitions already made, may correspond with the increase of his capacities in every period of an endless existence ? And to what purpose but to excite this noble thirst of virtuous proficiency—to what purpose but to provide that the object of the appetite may never be exhausted by gradual attainment—hast thou imparted to thy creature's mind the idea of thine own attribute of perfect uncreated goodness ?

But man, alas ! hath abused thy gifts ; and the things that should have been for his peace are become to him an occasion of falling. Unmindful of the height of glory to which he might attain, he has set his affections upon earthly things.

THE WISDOM OF PERSEVERING IN OUR ACTIVE DUTIES.

Every man of understanding acknowledges some obligation to apply our talents to the business of human life, or to the ends of our probation for the world to come, as long as we are capable of exercising them. It is impossible seriously to doubt that our personal duties must be indispensable, as long as we have the means of fulfilling them.

But when the doctrine is applied to practice, we are apt to take very different views of the subject. Though it is a truth fully established by experience, that it is best for every man, in the present life, and most for his advantage as an immortal being, to persevere in the active duties of his condition, as long as it is possible for him to discharge them ; there is nothing which men more generally allow to dwell on their thoughts through life, than the idea, that a time shall

come, long before they die, when they shall be able to relinquish their usual or professional occupations, and to spend the rest of their time, without labour or exertion, in the enjoyment of their private or domestic situations.

Few in comparison are ever permitted to realize an idea which so many allow to occupy their imaginations. Of those who are enabled to relinquish their labours, if their lives are prolonged, the greater part have reason to repent what they have done. By the change produced on their habits, and by want of use, their faculties are gradually impaired, as the sources of their activity are diminished; and they meet with chagrin and disappointment, where they expected to have found nothing but satisfaction or tranquillity.

I do not say that those who have retired from the bustle of affairs cannot employ, and employ faithfully, "the fragments" both of their health and their vigour. They have certainly much in their power, if they consecrate their leisure to real duties, and keep their talents occupied as they ought to be; much which relates to the discipline of their own minds; much which can be done in domestic life, for the advantage of the old or of the young, to whom they can give their attention or their time; much by which they can be useful to those whose characters they can influence, whose hands they can strengthen, whom they can assist in their difficulties, or comfort in their sickness, or furnish with the means either of prosperity or of religion.

Those who apply the decline of life to such purposes as these, do not retire in vain from the bustle of the world. If they embrace heartily the opportunities of usefulness they still possess, nothing is lost which they are capable of attaining. That which they do in secret for the glory of God, or for the advantage of their fellow mortals, is sanctified by

the prayer of faith, and shall be accounted to them as good service in "the day of Christ."

But though I say this, I have no hesitation to add, that those who abide by their active occupations from a sense of duty, and who employ the last portion of their talents where they spent their vigour, have much better reason to expect that both their usefulness and their personal comfort shall be continued as long as they live.

No good man's conscience will suggest to him that he ought to become weary of his labours. He who delights in the service on which his duty or his usefulness depends, can have no wish to relinquish it, He is anxious to persevere in the duties which he can in any degree accomplish, even when he is conscious of his decline. He looks up to God, to whom he thinks he shall soon return ; and though he knows that his summons to die cannot be distant, it continues to be the first wish of his heart that he may be found employing the last portions of his health and life in the duties of his proper place.

A man who is able to preserve this happy temper of mind to the end, has a far better prospect, than other habits could afford him, of possessing the vigour of his faculties to his last hour ; and therefore of extending his labours and his usefulness far beyond the ordinary term of human activity. He hears the voice of his Master, urging his duties and his fidelity on his conscience, till his strength is gone : and he does not lose the impression of it till the last spark of life expires.

EXAMPLE OF INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.

WILLIAM DAWSON, the son of a farmer of Roxburghshire, Scotland, after receiving a liberal education, was sent by his relations into England, for the purpose of obtaining a practical knowledge of the most approved English husbandry. He resided four years in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and one year in Essex, labouring with his own hands under respectable farmers. He returned to Roxburghshire in 1753, and immediately introduced the practice of the turnip husbandry, which he sowed in drills. He was the first Scottish farmer who introduced the cultivation of turnips into the open fields. Previous to this date, Mr. Cockburn, of Ormiston, had introduced them in East Lothian; and about the same period, they were tried by Lord Kaimes in Berwickshire; but practical farmers paid little attention to the enterprises of these or other *mere* gentlemen, who attempted to introduce novelties into agriculture. It was impossible for them to calculate correctly the expense attending such supposed improvements, or the profit to be derived from them. They knew, though a rich man might throw away some money in forming a garden, adorning his pleasure ground, or introducing a new crop into some of his fields, he could suffer little by the expense, though the adventure should prove totally unprofitable; but they considered themselves in a very different situation. They had rents to pay, and families to support, by their industry; and they would have accounted themselves guilty of unpardonable rashness, had they deserted the plan by which they knew these objects could be accomplished, for the purpose of imitating wealthy men in their costly experiments and projects. But when Mr. Dawson, on the lands of which he became a tenant, and for which he paid what was accounted

a full rent, began to engage in this new career, the matter was considered in a different light. He was at first regarded as a rash young man, who had imported a set of foreign notions, which, in all probability, would speedily bring him to ruin; and no practical farmer hesitated to predict this termination to his enterprises. At the same time, it was evident that if he should succeed in his operations, his neighbours must speedily change their sentiments. Thus, upon the success or failure of this gentleman in his progress as a farmer, did the fate, for many years to come of the agriculture of Scotland, depend. Had he been unsuccessful, his conduct would have been held up as a beacon, to warn practical farmers against imitating the costly enterprises of men of fortune, of a speculative cast of mind.

Mr. Dawson possessing the intrepidity natural to youth, and assured of success from what he had seen in England, disregarded the prophetic suggestions of his prudent neighbours, and proceeded upon the rational plan of bringing his lands into excellent condition. This he accomplished by the turnip husbandry, by the use of artificial grasses, then also unknown in Scotland; and by the liberal use of lime, not for the purpose of scourging the soil by successive crops of oats, but to obtain the means of bringing it advantageously into grass. In short, his object was to support upon his lands a great number of cattle, and by means of them, to enable a moderate proportion of the soil to give forth a larger crop of grain than had formerly been done by the whole. Every man who, in our own times, has attempted to improve an ill-cultivated and exhausted soil, must be sensible of the merit which attends success in such an enterprise; but in those days, Mr. Dawson had to encounter difficulties which do not now exist. He was transferring the agriculture of one country to another, which rendered much

discernment necessary to adapt the practices which he had seen to a different soil and climate. He had also this peculiar obstacle to surmount, that good ploughmen, capable of executing his operations in the perfect manner that is now done, could not be found. He was himself completely master of this essential branch of the art of agriculture; but he would have acted ill, had he neglected the general superintendence of his concerns for constant occupation at the plough, more especially as his doing so could not have accomplished the object in view, with regard to the whole of his lands. Ordinary ploughmen admitted his superiority in their art; but he was provoked to find, that his superiority excited no emulation on their part to equal or excel him. He found that emulation exists only among equals; and that as practical farmers disregarded the fine crops of turnips, and even of grain, raised by wealthy proprietors of lands so ordinary ploughmen did not feel themselves disgraced by their inferiority to a young farmer, who had received a literary, and afterwards an English education. It was nearly two years before Mr. Dawson succeeded in training an expert ploughman; but he had no sooner done so, than an eager emulation to excel in this art rapidly diffused itself amongst his other servants, and in the neighbourhood; so that he speedily obtained many workmen not inferior to himself.

Mr. Dawson's fields soon became more fertile and beautiful than those around him. This his neighbours might have overlooked, as they had disregarded the fertility produced by the costly efforts of proprietors of land; but as his conduct had become an object of minute attention, a more important point was speedily discovered, namely, that he was becoming a rich man. Scotsmen are never slow or unwilling to enter the path which they perceive to be conduct-

ing others to the possessions of wealth. Mr. Dawson's neighbours now became extremely eager to tread in his footsteps. Hands who had been once in Mr. Dawson's service, were always sure to find employment; his ploughmen were in the utmost request; they were transported to East Lothian, and to Angus, and every where diffused the improved practice of agriculture. Roxburghshire, in the mean while, together with the adjoining country of Berwick, soon became the scene of the most active agricultural enterprises; and Mr. Dawson, independent of his own personal prosperity, had the satisfaction to live to see himself regarded, and hear himself called, the Father of the Agriculture of Scotland.

DR. HUTTON.

THE late Dr. Hutton, well known to men of letters for his Theory of the Formation and Structure of the Globe, deserves to be remembered on account of the services performed by him to mankind in an art, the utility of which is not like his theory at all equivocal. Having, in the pursuit of science, endeavoured to study the principles of agriculture and vegetation, and being a considerable proprietor of land in the county of Berwick, in England, he began to turn his attention to practical agriculture for his own advantage. Not being fully satisfied, however, with the practices which then existed in husbandry, valuable as they were, he thought they might be still improved. To obtain information on the subject, he resolved to pay a visit to Norfolk, a county of a light dry soil, in several respects corresponding with that of his own estate. Norfolk had at that time attained to

a high degree of excellence in all the branches of agriculture, implements of practical husbandry, &c. After residing a considerable time there, and making himself completely master of every part of country business, he prevailed on a Norfolk ploughman to accompany him to Scotland, taking along with him a complete set of Norfolk ploughs, turnip hoes, and other implements of husbandry.

Furnished with all these advantages, Dr. H. now began in good earnest to improve a very wild and uncultivated piece of land, which was then an open field; stones were to be split; fences were to be made at a great expense, the property being on the border of a sheep country; and drains innumerable were to be cut. The tillage was all performed after the Norfolk manner. Dressing the land, drilling and hoeing the turnips, rolling, and all the other operations of husbandry, were done with a degree of neatness and garden-like culture, which, in farming, had not been seen in Berwickshire before; and persons of every description came from all quarters, to gratify their curiosity, as well as to obtain information. The profits of the undertaking are said to have amounted to six hundred per cent. !

MR. GUY.

Mr. Guy, the founder of the hospital which bears his name, amassed an immense fortune, solely by his industry and frugality. He was the son of a lighterman and coal dealer in Horsleydown, England, and was apprenticed to a bookseller. He began business with a stock of the value of about two hundred pounds, in the house which still forms the angle between Cornhill and Lombard Street. English Bibles

being at that time indifferently printed, he engaged in a scheme for printing them in Holland, and importing them into England; but this practice proving detrimental to the university, and the king's printer, they employed all possible means to suppress it; and so far succeeded, that Mr. Guy found it his interest to enter into a contract with them, and in consequence, enjoyed a very extensive and lucrative trade. Being a single man, he spent a very small portion of his profits; he dined on his counter, with no other table-cloth than a newspaper, and was not more nice about his apparel. But a still more profitable concern than this trade was opened to his active mind during Queen Anne's wars, when he is said to have acquired the bulk of his fortune, by the purchase of seamen's tickets. For the application of this fortune to charitable uses, the public are indebted to a trifling circumstance. He employed a female servant, whom he had agreed to marry. Some days previous to the intended ceremony, he had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended up to a particular stone, which he had marked, and then left his house on business. This servant, in his absence, looking at the workmen, saw a broken stone beyond this mark, which they had not repaired; and on pointing to it with that design, they acquainted her that Mr. Guy had not ordered them to go so far. She, however, directed it to be done, adding, with the security incidental to her expectation of soon becoming his wife, "Tell him I bade you, and he will not be angry." But she too soon learnt how fatal it was for any one, in a dependent situation, to exceed the limits of their authority; for her master, on his return, was enraged at finding that the workmen had gone beyond his orders, broke off his engagement to the servant, and devoted his ample fortune to public charity.

RICHES OR FORTUNE NO EXCUSE TO EXEMPT ANY
FROM STUDY.

SOME there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading and meditation; in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, “that if any man will not work, neither should he eat,” extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being nothing but the sum total of each individual's contribution to it. An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general; it only exempts them from some particular kinds of labour; it is not a blessing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wisely to choose, and steadily to prosecute, the most ennobling exercises, and the most improving employments, the pursuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the service of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though

nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a soil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments—an enlarged compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a small one patiently; but especially it is your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind.

PARENTAL HOPES.

Children sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter.—A man shall see where there is a house full of children one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wanton, but in the midst, some as it were forgotten, who many times turn out the best.

Lord Bacon.

It was a lovely morning in June, when two young men, who were making a tour, on foot, through the eastern part of Scotland, entered the little village of D——, in Aberdeenshire. They had passed several cottages, and were looking about as if expecting to see some house of public entertainment, when they were attracted by the appearance of a man leaning, in a melancholy attitude, against some rude palings

which stood before a dwelling comparatively genteel. Absorbed in his own reflections, he took no notice of the travellers till they inquired the way to the nearest town, and then he merely pointed out the road. He heard their observations on the beauty of the surrounding scenery with a degree of apathy so totally at variance with the national character of the Scotch, that the gentlemen felt their curiosity awakened; they determined to learn something about him, for they piqued themselves upon discovering incidents in their tour as well as scenery; or perhaps it might be the perversity of human nature which induced them still to linger near the poor man, when it was very evident their presence was far from being agreeable.

After asking a variety of questions, to which they received only short and moody replies, one of them inquired if they could be accommodated with a cup of cold milk. The man paused a moment, and it seemed by the changes his countenance had underwent, that he hesitated whether or not to continue his sullen mood, but at length his natural hospitality prevailed, and he said, "Aweel, aweel, sirs, ye maun walk in, though I reckon the gude-wife is na fit to see strangers," and he led the way to his cottage. As he slowly opened the door, the sounds of wailing were heard, and a female voice, in piercing accents, exclaimed, "Wae is me! wae is me! my bairn, my bonnie bairn! I canna live without him!"

"Whist, Peggy, whist!" said her husband, as he entered, "ye maun stir yoursel a bit, for here be twa gentlemen come to tak a morsel wi' ye."

The interior of the cottage was tolerably neat, but there reigned around an air of great poverty and desolation, which was increased by the appearance of a small coffin placed upon a table at the farther end; near it sat the poor woman

on a low chair, rocking herself to and fro, as if the very exertion were necessary to sustain her mental faculties. By the side of a small turf fire was snugly crouched a boy of eight years old, of a sickly and almost disgusting aspect : his head was unusually large, and the expression of his countenance was sombre, whilst one of his legs, either through weakness or accident, was sadly contracted. He took no notice of the entrance of the travellers, but continued from time to time to rock a cradle near him, in which was laid a sleeping infant.

“Come, Peggy, lassie, ye maunna tak on sae, dinna ye see, here be gentlefolks;” said the man in a soothing tone, going up to his wife. “Aye, Sandy,” she replied, “they may be gentles as ye say, but they suld na hae come to disturb a puir woman wailing for her bairn; an’ as to yoursel, ye might have kenned better than to bring them in, but ye hae na the feelings of a mither—wae is me!” and she wept bitterly. Sandy drew his weather-beaten hand across his eyes, as he reproachfully exclaimed, “Ye are in the wrang, Peggy, to say sae, for niver father thought mair of his bairns than I did; but come, cheer up, lassie, we canna bring him back agin.” “Dinna talk to me, I canna bide it, I maun cry as I list,” repeated the poor mother, wringing her hands, and rocking herself backwards and forwards more violently. “An’ ye be Christian men,” said the father, turning to the travellers, “speak a word of comfort to the puir creature, for it’s mair than I can do;” and throwing himself on a chair by the fireside, he covered his face with his hands. The elder of the strangers, who had been regarding the bereaved parents with the greatest sympathy, immediately came forward at this appeal. He was a tall, thin young man, not more than six-and-twenty years of age, of a pale and mild countenance, and from the gravity of his manner and the

sober hue of his dress, it might be easily guessed that he had either entered, or was intended for the church. "My good woman," said he in a low and persuasive tone, "you do wrong to give yourself up to this excessive sorrow; surely you have forgotten that he who gives has also a right to take away, and that we are chastened for our future good." "Aye," said the woman, "its unco easy to talk; ye are young, an' the hand of grief hath not scaithed ye, but when ye come to lose a bairn, ye maun e'en fret as I do." "True," said the young man, "and it is not forbidden us to mourn for our friends; nature will have its way, yet we should not grieve like those without hope." "An' what hope is there for me? ye canna gie me my bairn agin!" exclaimed Peggy, vehemently, "my bonnie bairn! he was the pride of my life, and I maun die wi' him!" "Consider," replied the stranger, "that your child is taken in mercy from a wicked, troublesome world; in heaven you may meet him again, and then you will have no fear of being separated; besides you have still many blessings left—you have other children." "I have but twa, an' ane is a puir wee lassie, and t'other, leuk there," and she pointed to the sickly boy by the fire; "once he was as bonnie a lad as ever stepped, but now did ever a body see sic a woful sight; and here, leuk here, this was the joy of my heart, my Charlie!" and she hastily drew aside the lid of the coffin, and discovered the features of the dead child. "Aye," she continued, "ye may talk about resignation, an' its unco fine when the heart's well at ease; but stay till ye hae lost sic a bairn as this, and then talk if ye can."

While one stranger was endeavouring to mitigate the sorrows of the afflicted mother, the other had his attention directed to the cripple at the fire. The lad manifested no desire to have his case investigated, but when asked if he did

not wish to go to school, he turned suddenly round, and his eyes were lighted up with a beam of delight. "An' what wad the bairn do at school, I trow?" said the mother; "ye hae na the head, Mattie, to learn like other folk." "I wad try, mither," said the lad in a supplicating tone; "Charlie could hae done nae mair than that, and you said he should gang." "Aye, but Charlie was born to be a scholar, an' he had lived; he was my ain bairn, my bonnie lad, I can never forget him."

"What ails this poor child?" said the elder stranger, taking the weeping boy on his knee, "he may not be blessed with so healthy, nor so handsome an appearance as the one you deplore, but can he help that? Instead of lavishing that excessive sorrow upon the dead, you would be far better fulfilling your duty did you attend to this poor boy, for depend upon it you may hereafter have cause to repent if you continue to neglect him as I suspect you have hitherto done. Instead of this child being a source of trouble and anxiety to you, I predict that one day you will be proud to own him as a son, for there is an intelligence in his eyes which not even sickness has entirely quenched. Mind what I say, Mattie, be a good boy and go to school, and remember that perseverance conquers all difficulties." "Why, ye dinna think our Mattie will ever mak a scholar?" inquired Peggy with great earnestness. "Why not, my good woman? because his head is swelled out of proportion, and one leg is smaller than the other, I see no reason that his intellect should be impaired also; on the contrary many of our most learned men have been afflicted with some bodily infirmity or other, which still has not had the effect of destroying their natural genius." "Troth, an' it's very likely," rejoined the father; "an' ye ken, gude-wife, I hae often told ye the lad had mair in him than we kenned." "I dinna

doubt," said Peggy, beginning for the first time to stir about the cottage, and placing some refreshment before the strangers, "I dinna doubt the bairn may do weel wi' the blessing of God, but I canna say, I iver thought he wad be a genius;" and she stroked his poor sallow cheeks, and took the infant out of the cradle with an appearance of greater alacrity than she had displayed for many days.

The travellers, not satisfied with merely giving advice, arranged with the father to send the boy to school, and left some money to be applied to that purpose; they then took their leave, followed by the prayers and blessings of the family.

Some twenty years after this event, a post-chaise stopped late in the evening at the blue bells in the little village of D——, and a gentleman advanced in life, and apparently in an ill state of health, alighted from it. To the profuse civilities of his hostess, he only replied by ordering some wine whey and a comfortable bed to be prepared, to which he very soon retired. It happened that the following day was Sunday, and as the gentleman was partaking of his breakfast, and the landlady was officiously waiting upon him, after many indirect questions as to his business there, she said, "Eh, sir! an' I'se warrant ye be for kirk this morning, for ye seem to stand weel for church and state." "It is very possible, good woman, I may; that is, if ye give a good account of your preacher; pray, who is he?" "Aweel, sir, there is the business. Why ye maun ken our puir auld parson, rest his soul! for he was a gude man as iver lived, died a few months sin', and we hae been strangely aff for anither, till at last they hae gien us, as they say, a worthy successor, an' to-day he holds forth for the first time; an unco deal hath been said about him, but maist likely ye hae heard speak of the Rev. Maister Matthew Glenarchy."

“Matthew Glenarchy! surely that name is familiar to me: is there not a family of the same in this village?” inquired the gentleman.

“Troth an’ ye be vera right,” replied the hostess, “for auld Sandy Glenarchy an’ his gude-wife hae lived here these forty years an’ mair, as I hae heard my father say, an’ it’s nane but his ain son that has got the kirk; an’ ye may be sure it’s nae light matter of joy to the auld folk to see their bairn stand sae weel in the world, for they say he is a wonderful scholar, an’ vera spiritually inclined.”

“Have the old people any more children?” inquired the gentleman.

“An’ please ye, sir, they hae but ane besides the minister, an’ a douce bonnie lassie she is—puir Jeannie! she was to hae been married to young Robin Dugald some five year sin’, but somehow times were bad, an’ Jeannie had a sair heart on the matter, an’ darena venture, but now they say the minister will bring things about as they sud be. Eh, sir! it does one’s heart gude to think what a blessing young Mattie has turned out to his parents; I ken few wad hae guessed the like of this, that hae seen him as I hae, a puir senseless sawny lad as he was.”

The gentleman whom the landlady of the Blue Bells so kindly amused with her story was no other than the principal actor in it, and as he slowly pursued his way to the kirk, he could not wholly suppress his risible feelings at the idea of the prodigious bustle his appearance had caused in the village so many years ago, though there was a degree of melancholy blended in his sensations when he thought of the changes those fleeting years had made in him. It was an interesting sight to observe the inhabitants of D—— issuing from their cottages, and all flocking, as it were, with one accord to the house of prayer. Here was the sturdy

peasant marching at the head of his young family, and the sober matron, with her head encircled in a kerchief of the purest white ; whilst behind them strayed the village damsels, each carrying her psalm-book neatly folded in a linen handkerchief, half-serious half-coquetting, with the sun-burnt plaided youths ; whilst still further in the rear were seen advancing the more tardy steps of age, some supporting themselves on crutches, others leaning on the arms of those whom nature and affection pointed out for their best support—their children ; but all bearing an appearance of great cleanliness, gravity, and decorum.

The stranger from the Blue Bells was the last to enter the sacred edifice. The service had already commenced, and the minister stood in his place, pale, firm and tolerably collected ; but vain was the endeavour to trace in his countenance any resemblance to the poor neglected boy who had formerly excited so much compassion. Matthew Glenarchy was certainly calculated for the pulpit, for when there, his lameness could not be observed, and the folds of his surplice concealed what otherwise was a great defect—his habitual stoop ; besides, in his care-worn visage there was an expression of great patience and genuine mildness, which characterized well with his holy office, and the fire that but rarely sparkled from his eyes, seemed kindled by the enthusiasm of his zeal. On a seat nearest the pulpit sat the new minister's relations, who were easily distinguished from the rest of the congregation by the singular anxiety they displayed. The old man restless and perturbed, seemed unable to sit still a moment together ;—one instant he shook back his silvered locks, and his face beamed with renovated hope and delight, and again his brow was wrinkled with anxiety, and he looked fearful and tremulous ; at length, unable to command himself any longer, he rose, and walking

with unsteady steps, drew near that side of the pulpit where his son could not see him, and remained leaning against it, with his back turned to the congregation, till the service concluded. The mother's face was concealed by her handkerchief, yet those nearest her saw that her bosom heaved convulsively, and once or twice her sobs were very audible ; whilst Jeannie's clear blue eyes glistened with all a sister's hopes, and her heightened colour betrayed no slight emotion.

The opening prayer was, according to the usual custom, delivered extempore : it was long and impressive, consisting chiefly of ejaculations, and verses of Scripture ; at first the preacher's voice was low and tremulous, he seemed to feel that on this effort depended, in a great measure, his future success and the hopes of his beloved family, and he dreaded to disappoint them ; but as the fervour of his spirit seemed gradually to awaken, so did his voice rise higher and higher till it gained its accustomed energy, and then all his mortal feelings gave place to the sublimer views of the Christian. The sermon was a composition admirably adapted to the occasion : slightly and yet affectionately he touched upon the merits of his predecessor, and from thence with great pathos, spoke of the relative duties of life, and the gratitude which children owed to the authors of their existence, summing up the whole by a comparison between the duty we owe to God and our parents. To an Englishman, accustomed to speak and decide rapidly, there may at first appear something singular in the slow and solemn manner of our northern brethren ; but in the pulpit this peculiarity is not so striking, because we then expect a greater degree of precision than at any other time. There was an elegance in Mattie's language, notwithstanding his broad dialect, which delighted and astonished one, at least, of his hearers ;

beautiful from its very simplicity, it breathed the true essence of pure and animated eloquence, softened by the genuine spirit of Christianity. At first it was impossible not to behold portrayed in him the dutiful and affectionate son, so gently and so sweetly did he speak of parental hopes and filial obedience; but as the subject opened before him, and he expatiated at length on the bounty and love of a heavenly Parent, his voice became elevated almost to a tone of rapture, and his eyes sparkled with unusual brightness.

“Eh ! Jeannie, lassie, I suppose ye winna speak to me now, sin Maister Mattie is grown sic a fine man, an’ sic a great preacher,” said Robin Dugald, as he waited for Jeannie near the kirk door.

“Dinna say sae, Robin, exclaimed Jeannie, smiling through the most joyous tears she had ever shed; “I ken weel enough there be few sic clever folk as our Mattie, but that’s no raison at all against ye, because ye ken I’m no sic a clever body mysel; an’ as Mattie himsel says, we maun all keep in our ain spheres.”

The stranger arrived at the manse soon after Mattie had led thither his happy parents, and was received by the whole party with that unrestrained freedom and native hospitality which results from light hearts anxious to extend their own pleased emotions to all around them. But when he mentioned having once met them before, and introduced himself as an English clergyman, who, twenty years since had, in company with his friend, a young physician, been travelling through Aberdeenshire, and had partaken of their hospitality, the surprise and delight of the little group was beyond imagination. Peggy caught his hand and pressed it repeatedly to her lips, bursting into tears; whilst Sandy, pointing to his son, exclaiming, “There he be, God bless him ! an’ it’s all owing to ye, I ken vera weel. Mattie, lad !

Jeannie, lassie ! dinna ye hear, that is the gude gentleman your mither an' I hae sae often talked about." "Oh !" cried Peggy, "that iver I suld hae lived to see this blessed day : it has been the joy of my heart to see that dear bairn stand up in gude Maister MacIveson's place ; and then, that ye suld hae come again, is mair than I could hae thought ; and doubtless ye hae heard him preach. Eh ! sir, it went to my heart like inspiration, an'—" She would have said more, had not her attention been arrested by seeing her son, usually so grave and solemn in his movements, suddenly throw himself at the feet of the stranger, and in broken language pour out his gratitude to him, acknowledging that he owed all his present happiness to his kind advice and encouragement. "Ye saw me," he said, "a puir stricken bairn, an' ye took pity upon me, and may ye be abundantly blessed for the kindness ye showed on that day."

"Rise," said the stranger, "I entreat you ; your acknowledgments oppress me ; for, after all, what have I done ? I saw you, as I thought, a poor neglected child, I pitied you ; and endeavoured to interest your parents in your favour ; it appears, then, that I succeeded, and I am more than rewarded for the pains I took."

That day was a happy one at D—— ; and in the evening, when the stranger departed for A——, the residence of Dr. H——, the gentleman who had been his companion when he first entered the village, he was once more followed by the benediction of Sandy and his now happy and prosperous family.

A STORY OF MODERN HONOUR.

[The following story is inserted to illustrate the natural effects of duelling, a practice which is falling rapidly in disrepute.]

I WAS well acquainted with two young men who made their first appearance in the society of London at about the same period, Lord Oranmore and Mr. Severn. Many things appeared to have fallen to the share of each in nearly equal portions, such as considerable wealth, great advantages of personal appearance, and brilliant mental endowments; upon both, it is almost needless to add, the world dawned brightly, and smiled kindly. Perhaps, however, the points of difference were even more striking than those of resemblance between them: in the very matter of their good looks, for instance, to which I have alluded, Lord Oranmore was extremely dark, his countenance serious and even stern, his figure lofty and imposing: the complexion of his contemporary was fair, and was particularly remarkable for the open and radiant expression of his features. If I had been writing a tale or novel, I should probably have presented each of them to my reader at once by informing him that Salvator Rosa would have shadowed the outline of Oranmore beneath one of his shaggy rocks, or blighted trees; and that Raphael might have selected Severn for a student in the school of Athens, or a listener in the group round St. Cecilia. I shall, perhaps, as briefly convey an impression of their moral characteristics by stating that Oranmore was frequently

told that in many particulars he bore a close resemblance to Lord Byron, and that Severn had occasionally been admonished by some of his most attached friends, that if he did not take very good care, he would end in being a saint.

The prevailing tone of society may be estimated in some degree from the manner in which these opposite suggestions were received by the parties to whom they were addressed, "You really flatter me too much," modestly protested Lord Oranmore. "I trust not quite that either," sensitively remonstrated Mr. Severn.

The same inference might have been drawn from occurrences in their behaviour. Severn unaffectedly wished to be religious, and was in his practice ostentatiously benevolent; but at no time was he ever known to have appeared so grievously annoyed, as when he had been casually overheard administering appropriate consolation to a dying servant; and Oranmore upon one occasion spent an entire night at a country-house, where he was staying with a large party, in pacing up and down his apartment, because he knew that he should be heard underneath; not with the malicious purpose of giving a bad night to the unfortunate tenants of the first floor, for he was by no means an ill-natured person, but that he might gain the credit due to a disturbed conscience and a mysterious remorse.

Society, rigidly exclusive as to persons, but amiably lax as to characters, thought fit, in the exercise of its high caprice, to smile with nearly equal favour on the mitigated demon and qualified angel of my story; it happened, consequently, that few were the assemblies and dinners at which they did not meet. This most unsought-for frequency of contact brought the natural dissonance of their feelings yet more strikingly into evidence, so that before their first season was half over, they had begun to entertain, and even to

display, towards each other sentiments first of jealousy, then of dislike, in which Oranmore bitterly indulged, and against which Severn sincerely, but feebly, struggled. In the brilliant career which was opening before them, while success seemed common to both, the spheres of their ascendancy were not precisely the same. Men liked Severn best. Women talked most of Oranmore: few were the partners who could command attention when his forehead was discerned in the distance towering above the crowd; chaperons shrank while they stared; and no servant could ever succeed in getting rid of an ice in the opposite direction. But in politics, Severn had a decided advantage; though both had spoken in the House of Commons with great talent and effect, he was readier, more judicious, and more popular; and perhaps this was brought home to Oranmore's conviction still more forcibly, because they happened to be upon the same side—that of Opposition. He was therefore obliged to assent, to cheer, and to praise, as well as to envy.

But worse remained behind. In love—in the heart of woman, Oranmore's own domain—the star of his rival prevailed. Lady Alice Bohun had refused him, and was now listening with evident satisfaction to the addresses of Severn.

About this time an important debate had taken place in the House, and Severn had made a brilliant and most effective speech: the adversary who had followed him paid a high compliment to his oratory, and a member who piqued himself upon his independence rose to inform him that it had made him a convert. No success could have been more unequivocal, as Oranmore felt, while the idea annoyed and irritated him. Men are frequently drawn irresistibly on to be witnesses of the triumph at which their very souls sicken; and when Severn stopped in his way home to sup at the club with a cohort of applauding friends, Oranmore sat down

at the table with them. Upon his countenance sat a placid, and to him unusual smile. "At all events, I shall hear the worst of all they can say in his praise," was his inward rumination.

The spirits of those who sat around that board mounted high: the debate had been animated, the division close, the victory on their side; and the wine was abundant. Severn talked most, and laughed loudest; Oranmore drank deepest.

"By the way, what a lame reply the secretary made to your speech, Severn," said Sir Matthew Poynding; "you had taken it out of him."

The orator assented. "I never heard so bad a speech in my whole life."

"I cannot quite think that," interposed Oranmore; "I have heard him make better; but I believe a man of his genius could not make a bad one, if he tried."

"He could not make a bad speech!" echoed Sir Matthew.

"He could not make a bad speech!" re-echoed that patriot company.

"Come, come! he has offered Oranmore a place," cried Severn.

There was a flush in the cheek, and a flash from the eye, and a quivering on the lip, and the countenance of Oranmore was again placid.

"Ministers must go out after this division," said Mr. Pymden.

"And who will be sent for in that case?" added Mr. Ham.

"Why, Severn is the man for the country," roared out Sir Matthew; "is not he, Oranmore?"

"I wish you would have the goodness, Sir Matthew, not to spill your wine over me."

"Don't tell me—Pitt was two years younger when he was premier."

“ Well, if you are minister, Severn, pray, remember me !” was the postulate of Ham.

“ And me, too,” was the corollary of Pymden.

“ By all means, gentlemen : you, Sir Matthew, shall have the Board of Trade ; the Colonies for Ham ; and Pymden shall be at the Mint ; and what place will you choose, Oranmore ?”

“ Place !—place for me !” shouted Oranmore ; “ and from you, of all mankind—you puppet of a patriot—who, even in the first burst of your shallow popularity, cannot smother your craving for pelf and power.”

“ Hey-day ! what are these heroics, Oranmore ?”

“ They are no heroics, Severn ; they are the plainest terms which suggest themselves to express my unmeasured contempt for your pretensions to patriotism, and your assumption of honesty.”

“ It is better to assume any thing, than the principles of an infidel and the language of a bully.”

“ These words, at least, must be answered elsewhere. I shall be found at my lodging.”

“ Oranmore ! we are warm, and have both drank too much ; we cannot tell what we are doing ; here is my hand.”

“ Ay, take it, Oranmore,” said Sir Matthew ; “ we must not have two of our thorough-going ones quarrel.”

“ I would not touch it to save his pale soul from hell. Severn, you are a cringing, canting coward !”

Oranmore left the room.

The patriots might possibly have interposed : but Pymden was fast asleep ; Ham was dead drunk ; Sir Matthew said it would do their side harm if one of them had put up with being called a coward ; Mr. M'Taggart of M'Taggart had made it a rule never to mix himself up in such proceedings ; and the rest were Irishmen.

It was arranged that Sir Matthew, who seemed to be the most sober of the party, should proceed to Lord Oranmore's lodging ; and there speedily settled by him and an equally serviceable ally upon the other side, that a meeting should take place at seven o'clock the next morning, in a field behind Hammersmith.

Severn, hurried and bewildered, felt a strong desire to see Lady Alice before that decisive rencounter, the necessity of which he rather had passively acquiesced in than deliberately recognized. He remembered that she was then hard by at Almack's Wednesday ball ; and thither accordingly he repaired to find her.

There are those, among the most well-meaning, who frown indiscriminately upon places of gay resort ; who maintain that they all unfit the mind alike for graver duties and higher intercourse. I, on the other hand, with unfeigned deference to the sincerity of such opinions, am still inclined to think that, like almost every thing else, they may be turned to profit as well as to abuse ; that at the crowded assembly, the listening concert, the applauding theatre, emotions may be wakened and watched ; associations touched and moulded ; opportunities suggested and improved upon, so as to amend and adorn existence. This reflection has arisen from what now took place. As Severn stood in the midst of that full and brilliant room, with his head leaning back upon one of the pillars which support the orchestra, the sights of gaiety and the sounds of harmony which surrounded him produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The sense of duties, obligations, and hopes, became more vivid to his mind, and he half audibly murmured, "I must not shed his blood—God forbid that !—I must not let him shed mine."

But to mere emotion let no man ever trust. At this mo-

ment he saw, through a sudden opening in the throng, Lady Alice Bohun approaching him, bright in attire, radiant with smiles, flushed with the exercise of the dance that was just over, and lovely, even beyond her loveliness. She had not perceived him, but was conversing with Lord George Glenearn, upon whose arm she leaned, with great apparent animation.

"Oh, Mr. Severn! I had not seen you before. Thank you, Lord George; this is my place. When did you come, Mr. Severn?"

"This very moment; the House has not been up long."

"How could I forget to wish you joy upon your speech! The whole room is full of it. They say that it was by far the most beautiful thing that ever was heard, and that—— But do you know you are not looking well?"

"A little knocked up, perhaps. You seem very, very well."

"It is a perfect ball. I have just been dancing, too, with Lord George Glenearn, and nobody is half so entertaining; though I am almost angry with myself for being so much amused by him, as you know they told a very ugly story of him two or three years ago about his not fighting when he ought."

"Lady Alice, I believe I am to have the honour this dance," interposed a tripling little clerk in the colonial office, and up struck the quadrilles in *La Dame Blanche*.

Severn walked home at a rapid pace, flung off his clothes, and then, from the mere force of habit, before stepping into bed, knelt down to pray. That act first recalled to him the power of recollection at least, if not of reflection. Four or five several times, with his fevered head upon his burning hands, he attempted to articulate the accustomed words, but

still found in them something that stopped him. "It will not do!" he exclaimed, and sprang into bed.

He slept instantly, and soundly, till roused by Sir Matthew in the morning. With but one determination—not to think—he dressed, allowed himself to be forced to swallow some breakfast, and was seated in the chariot at the side of his—friend!

"Well, I will say, however, I never saw a fellow cooler in my life," observed the admiring baronet.

"Only have the goodness not to talk to me," was the somewhat ungrateful rejoinder.

The injunction produced its effect for five minutes, when Sir Matthew took a hint from some piece of ground which they passed, and launched off into a circumstantial detail of all the political duels which had occurred in his time, and which, as it entailed no interchange of communication, Severn allowed to proceed without further interruption.

When they arrived upon the ground, they found their antagonists in readiness. The seconds made the necessary arrangements, and the principals took their places, exchanging at the time signs of haughty but calm recognition. They had entertained for each other, since the period of their first acquaintance, feelings of distaste, if not of ill-will; they had now met for the most hostile purpose that can bring human creatures together, yet they had probably never before experienced so little of mutual repugnance. Oranmore felt that he had been the most to blame in the original quarrel, and Severn condemned no one but himself for his present position.

A signal was given: Severn fired steadily, but without being observed, into the air; the shot of Oranmore did not take effect. It had been determined by the seconds that, after language of so little qualified a character, the honour of

the parties required the purifying ordeal of a second fire, supposing the first to have been ineffectual. Fresh pistols were accordingly supplied, and a second signal given with great rapidity, which entirely precluded the combatants from taking either aim or thought. Oranmore missed again, but received in his breast the bullet of Severn.

He fell flat and heavy.—Where are the words to tell what the moment was when that sight crossed the eyes of his opponent?

The wounded man was put upon a plank and carried into an adjoining farm-house. The surgeon in attendance announced that he would not live above an hour. Oranmore who retained entire possession of all his faculties, heard the intelligence, and immediately asked for Severn.

“He is standing by your bed. We could not get him to leave you.”

“Come near to me, Severn; take my hand—I refused yours last night. You must forgive me for having led you into this scene of horror.—The blame is mine!—I am very weak, and you must take measures for escape.”

“Live, live, if you would not make me miserable—mad! Live to rescue my soul from guilt and anguish—from blood and murder!—Live, that I may devote my life to serve, to appreciate you, to make atonement to you!—Live, to save and bless me!—I know not what I say or think!—Live! *but* live! brave and gifted Oranmore!”

Here he was absolutely forced into the carriage by Sir Matthew; but he had at least the consolation of learning afterwards that his victim died, it might be hoped, in sincere, because it appeared in abject, penitence.

He heard his companion arrange the whole plan of his flight, and even expressed his acquiescence; but when he perceived that, having absolved his mind upon this point,

that exemplary politician was about to enter upon an enumeration of the probable divisions he would miss, and more especially to regret that he would not be able to bear any part in an important motion of Ham's which stood for the next Tuesday, there was something in his countenance which awed even Sir Matthew into silence.

Upon their arrival in town, while Sir Matthew, more pleased to be of active service, than in close contact with so unsociable a remorse, was occupied in hastening some necessary arrangements for the safe departure of his friend, he proceeded himself, regardless of the danger which he thus incurred, to the residence of Lady Alice, and requested to see her alone.

"I am come Lady Alice, to take leave of you."

"Leave, Mr. Severn!—You are not going away for long, I hope?"

"If it can give you pain, it even adds to the concern—the deep concern I now feel.—I am going away for ever."

"No, you would not have come here to tell me that!—but your looks!—O! for mercy's sake, what has happened?"

He told her: she appeared deeply shocked, and it was some time before she could say any thing.

"I am grieved, extremely grieved: it is most melancholy—dreadful!—Poor Lord Oranmore! Such youth and beauty!—I pity him sincerely."

"And I, in many, many respects, as sincerely envy him."

"But you must not be too much borne down by it. I do not well see how it could have been avoided."

"I must beg of you, do not attempt to excuse me."

"You must not really take it too deeply to heart. It is most unfortunate; but only consider how much worse it would have been if you had refused to fight."

Does the reader remember that beautiful passage in Lord

Byron, where Conrad, the man of combats, shudders at the stain upon the forehead of Gulnare ?

That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek !
Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men !

What that spot was to the Corsair, were the last words of Lady Alice to Severn. She stood before him, after she had uttered them, beautiful, feminine, and patrician as ever ; but he had ceased to worship, and the shrine had lost its idol. Perhaps it was good for him that it should be thus ; and the few hasty syllables which dropped from the lips of her he most admired may have given what otherwise he might have wanted, strength and constancy in parting.

It was four or five years after these occurrences that I met Severn in a maritime town of the Levant. I had been well acquainted with him in London, had always felt a strong attraction towards him, and now, partially and by degrees, succeeded in obtaining his confidence. That sacred trust I do not here violate. "England," he once said to me, "I feel myself incapable of ever revisiting ; memory is enough without memorials ; but if in the detail of what I have done and suffered, any thing is to be found that might either teach or warn, I should look upon the disclosure as part of the reparation which it is now the object of my life to make."

Upon quitting England he had enlisted himself in one of those bands that were then first raising the standard of Grecian independence in the Morea ; a cause for which individual Englishmen had felt keenly, and fought bravely, but upon which I fear that, as a nation, we have looked but coldly. Severn was one of those who could be liberal abroad

as well as at home; but after an engagement in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he felt that from human blood he now recoiled with horror; he fancied that he had traced, in the distorted features of an expiring Mussulman, the last look of Oranmore; and he resolved that a hand, red, as he termed it, with the murder of a countryman, was not worthy of joining in the struggle of patriots against a foreign enemy. He withdrew to a commercial town on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, where, having changed his name and diverted to charitable uses his remittances from England, he earned his bread by teaching English and Latin to a motley collection of Frank and Greek scholars, occasionally including some high-born scion of consular descent.

I took more than one occasion, after having seen him plodding the same weary round of minute employment, wrestling patiently and perseveringly with dulness, idleness, and insolence, ringing the changes of ignoble praise and common-place rebuke, to remonstrate with him—him, the high-bred—the energetic—the refined, thus wasting qualities and dispositions so eminent upon an employment so inadequate, cramping, and humiliating. “Take not away from me,” he replied, “what you call my humiliations; they are the only things, on earth at least, that reconcile me to myself.”

Two little traits connected with his present mode of life are all that it occurs to me further to record. One day, one single day, exhibited an exception to his ordinary behaviour. He was observed in the discharge of his usual labours to be irritable, capricious, and morose. Tidings had happened to reach him that morning, announcing the intended marriage of Lady Alice Bohun to Lord George Glenearn.

Upon another occasion a young Greek, who had been his pupil, and who retained for him that deference, amounting

to veneration, which, under his present chastened yet loftier character, it would have been almost a miracle not to feel, asked his opinion respecting the lawfulness of private combat. I quote his answer.

“ Whether the future laws of your restored country will permit, or connive at, such a practice, I cannot pretend to anticipate. Persuaded I am, that the whole spirit of the higher law, to which we both profess allegiance, unequivocally forbids it. You may attempt to assure yourself that your own hand at least shall be free from blood-guiltiness—I will go on in a moment.

“ How can you answer to yourself for permitting, enabling, assisting your fellow creature to incur that charge ? I do not tell you to despise or to defy the world ; deserve and enjoy its fair opinion while you may ; but if the alternative should present itself, if the preference must be given, you may believe one who has a right to speak upon the subject, that it is a better and a happier thing to be its outcast than its slave.”

THE JUSTLY VALUING AND DULY USING THE ADVANTAGES ENJOYED IN A PLACE OF EDUCATION.

ONE considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science, (far beyond their own,) without having learned the first rudiments : nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the help of universal Dictionaries, Abridgments, and Indexes ; by which

means they gain a useless smattering in every branch of literature, just enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon most subjects ; but not to think justly and deeply upon any : like those who have a general superficial acquaintance with almost every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendship with one or two worthy persons, would be of more service to them. The true genuine way to make a substantial scholar, is what takes place here,—to begin with those general principles of reasoning, upon which all science depends, and which give a light to every part of literature, to make gradual advances, a slow but sure process ; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we 'fix ourselves in, and confine ourselves to, any particular province of it ; it being the great secret of education, not to make a man a complete master of any branch of science, but to give his mind that freedom, openness, and extent, which shall empower him to master it, or indeed any other, whenever he shall turn the bent of his studies that way ; which is best done, by setting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world : whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can scarce think out of that track to which he is accustomed.

The next advantage I shall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the most material subjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compass, if one were to read none but original authors, those who write chiefly from their own fund of sense, without treading servilely in the steps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the scholar. The tediousness of

the way to truth is insensibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers, who keep an even pace with us : each light dispenses a brighter flame, by mixing its social rays with those of others. Here we live sequestered from noise and hurry, far from the great scene of business, vanity, and idleness ; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a series of men have successively transmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge ; and no sooner has one quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to dispense light to all within its sphere.

THE NECESSITY OF PECULIAR TEMPERANCE IN PLACES OF EDUCATION.

FROM a thorough insight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well-weighed measures for the advancement of all useful literature, and the continual support and increase of virtue and piety, have the wise and religious institutors of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could do, to promote the most excellent and beneficial design, by the most rational and well-concerted means. They first laid the foundation well, in the discipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the restraint of wholesome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an excess that would serve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them ; with simplicity yet sufficiency ; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the seeds of vice are stifled in their birth ; young persons are here re-

moved from temptations, to which others, from a less happy situation, are too frequently exposed ; and by an early habit of temperance and self-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular solicitations, or with ease to control them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of these advantages, and a willing compliance with these rules, lay up in store for the rest of their life, virtue, health, and peace ! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progress in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in strict regularity and temperance ; were the sensual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taste of sensual pleasures must be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a relish of the more sublime pleasures that result from reason and religion ; that they may pursue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, assistance, and encouragement to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of useful learning ? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in supplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every station of life be equally serviceable and ornamental to themselves, and beneficial to mankind ? And shall any one dare to convert a house of discipline and learning into a house of dissoluteness, extravagance, and riot ? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themselves, who at the same time that they are pursuing their own unhappiness, sacrilegiously break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, seducement, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into these schools of

frugality, sobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices and vain gaieties of a licentious and voluptuous age! What have they to answer for, who, while they profligately squander away that most precious part of time, which is the only season of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loss, encourage one another in an idle and sensual course of life, and by spreading wide the contagion, reflect a scandal upon, and strive to bring into public disesteem, the place of their education, where industry, literature, virtue, decency, and whatever else is praise-worthy, did for ages flourish and abound? Is this the genuine fruit of the pious care of our ancestors, for the security and propagation of religion and good manners, to the latest posterity? Is this at last the reward of their munificence? Or does this conduct correspond with their views, or with the just expectations and demands of your friends and your country?

HEYNE.

THE late Professor HEYNE, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age, and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the 'Memoirs of his own

Life,' Heyne says, " Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured !" His parents sent him to a child's school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived ; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. Having learned every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of four pence a week ; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him, at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy ; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all

he himself knew. At this time, his father was anxious that he should adopt some trade, but Heyne felt an invincible desire to pursue his literary education; and it was fortunate for the world that he was at this period of his life furnished with the means of following the course of his inclination. He had another godfather, who was a clergyman in the neighbourhood; and this person, upon receiving the most flattering accounts of Heyne from his last master, agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary of his native town of Chemnitz. His new patron, however, although a well-endowed churchman, doled out his bounty with most scrupulous parsimony; and Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them over for his own use. At last he obtained the situation of tutor to the son of one of the citizens; and this for a short time rendered his condition more comfortable. But the period was come when, if he was to proceed in the career he had chosen, it was necessary for him to enter the university; and he resolved to go to Leipsic. He arrived in that city accordingly with only two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket, and nothing more to depend upon except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. He had to wait so long, however, for his expected supplies from this source, which came accompanied with much grudging and reproach when they did make their appearance, that, destitute both of money and books, he would even have been without bread too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servant of the house where he lodged. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that

incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he shrunk from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardour for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week ; and yet all the while his godfather scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence,—often actually addressing his letters on the outside. “ *To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic.*”

In the mean time, while his distress was every day becoming more intolerable, he was offered, by one of the professors, the situation of tutor in a family at Magdeburg. Desirable as the appointment would have been in every other respect, it would have removed him from the scene of his studies—and he declined it. He resolved rather to remain in the midst of all his miseries at Leipsic. He was, however, in a few weeks after, recompensed for this noble sacrifice, by procuring, through the recommendation of the same professor, a situation similar to the one he had refused, in the university town. This, of course, relieved for a time his pecuniary wants ; but still the ardour with which he pursued his studies continued so great, that it at last brought on a dangerous illness, which obliged him to resign his situation, and very soon completely exhausted his trifling resources, so that on his recovery he found himself as poor and destitute as ever. In this extremity, a copy of Latin verses which he had written having attracted the attention of one of the Saxon ministers, he was induced, by the advice of one of his friends, to set out for the court of Dres-

den, where it was expected this high patronage would make his fortune; but he was doomed only to new disappointments. After having borrowed money to pay the expenses of his journey, all he obtained from the courtier was a few vague promises, which ended in nothing. He was obliged eventually, after having sold his books, to accept the place of a copyist in the library of the Count de Bruhl, at the miserable annual salary of one hundred crowns (about £17 sterling)—a sum which, even in that cheap country, was scarcely sufficient to keep him from perishing of hunger. However, with his industrious habits, he found time, beside performing the duties of his situation, to do a little work for the booksellers. He first translated a French romance, for which he was paid twenty crowns. For a learned and excellent edition which he prepared of the Latin poet Tibullus, he received, in successive payments, one hundred crowns, with which he discharged the debts he had contracted at Leipsic. In this way he contrived to exist for a few years, all the while studying hard, and thinking himself amply compensated for the hardships of his lot, by the opportunities he had of pursuing his favourite researches, in a city so rich in collections of books and antiquities as Dresden. After he had held his situation in the library for above two years, his salary was doubled; but before he derived any benefit from the augmentation, the Seven Years War had commenced. Saxony was overrun by the forces of Frederick the Great, and Heyne's place, and the library itself to which it was attached, were swept away at the same time. He was obliged to fly from Dresden, and wandered about for a long time without any employment. At last he was received into a family at Wittenberg; but in a short time the progress of the war drove him from this asylum also, and he returned to Dres-

den, where he still had a few articles of furniture, which he had purchased with the little money he saved while he held his place in the library. He arrived just in time to witness the bombardment of that capital, in the conflagration of which his furniture perished, as well as some property which he had brought with him from Wittenberg, belonging to a lady, one of the family in whose house he lived, for whom he had formed an attachment during his residence there. Thus left, both of them, without a shilling, the young persons nevertheless determined to share each other's destiny, and they were accordingly united. By the exertions of some common friends, a retreat was procured for Heyne and his wife in the establishment of a M. de Leoben, where he spent some years, during which his time was chiefly occupied in the management of that gentleman's property.

At last, at the general peace in 1763, he returned to Dresden, and here ended his hard fortunes. Some time before his arrival in that city, the Professorship of Eloquence in the University of Gottingen had become vacant, by the death of the celebrated John Mathias Gesner. The chair had been offered, in the first instance, to David Ruhnken, one of the first scholars of the age, who declined, however, to leave the University of Leyden, where he had lately succeeded the eminent Hemsterhuys as Professor of Greek. Fortunately, however, for Heyne, Ruhnken was one of the few to whom his edition of Tibullus, and another of Epictetus, which he had published shortly after, had made his obscure name and great merits known; and with a generous anxiety to befriend one whom he considered to be so deserving, he ventured, of his own accord, to recommend him to the Hanoverian minister, as the fittest person he could mention for the vacant office. Such a testimony

from Ruhnken was at once the most honourable and the most efficient patronage Heyne could have had. He was immediately nominated to the Professorship ; although so little known, that it was with considerable difficulty he was found. He held his appointment for nearly fifty years ; in the course of which, as we have already remarked, he may be said, by his successive publications, and the attraction of his lectures, to have placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of his age ; while he was at the same time loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow-citizens, who, on his death, in 1812, felt that their University and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF A TASTE FOR THE BELLES LETTRES.

BELLES LETTRES and Criticism chiefly consider man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance ; all that can sooth the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved ; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

THE cultivation of Taste is farther recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save

him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

IMPROVEMENT IN TASTE CONNECTED WITH IMPROVEMENT IN VIRTUE.

THERE are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise ; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

—Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit aeras.*

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same ; or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose,

* These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soft'n'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

THE ARTS AT ROME.

THE city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state.

Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud,

and their roofs pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw.

If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopped out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder whenever they first entered within its gates.

THE CONDITION OF THE ROMANS IN THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

SUCH was the state of this imperial city, when its citizens had made so great a progress in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a

war with the Carthaginians ; the strongest power then by land, and the absolute masters by sea. The Romans, in the first Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the second, they greatly increased their strength, both by sea and land ; and acquired a taste of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For though before this they were masters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of several cities in the eastern parts of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and statues and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the rest of the world so much ; they had hitherto looked upon them with so careless an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This insensibility they preserved so long, either from the grossness of their minds, or perhaps from their superstition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own ; or (which is the most likely of all) out of mere politics, and the desire of keeping up their martial spirit and natural roughness, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to destroy. However that was, they generally preserved themselves from even the least suspicion of taste for the polite arts, pretty far into the second Punic war ; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the scales were turned on their side. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and statues. Among others, there were some very fine colossal figures of the gods, represented as fighting against the rebel giants. These were made by some of the most eminent masters in Greece ; and the Jupiter not improbably, by Lysippus. When Fabius was disposing of the spoil, he ordered the money and plate to

be sent to the treasury at Rome, but the statues and pictures to be left behind. The secretary who attended him in his survey, was somewhat struck with the largeness and noble air of the figures just mentioned; and asked, Whether they too must be left with the rest? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

**MARCELLUS ATTACKS SYRACUSE, AND SENDS ALL HIS PICTURES
AND STATUES TO ROME.**

MARCELLUS had indeed behaved himself very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it against Syracuse. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned than the city of Syracuse; it abounded in the works of the best masters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and sent all their statues and pictures to Rome. When I say all, I use the language of the people of Syracuse; who soon after laid a complaint against Marcellus before the Roman senate, in which they charged him with stripping all their houses and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himself did not at all disown it, but fairly confessed what he had done: and used to declare, that he had done so, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taste for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders, soon occasioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius. Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were; but temperate in his conquests. In what he had done, he had acted, not

only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foresight. "These fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diversion for an idle effeminate people: let us leave them to the Greeks. The Romans desire no other ornaments of life, than a simplicity of manners at home, and fortitude against our enemies abroad. It is by these arts that we have raised our names so high, and spread our dominions so far: and shall we suffer them now to be exchanged for a fine taste, and what they call elegance of living? No, great Jupiter, who presidest over the capitol! let the Greeks keep their arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only how to conquer and to govern mankind." Another set, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with the noble works of the Grecian artists that had been set up for some time in the temples and porticoes, and all the most public places of the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among the barbarians. That rust, which we have been so long contracting, will soon be worn off. Other generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. We begin to see with new eyes, and have a new world of beauties opening before us. Let the Romans be polite, as well as victorious; and let us learn to excel the nations in taste, as well as to conquer them with our arms."

Whichever side was in the right, the party for Marcellus was the successful one; for, from this point of time we may date the introduction of the arts into Rome. The Romans by this means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a passion which grows very fast in any breast, wherever it is once entertained.

We may see how fast and how greatly it prevailed at Rome, by a speech which old Cato the censor made in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. He complains in it that their people began to run into Greece and Asia; and to be infected with a desire of playing with their fine things: that as to such spoils, there was less honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuse, had revenged the cause of its citizens, in spreading this taste among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them; and who, he hoped, would still continue so, if they would but let their statues remain in peace upon their pedestals.

**THE ROMAN GENERALS, IN THEIR SEVERAL CONQUESTS, CONVEY
GREAT NUMBERS OF PICTURES AND STATUES TO ROME.**

It was in vain too that Cato spoke against it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have striven who should bring away the greatest number of statues and pictures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what accessions of this kind were made in the compass of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great number of wrought vases from Spain and Africa, towards the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of most of the finest works that ever were produced

by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from thence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great show both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip, king of Macedon; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days; the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted of vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most chosen things, culled from the collection of that successor of Alexander the Great; for as to the inferior spoils of no less than seventy Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to his soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. Not many years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce exceeded by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of that city, which had so long bid fair for being the seat of empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a vast accession; though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthagenians. The very same year that Scipio freed Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable for his rusticity, as Scipio was for elegance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and sacked, among several others, the famous city of Corinth, which had been long looked upon as one of the principal reservoirs of the finest works of art. He

cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing any thing of them : even without knowing that an old Grecian statue was better than a new Roman one. He used, however, the surest method of not being mistaken ; for he took all indifferently as they came in his way ; and brought them off in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with statues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taste, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in less than seventy years' time, (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was destroyed) Italy was furnished with the noblest productions of the ancient artists, that before lay scattered all over Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the rest of Greece. Sylla, beside many others, added vastly to them afterwards ; particularly by his taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia ; where, by his too great indulgence to his armies, he made taste and rapine a general thing, even among the common soldiers, as it had been for a long time among their leaders.

In this manner the first considerable acquisitions were made by their conquering armies ; and they were carried on by the persons sent out to govern their provinces, when conquered. As the behaviour of these in their governments, in general, was one of the greatest blots on the Roman nation, we must not expect a full account of their transactions in the old historians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs : for such of these that remain to us, are either Romans themselves, or else Greeks who were too much attached to the Roman interest, to speak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own historians, may be pretty well supplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who seems to have been a very honest man, has set the rapaciousness of their governors in general in a very strong light ; as Cicero has set

forth that of Verres in particular, as strongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monsters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his island, with a couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and the other a statuary of the same nation) to get together his collection; and was so curious and so rapacious in that search, that Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue, or relievo, or picture, in all Sicily which he did not see; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What he thus got he sent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their spoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their prætors and proconsuls acted but in half so abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all these sort of things secretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals.

THE METHODS MADE USE OF IN DRAWING THE WORKS OF THE
BEST ANCIENT ARTISTS INTO ITALY.

THERE was another method of augmenting these treasures at Rome, not so infamous as this, and not so glorious as the former. What I mean, was the custom of the *Ædiles*, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of statues and pictures: which they bought up or borrowed for that purpose, all over Greece, and sometimes even from Asia. Scaurus, in particular, in his *ædileship*, had no less than three thousand statues and relieves for the mere ornamenting of the stage in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the same Scaurus who

(whilst he was in the same office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been so long one of the most eminent schools in Greece for painting ; in lieu of the debts owing, or pretended to be owed, from that city to the Roman people.

From these public methods of drawing the works of the best ancient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almost every body that could afford it, to adorn their houses, their porticeos, and their gardens, with the best statues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Asia. None went earlier into this taste, than the family of the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who carried on the war against Mithridates. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child ; and in the latter part of his life gave himself up so much to collections of this kind, that Plutarch reckons it among his follies. “ As I am speaking of his faults (says that historian in his life) I should not omit his vast baths, and piazzas for walking ; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed ; nor his excessive fondness for statues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his walks and gardens, at an immense expense ; and with the vast riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war.” There were several other families which fell about that time into the same sort of excess ; and among the rest, the Julian. The first emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector ; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his successor, Augustus, was of Corinthian vases.

This may be called the first age of the flourishing of the politer arts at Rome ; or rather the age in which they were introduced there : for the people in this period were

chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps some particular persons in it of a very good taste : but in general, one may say, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the first part of it, in greater numbers than can be easily conceived ; and in some time every body began to look upon them with pleasure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the several methods I have mentioned : and I doubt not but a good taste would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulsions in their state, and the perpetual struggles of some great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. These continued quiet from Sylla's time to the establishment of the state under Augustus. These peaceful times that then succeeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leisure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taste in all the elegancies of life. The artists, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a style greatly superior to what they had done even in Julius Cæsar's time : so that it is under Augustus that we may begin the second and most perfect age of sculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Augustus changed the whole appearance of Rome itself ; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings extremely finer than any it could boast before his time, and set off all those buildings, and even the common streets, with an addition of some of the finest statues in the world.

ON THE DECLINE OF THE ARTS, ELOQUENCE, AND POETRY,
UPON THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS.

ON the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which make them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish; and the sour reign of Tiberius was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the bad taste of the court, as the Roman writers were: but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The series of so many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and,

by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as to never rise again under any future Roman emperor.

You may see by these two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their rise, their flourishing, and their decline, agree very well ; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their style was prepared, and a vast collection of fine works laid in, under the first period, or in the times of the republic : in the second, or the Augustan age, their writers and artists were both in their highest perfection ; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languish ; and then revived a little ; and at last sunk totally together.

In comparing the descriptions of their poets with the works of art, I should therefore choose to admit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whose omission need be regretted, except that of Claudian : and even as to him it may be considered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more ; and when the true taste of poetry was strangely corrupted and lost ; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before, and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two ; whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight.

ROME.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead Empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo ;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress !

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian Monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol ; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :—
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, " here was, or is," where all is doubly night ?

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
 And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;
 But Rome is at the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
 Our hands, and cry "Eureka !" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
 Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !

EXPERIENCE TO BE ANTICIPATED BY REFLECTION.

It is observed, that the young and the ignorant are always the most violent in pursuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuosity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchases at too dear a price. Inure yourselves to frequent consideration of the emptiness of those pleasures which excite so much strife and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is lost by the violence of pas-

sion, than by the want of those things which give occasion to that passion. Persuade yourselves that the favour of God, and the possession of virtue, form the chief happiness of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceful life, hold the next place in your estimation. These are the conclusions which the wise and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last. By forming them betimes, you would make a seasonable escape from that tempestuous region, through which none can pass without suffering misery, contracting guilt, and undergoing severe remorse.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE is the means designed by our "Benevolent Creator" for conveying our *ideas* or notions to each other.

Language, moreover, is evidently intended, not only to communicate "knowledge," but to afford pleasure; to answer this desirable end, we must render it not only precise in its expression, but pleasing in its construction, so that the ear may not be offended by vulgar terms, or badly worded sentences.

Dr. Blair has smartly defined good language to consist in the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the language, in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other languages, or that are obsolete, or used without proper and competent authority.

A language is said to be rich, when it has an extensive variety of words, which convey nearly the same meaning; each bearing, however, a slight shade of difference. This

copiousness is admirably conducive to precision, if managed with skill and judgment.

It is allowed, without doubt or hesitation, that our language is composed of contributions from the Greek, Latin, French, Saxon, Gothic, or Teutonic, and a variety of other tongues, so that it is almost if not altogether impossible to say in what its native idiom consists : that which was formerly the pure ancient British, or Cambrian (Welsh), is now become a mixture of Saxon, Teutonic, Dutch, Danish, Norman, and French, strongly imbued with the Greek and Latin.

Our scientific words are, for the most part, derived from the Greek : our terms of art from the Latin, Italian, and French ; and our domestic words, or such as are used in ordinary parlance, and expressive of objects of daily notice or recurrence, from the Saxon. Of the 40,000 words, which; exclusive of proper names, the English language contains, nearly 14,000 are derived from the Latin, Greek, Italian, French, German, Welsh, Dutch, Spanish, Danish, and Arabic languages ; and the remainder, or about 26,000 words, are of Saxon origin. However, the English language in its present state, is universally allowed to be the most copious, energetic, descriptive, and eloquent of the living languages ; equally as significant as the Latin, and little inferior in variety of expression to the Greek itself. It is at this time known, and even spoken, in most of the courts of Europe. In Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, it is become almost as common as the French, particularly among the nobility of Denmark, who have made great progress in the English tongue ; and it is now publicly taught at Copenhagen, Kiel, and other towns of note, as a necessary part of education.

The English people were one of the first of modern

Europe that adapted their language for literature, and of whose early authors some still shine among the patterns of classic beauty. Yet there is, perhaps, no other whose language has undergone so many and great changes, and suffered so much mixture, before it attained its present perfection.*

The original Celtic, or Erse, the language of the ancient Britons, is allowed to be of high antiquity, and is even thought by many writers of eminence to have been the primeval or original language. Pelontier in his "*Histoire des Celtes*," asserts, that all the European nations were of Celtic extraction; and particularly names the Spaniards, Portuguese, Gauls, Germans, Scandinavians, Britons, Picts, and Scots or Irish, Ligurians, Umbrians, and several other tribes of Italy, as well as others seated in Russia, Hungary, Poland, &c.

The ancient Celtic is said to be still spoken in its purity on the northern coasts of Asia. We will observe here, that there is so strong an affinity, between the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, that the natives are now intelligible to each other in conversation. The modern Scotch, or Gaelic, as spoken in the Scottish Isles and the Highlands, has also a mixture of the Slavonic and Teutonic. Though the ancient Britons, or Welsh, were the first masters of England, yet the deduction of the English language requires no mention of them; for we have so few words which can, with any certainty, be referred to British roots, that we justly regard the Saxons and Welsh as nations totally distinct.

It being universally acknowledged that our "parent tongue" is derived from the Goths, it will be expedient to know whence was the origin of the Goths.

* See Lord Monboddo's *Work on Languages and Literature*, and an article on the Teutonic Language in the *Philomathic Review*.

The word Goth is not to be found in authors till long after the Christian era. It is pretty generally believed the word Goth is synonymous with Scyth, or Scythian.

This language, without doubt, had its rise in Asiatic Scythia, and probably partook more of the idiom of the North as the Celtic covered more of the East. Thus the Celtic and the Gothic, so frequently mistaken for each other, are as different as Latin and Arabic. In Europe it made its way rapidly, and is now almost universal. Nothing positively certain is recorded of this language till some time before the Christian era. Odin or Wodin, with his followers came from the Asiatic side of the Lake Mæotis; having been driven out, as it is held, by the terror of the Roman army, after the conquest of Mithridates by Pompey. He retired, doubtless for the same reason, to the northern parts of Europe not subject to the Roman government, and settled in Scandinavia, and the coasts about the Baltic Sea; whence some have considered this migration of the Goths only a return to their parent country. By the addition of fresh partizans, they possessed themselves of the most eastern parts of Europe; by degrees grew troublesome and formidable to the Roman state, and at length overturned it.

In carrying on their conquests, they committed great devastations, for which they are loaded with infamy by some eminent historians; and their name, in the present day, is used as a term of reproach for those who profess an enmity to the arts and sciences. But the Goths were, notwithstanding, the most civilized of all the northern nations of their time.

Odin brought with him many useful arts, and among the rest, that of letters. His colony was therefore received by the natives with joy and great kindness, and settled peaceably among them; till, for want of room, he was compelled

to extend his dominions by force of arms. Besides his undoubted skill in war, he is said to have wrought many marvellous feats in magic; and a thousand and one fabulous stories are recorded of him. He was revered after his demise as the chief deity of the Goths; his captains also were likewise deified under the name of Asæ or Asiatics, to distinguish them from the Europeans; and their language was called Asa mal, or Asiatic speech.

The Cimbrians, by some styled the Northern Germans, took a different route, and infested the western parts of Europe, where they became known to our historians by the name of Pagans, Pirates, Danes, and Normans: their language was scarcely different from the Saxon.

The English, as has been stated, owe their mother tongue to the Goths; yet the ancient Britons, our "valorous ancestors," who first possessed that great and glorious land, spoke a language widely different, before they were conquered by the Romans, under the command of Julius Cæsar, about fifty years before the Christian era.

England remained subject to the Roman Emperors till the year 428, when the Goths, and other nations of the north, notorious for their barbarity, breaking into the Roman empire, rendered it necessary for the former to recall their legions which had been stationed in Britain; when the Emperor Honorius renounced the sovereignty of the country.

The Britons were left, on the departure of the Roman soldiers, in a feeble, if not a defenceless state, when they were immediately harassed and oppressed by the invasion of their northern enemies, the Picts and Scots, who committed the most dreadful outrages, and the tracks of whose terrible irruptions were marked with blood and devastation. Having been reduced to this dreadful state, the Britons had recourse to the Saxons, a people inhabiting the north of

Germany, celebrated for their warlike and generous conduct, for relief and protection, offering to give them the Isle of Thanet for their service. The offer was unhesitatingly accepted, and the Saxons, together with a great number of Angles, a people of Jutland, came over to Britain, and were successful in repelling the incursions of the Picts and Scots; but seeing the weak and defenceless state of the Britons, they resolved, in the hour of danger, to take advantage of it; and at length established themselves in South Britain. The unconquered of the ancient Britons were now reduced to the necessity of flying to the mountains of Wales for shelter, whereby the ancient British, or Welsh language became extinct in England, and the Saxon consequently prevailed. Hence it is at once evident, that from these barbarians, who founded several petty kingdoms in this island, and introduced their own laws, language, and manners, is derived the ground-work of the English language; which even in its present state of cultivation, and notwithstanding the successive augmentations and improvements which it has received through various channels, displays very evident traces of its Saxon original. It is, however, almost impossible to trace out the form that language when it was first introduced into England; that is to say, so far back as the year 450; for at that time the Saxons were a people so vulgar, so barbarous, and so illiterate, that some of our antiquaries doubt whether they ever had any established alphabet for the instruction of their youth. We have no just grounds to imagine that they made any considerable proficiency in the study of the arts and sciences, till about one hundred and thirty years afterwards; at which period St. Austin came amongst them with the praiseworthy view of persuading them, if possible, to embrace the Christian faith, and met with success beyond his most sanguine expectations. After this

“conversion,” they began to apply their minds to study; and, by very slow degrees, improved themselves in literature; insomuch that, about 130 years afterwards, a bishop, named Eadfride, who was at that time admired for his piety, wrote a comment on the “inspired writings” of the four evangelists.

This brings us up to about the year 712. The next age of improvement was that of the Great and glorious Alfred, of happy memory, who came to the crown of England, A. D. 871, when the Danes were in the very heart of his dominions, and all the seaports were filled with their warlike fleets. After many battles, some of them unsuccessful ones, and finding himself at last overpowered by numbers, he retired in disguise to the island of Athelney, in the county of Somerset, where he lived wholly concealed for many years. He is said to have translated the Saxon Homilies, and composed divers other books of devotion for the religious improvement of his subjects, during his incognito in the island of Athelney, which were soon published after his happy restoration. A translation of the Gospels made its appearance about the year 900; but by whom this elaborate and excellent undertaking was done we do not know.

The period during which the Danish invaders occupied the English throne was short, not exceeding half a century; but it is highly probable that some change was introduced by them into the language spoken by those whom they had conquered. This change, however, cannot be supposed to have been very considerable, as the Danish and Saxon languages arose from one general source, the Gothic being evidently the parent of both.

The next conquerors of this kingdom, after the Danes, were the Normans, who, in the year 1066, secured for their favourite leader, William, the possession of the English

throne. Soon after his accession, this fortunate prince endeavoured to bring his own language (the Norman French) into use among his new subjects; his efforts however, were not successful, as the Saxons entertained a dislike to foreigners of all kinds. In process of time, however, many Norman words and phrases were introduced into the Saxon language; but its general form and construction remained unaltered.

About the year 1130, several compositions both in prose and verse made their first appearance; and notwithstanding the language appears to have been greatly altered, both in its construction and terminations, yet it might still be called the Saxon tongue. In the thirteenth century, however, a language appeared, partly Saxon and partly English; at which period the miscellaneous writings of the famous Robert of Gloucester, were held in high esteem.

In the 14th century, Sir John Mandeville, a learned man, and an able historian, gave the public an account of his travels, in a work which was long held in very high estimation. Two great poets also flourished in this century; namely, Sir John Gower and Sir Geoffrey Chaucer: and though the former published some poetical pieces, first, yet the latter is called (from the elegance and chasteness of his style) the Father of the English Bards.

William Caxton brought the "magnificent art of printing" into England in 1468, prior to which period there were no other than manuscript books.

Among the most celebrated writers from the time of Sir Thomas More, A. D. 1500, to that of Lord Bacon, in the 16th and 17th centuries, were, Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Mr. Tindal, and Sir Philip Sidney. Tindal flourished about the year 1510, Lord Sackville in 1560, Ralph Lever in 1573, and Sir Philip Sidney in 1580. The first

author whose style is calculated to entertain and instruct the readers of the present age, was the great Sir Francis Bacon, who was Lord High Chancellor of England, under King James the First. He was born in 1550, and died in 1626, after a life almost wholly devoted to the service and improvement of the laws and literature of his country.

Milton, Waller, Algernon Sidney, Lord Clarendon, &c., succeeded to the learned Lord Bacon, and made great improvements upon his style. We are indebted moreover to Dryden, Addison, Steele, Swift, Dr. Johnson, and Pope, for the many "excellencies" with which our language is illumined, for by those great masters it was carried to its highest point of perfection.

The Abbe Sicard says, "of all languages known to me, the English is the most simple, and the most natural in its construction. These peculiarities give it a philosophical character; and, as its terms are expressive and copious, no language seems better calculated to facilitate the intercourse of mankind."

We shall take leave now to add, that the characteristics of a language furnish an unerring index to the discovery of the true and genuine character of the people who speak it; and that, in the very great simplicity of the English language, are afforded striking indications of the undisguised and virtuous as well as generous simplicity of the English character, while its copiousness and energy cannot fail to bespeak the unrivalled wealth and manly vigour which distinguish the English, who are dearly and tenderly attached to their "native country!"

STYLE.

By style is understood, the general manner of expression, established by the laws and by the universal use of a language, or the peculiar manner which characterizes an author, a class of authors, or an age, as when we say, he has no style, or in Buffon's witty aphorism, "*Le stile c'est l'homme.*"

Grammatical purity, and the just choice of words contribute much to perspicuity; but the stock of words extant in the Latin language does not suffice to express all those objects and notions which are peculiar to modern times; we must therefore have recourse either to purely Latin or Greek terms, transferred to modern ideas, as, for instance, *Librarius*, or to circumlocutions, as, to print, "*librum typis, litterarum formis*, (Cic. N. D. 2, 37); *describeres* exprimere," not "imprimere, libri impressi."

The arrangement of the members of a sentence help to perspicuity. In the structure of periods, the Romans had a particular regard to engage the attention and to keep the meaning suspended till the conclusion of the sentence; that the reader might never think he had reached the close before the period was finished. Such an arrangement gives unity to a sentence, and the appearance of a whole.

Although a style deficient in perspicuity and correctness cannot possibly be agreeable, yet it may possess both these qualities in a high degree, without being agreeable; as, for instance, the style of the great Latinist J. Fr. Gronovius.

Agreeableness depends, more than all the other qualities of style, on natural genius, on an imagination in harmony with the other powers of the mind, presenting to the understanding thoughts unsought and without labour, and exciting, besides the principal object, many lively ideas, which are chastened by mature judgment and practice in logical think.

ing. It is this spirit which distinguishes the great authors of antiquity, Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Livy, Seneca, and Tacitus; amongst the modern Latinists, Muretus, I. A. Ernesti, and Ruhnken.

The faculty, if it exist only in a small degree, may be cultivated and improved by the study of poets, of Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, of Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, &c. But all imitation of poetical expressions in prose, should be carefully avoided, and they should be read with no other view than to rouse and nourish the imagination. Notwithstanding the insufficiency of all rules in this respect, some points may yet be established which are to be considered as essential conditions of an agreeable style.

Copiousness, to a certain degree, contributes to render style pleasant, by placing the thoughts in a variety of lights, and not expressing merely what is necessary. We should indeed never express the same notion by perfectly synonymous terms, but only by such as introduce some accessory idea, and exhibit a more lively picture to the imagination, as by two species of one genus: "*investigatio et indagatio veri*," or by the genus and a species, as "*liberalitas et beneficentia*," or by two words denoting cause and effect. This "*copia orationis*,"—considered by the ancients as synonymous with "*eloquentia*," is most frequently found in the oratorical style, in the orations of Cicero and Muret; but, also, though in a less degree in didactic compositions.

The "*figuræ sententiarum*," do not manifest themselves so much in single words and sentences, as in the whole current of the discourse, and are the proper arts by which the writer hopes to produce the end at which he aims. When, for instance, an orator dwells on a thought, to which he wishes to give particular effect; when he unfolds it, and places it in a variety of lights; rhetoricians call this "ex-

politio," and "commemoratio." Rhet. ad Herenn. IV. 42, 45.

A discourse is apt,* when it is such as we were led to expect, from the frame of mind wrought in the speaker, by the nature of the subject.

The pomp of language, figures, and tropes, are as incongruous in a grammatical or critical disquisition, as the tone with which the narration of an eventful battle is delivered, would be in the relation of fables or anecdotes.

Although rules are in general useful, and sometimes even necessary, yet they may be inculcated at a time when they will retard more than advance our practice. For a system of rules can give nothing but the form, and presupposes the materials, which are to be treated after this form: but a theory and principles without a subject to which they can be applied, impose but unnecessary shackles on the mind, and imprint on it a certain standing type, which will aggravate the treatment of the materials. Whoever, without giving himself up to the free effusions of his own fancy, would study the rules of poetry, before he had attained some facility in the rythmical use of his language, might indeed produce regular, but, withal, stiff and frigid poems; the orator, who elaborately labours to furnish his speeches with all the arts of rhetoric, before he knows the "artless language of nature," would speak neither to the heart nor to the fancy.

* Cicero terms this, "*decora oratio, id quod decet*;" also, "*ad rerum dignitatem apte et quasi decore dicere*," de Orat, 1, 32, in "*Apte dicere*," signifies also to make use of periodic sentences. Cic. Or. 9.

LOGIC.

THE term Reason is employed by philosophers in different senses. It signifies that quality of human nature which distinguishes man from the inferior animals. Man is called a rational or reasonable being, and brutes are said to be irrational. Reason, in this sense, seems to be an universal name for all the intellectual powers, as distinguished from the sensitive part of our constitution. In its logical and more general acceptation, it signifies that power of the mind by which we draw inferences, or that faculty, which enables us, from relations or ideas that are known, to investigate such as are unknown; and without which, we never could proceed, in the discovery of truth, beyond first principles; viz. those already known: hence, reason is that faculty by which we can deduce one proposition from another, or find out such intermediate ideas as may connect two distant ones.

LOGIC, which professes to direct us how to use that god-like faculty, that distinguishes us from brutes, in the most proper and advantageous manner, is a science that may be so simplified, as to render it extensively useful; but has been so disguised by barbarous terms, and perplexed by unnecessary subtleties, as to render the study of it rather revolting than alluring.

REASON, that glorious, heavenly attribute, which enables us to distinguish right from wrong, and to discover truth, though veiled under the most "difficult disguise," like other faculties of the human mind, requires to be exercised before it can perform its functions well. Unassisted Reason is liable to error, to mistake plausible falsehood for truth, to adopt wrong premises, or to infer false conclusions.

It is for the express purpose of assisting her in her anxious inquiries, of enabling her to proceed with precision, and to come to an undoubted certainty in her conclusions, that Logic offers her aid, to direct her through the "labyrinths of doubt, and the mazes of perplexity."

True it is, that Logic cannot in all cases effectually aid the efforts of Reason; by the utmost exercise of ingenuity, we cannot, on every subject attain to more than a "probability;" but even here, Logic is valuable; for, without its aid, we might be induced to consider some things as certain, which are probable only: and to act accordingly, to our obvious injury and loss. For instance, did men reason accurately on the subject of the "perpetual motion," according to the rules of Logic, they would see, that it cannot by possibility exist in this world, and this conviction would have prevented the loss of much valuable time, and of large sums of money, and the ruin of thousands.

Aristotle is allowed to have been the first philosopher who systematized the "Art of Reasoning," and introduced the "syllogistic method" of discovering truth, but there is ground for supposing that it existed, long before his time, among the Brahmins of India. Sir William Jones asserts, on the authority of a Mahometan historian, that Callisthenes transmitted to Aristotle a Hindoo Treatise on Logic, in which the doctrine of syllogism was completely developed.

In the dark ages of Europe, men were in the frequent habit of arguing and indeed disputing on subjects at once ridiculous and vexatious. Logic was reduced, as it should seem, to a mere art of words—and for the most part, obscured by a long list of terms and phrases which served rather to hide ignorance, than to advance true knowledge.

Men of understanding and of profound learning, have ex-

erted themselves however in the ungrateful task of clearing away the rubbish that disfigured the "Attic mansion," and in reducing to order and proportion the chaotic mass of incongruous parts which deformed the stately building, so that it is now become a lovely temple of most exquisite architecture, worthy of that Reason to whose service it is dedicated.

The age of Charlatanerie in learning is past. Men of understanding no longer make a mystery of the most simple elements; on the contrary, the most abstruse sciences have been wholly simplified to meet the comprehension of the meanest capacities, and subjects the object of the profound attention of a Bacon, a Locke, and a Newton, are now familiarly discussed by mechanics and schoolboys.

RHETORIC.

Logic and Rhetoric are sister arts; the former teaching us to reason closely as well as correctly, the latter to express ourselves with elegance: the one wears a severe aspect; the other is majestic, but at the same time noble and lively.

The influence of Rhetoric or Eloquence on the mind both of high and low, well-informed and ignorant, is almost incalculable. In popular governments, such as that of Athens, and republican Rome, the orators were the directors of all public measures; for, so effective was the effect of their orations on the mind of the people, that they almost invariably sided with him who made the boldest appeal to their passions.

Demosthenes was so well aware of this fact, that al-

though nature had thrown obstacles in his way, he laboured with great assiduity to remove them, and ultimately succeeded. The methods that he took for this purpose, such as putting pebbles in his mouth to correct stammering, declaiming on the seashore to accustom himself to the murmuring and clamours of a popular assembly, do not seem to have been the most desirable he could have chosen ; but his having arrived at the summit of excellence in oratory, a height which no one has surpassed, proves that they were proper and in all respects effectual, though perhaps not correctly described.

Among the original Greeks, Rhetoricians abounded, and many of them were masters of the art. Isocrates, Plato, Isæus, and Æschines, are names well known to fame, but many, although brilliant satellites, have had their lustre obscured by the solar refulgence of Demosthenes.

During the time of the Commonwealth, Rome produced orators of great rank and talents in their profession ; but, as in Greece, Demosthenes, so in ancient Rome, Cicero, obscured all the lesser glories by his superior effulgence ; and as he was the greatest, so he was the last, that carried the art of Rhetoric to an unparalleled state of perfection.

When absolute power was established over that once glorious empire, men no longer dared to speak their sentiments with the freedom which true eloquence demands ; they were restrained by the fear of giving offence to absolute tyrants, and Rhetoric languished and by degrees died a sorry death.

Although Logic and Rhetoric may be held as sister arts, the former is rather a check to that species of eloquence which works immediately on the feelings, and may be called the art of persuasion. It restrains those bursts of oratory which influence so powerfully the passions, and, as it were,

take the reason by surprise. It teaches men to be argumentative and regular in their discourses, accurate in their reasoning, and to use sparingly those choice flowers of elocution which rather put men on their guard against being deceived, than produce the desired effect by elevating the imagination and exciting the feelings. Hence Logic is much more esteemed among us than Rhetoric. Dr. Blair was of opinion this may be partly attributed to the milder temperature and more phlegmatic disposition of the nations of the north, who possess not the sensibility of the Greeks and Romans, and are evidently not so easily wrought upon by energetic language.

This is, undoubtedly an advantage ; for a habit of examining coolly the reasonableness and probable consequences of measures proposed is much more calculated to prevent premature judgment and gross errors in conduct, than a propensity to be wrought upon by sonorous phrases, and “ energetic appeals to the passions.”

Rhetoric nevertheless does not forbid a moderate use of the ornaments of speech. Correct argument, clear and forcible reasoning, without their aid, would fail in exciting immediate continued attention ; the mind and body would soon become tired of that oratory which was not enlivened by the occasional sallies of “ intellectual vivacity,” the moderate use of ornamental language, of metaphors, and figures ; the secret lies in a sensible use of them, and their felicitous introduction.

Rhetoric and Eloquence are not unfrequently considered as synonymous ; but the latter may, with propriety, be held as relating more particularly to fluency and elegance of language, joined with gracefulness of delivery ; while the former for the most part applies to solid argument, clear method, an appearance of conviction in the orator, that he believes what

he asserts, a discriminating but temperate appeal to the passions as well as the judgment, and a judicious use of those conciliating and interesting arts, which persuade as well as satisfy the hearers.

Rhetoric may be said to display its powers when it succeeds both in pleasing and instructing, when it uses so temperately the advantages it possesses, that while it charms the ear and illumines the understanding, it leaves the judgment at full liberty to reject or retain what is offered to its consideration. Should it be carried beyond this, and rise to what is called the acme of eloquence; when the "passions" are enlisted in the cause of the orator, and we enter into all his vigorous and startling emotions; when we love and hate, resent and approve, according as he persuades us; when we are induced to act from the impulse of the moment communicated by the impassioned language of the orator; when our reasoning faculties are drowned in the stormy but beautiful sea of oratory he has flung, as it were, before us, and our judgment has no opportunity of exerting itself, we are subject to mistakes of great and lasting importance.

In an oration which pretends to rhetorical precision, there should be a sensible and smart exordium or introduction, calculated to prepare the minds of the hearers for what is to succeed it; the subject should then be proposed, and properly divided; this should be done in the most perspicuous manner, without deficiency or redundancy: then should follow the narration of circumstances, or explication of the doctrines intended to be proved; then the arguments calculated to prove them; afterwards, may follow a proper appeal to the passions, by which the hearers may be rendered more interested in the success of the arguments; and, lastly, the peroration or conclusion, which requires to be nicely man-

aged, and to bring the discourse to a close in a graceful manner; while the interest of the subject is fully maintained, and the minds of the auditory are not confounded by the too great length of the discourse.

ELOCUTION implies nothing more than a facility of giving utterance to our thoughts, either by speech or writing; but it is generally understood to signify the power of speaking on any subject with elegance, force, and propriety, and with action and gesture suited to the subject.

ELOQUENCE is not confined to the utterance of a discourse in suitable language, with due accent and emphasis, and that modulation of the voice which is really necessary to distinguish solemn and grave from gay and trifling subjects, but embraces every thing which can give forcible and emphatic expression to a discourse, and render it impressive and felicitous to its hearers. Among these things which aid an orator, though not positively essential, we may reckon a well-formed person, a commanding stature, and a sonorous, yet obedient voice. They contribute most powerfully to give effect to an oration, and render it dignified and imposing.

Let us figure to ourselves a modern Demosthenes, of an elevated and commanding stature, with a voice capable of uttering the thunders of denunciation, and of changing to the melting tender tones of pity and compassion—of assuming the “solemn expressions” of reasoning and argument, and the bold and manly tones of assertion and dictation; let us suppose that at one time his eye is lighted up with the “fire of indignation,” and that at another it beams with the mild rays of benevolence and love; that his features, of a majestic expression, are capable of delineating all the emotions of his mind; how infinitely superior would the effect of an oration be, delivered by such a personage, with all

these advantages properly applied, to that of the same speech coming from the lips of a man of low stature, features without expression, a monotonous voice, and apathetic eye. It is possible that such a person may succeed in gaining and fixing the attention of his auditors—the sentiments he delivers may be nervous, elegant, and altogether appropriate; but in spite of all this, the want of the advantages of person, which his rival possesses, will detract greatly from the success of his efforts, and almost, if not altogether destroy his influence on the minds of his hearers.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY.

Not only the poetry, but the “philosophy” of the ancients, had its origin among the Asiatic Greeks. The same climate which produced Homer and Hesiodus, gave birth also to the first and greatest of philosophers, not only to Thales and Heraclitus, who founded in their own time the Ionian School, properly so named; but also to those who extended the influence of its doctrines in Magna Græcia, and among the southern Italians; as for example, the poet Xenophanes, and the institutor of the great learned confederacy, Pythagoras. We are all accustomed to regard with wonder and reverence, the art and poetry of the ancients, yet perhaps their genius appears no where so active, so inventive, and so rich, as in their philosophy; even their errors are instructive, for they are always the “fruit of reflection.” They had no M‘Adamised path of truth prepared for them, but were obliged to seek out and beat a path-way for themselves; and, accordingly, they are best able to teach us how far men can, by the unassisted power of their own

“ennobling nature,” advance in the inquiry after truth. This philosophy is, therefore, well deserving of a little farther consideration. It was the custom of the Ionian philosophers to reverence one or other of the elements as the first and primary principle of nature ; some water, as Thales ; other fire, as Heraclitus. It is scarcely to be believed, that they meant this in a mere corporeal acceptance. They recognized in the liquid element, not only the nourishing and connecting power of water, but also the principle of perpetual change and variety in nature. In like manner, when Heraclitus maintained that fire was the origin of all things, he did not merely refer to external and visible fire, but meant rather that hidden heat, that internal fire, which was universally considered by the ancients as the peculiar and vivifying power in every thing that lives. Heraclitus, the founder of this doctrine, seems to have had conceptions of a nature more “profound and spiritual” than any of the contemporary philosophers. But perhaps the incapacity of all these sages to set themselves free from the fetters of materialism, may be best illustrated by the example of Anaxagoras. This philosopher is well worthy of mention, for he was the first before Socrates, who recognized the existence of a “supreme intelligence” directing and governing the whole system and concerns of nature and the universe ; and yet he attempted to illuminate the world by recurrence to these minute and imperceptible elemental atoms, of which, according to the doctrine of materialism, the whole universe is composed. This anatomical philosophy, which accounts for the creation of the universe on the principle of mechanical attraction, was very early reduced to the shape of a regular system, by Leucippus and Democritus ; but afterwards it became, by means of Epicurus, as prevalent among the Greeks and Romans, as it ever was among the moderns of

the eighteenth century. This is that proper materialism which strikes at once at the root of the idea of God. It is in vain to suppose that these were mere speculations, and destitute of any influence on active life. The utter defectiveness of the popular faith of the ancients, and of their philosophy previous to the time of Socrates, will be most evident, if we direct our attention to the opinions which they embraced with regard to the immortality of the soul. That indistinct and gloomy world of shades, which was celebrated by the poets, and believed in by the common and uneducated people, was at the best a mere poetical dream; and, the moment reflection awakened, either sank into doubt, or gave place to total incredulity. In the mysteries, it is true, or secret societies, the influence of which was so extensive, both in Egypt and in Greece, some more accurate and stable notions with regard to a future life, appear to have been preserved and inculcated; but these, whatever they might be, were carefully confined to the "small circle of the initiated!"

Both the earlier and later philosophers who sought to establish the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, had, in general, nothing farther in view than the indestructible nature of that intellectual principle of the universe, whereof, according to their belief, every human soul formed a part; they had no conception of any such thing as the continuance of personal existence. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, properly so called, was first rendered popular among their philosophers by Pythagoras. Even in his system, indeed, the truth was mingled with a considerable degree of falsehood; for he embraced, in its full extent, the oriental doctrine of Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls; yet, as it is, he is even in this respect superior to all the other old philosophers of Greece, and is well entitled

to our reverence, both as a discoverer of truth and as a benefactor of the world.

But the celebrated Society of Pythagoras (whose chief design was certainly political power, and whose principles could not have been adopted without the total overthrow of the popular belief,) was very soon dissolved; and after that time the "state of philosophy" became daily more and more anarchical down to the period of Socrates. One great class of these ancient philosophers, however their opinions might differ on other matters, agreed in one thing;—they all regarded nature only on the side of mutability and variety of her productions. "Every thing," said they, "is perpetually changing, like the water of a river." So far, indeed, did they carry this principle, that they refused to believe in the existence of any thing steadfast and enduring. They denied that there could be any thing stable in being, any thing certain in knowledge, any thing universally useful in morals; in other words, they treated as a fable the existence, not of God alone, but of "speculative truth and practical rectitude." Another party, who held fast by the tenet of an "unchangeable unity in all things," fell into an altogether opposite opinion; they denied the possibility of any mutability in that which is, and were thus reduced to deny the real existence of the sensible world.

In the midst of this universal scepticism and atheism, Socrates arose, and taught again the existence of a God, in a manner altogether practical. He encountered the Sophists on their own ground, and exposed to all the world the fallacy and nothingness of their opinions; he demonstrated to men that "virtue and goodness are not empty names;" and convinced them, in spite of their prejudices, that, in their own hearts, are seated many pure and noble principles, derived, at first, from a superior Being, and giving birth to perpetual

aspirations after some state of things more analogous to the dignity of their original. He laid hold of "the best feelings of our nature," and linked them all with the cause of his philosophy. By this means, Socrates became the second founder and restorer of a noble system of thinking among the Greeks at the expense of selling himself a sacrifice to his zeal and to the truth.

This great genius, and his still greater disciple Plato, have for two thousand years exerted a commanding influence on the character of the human mind, both in Europe and in Asia. Although Plato has always been considered as a perfect model, both of power and elegant construction of language, and in general as a specimen of the highest point of refinement, to which Grecian, or more properly speaking, Attic genius ever attained, yet there is no doubt that with regard to erudition, and the developement and acuteness of criticism, the influence of Aristotle, the immediate successor of Plato, has been more determinate, as well as more extensive. Plato treated "philosophy" altogether as an art; Aristotle as a science. In the first, we see the "thinking faculties" in the calm state of contemplation, reposing with "awful admiration" on the spectacle of divine perfection; but Aristotle considers intellect as something perpetually at work, and delights to trace its unceasing operations, not only as the moving power of human thought and being, but also in the secret principle of the activity of nature, and the master-spring of all her most varied demonstrations. It was the leading principle of Plato's philosophy, that from an original and infinitely more lofty state of existence, there remained to man a dark remembrance of divinity and perfection. This inborn and implanted recollection of the god-like, remains ever dark and mysterious, for man is surrounded by the fluctuating objects of the material world, which being in

itself changeable and imperfect, encircles him with images of imperfection, error, and corruption, and casts perpetual obscurity over that light which is within him. The summit of felicity might therefore be attained by removing from the material, and approaching nearer to the intellectual world, by curbing and governing the passions, which were ever agitated by real or imaginary objects.

According to this philosopher, all science consisted in reminiscence, in recalling the nature, the forms, and proportions of those perfect and immutable essences of those eternal Archetypes, with which the human mind has been conversant in its primitive state of existence. The love of the "beautiful," for instance, fills and animates the soul of the beholder with an awe and a reverence which belong not to the beautiful itself, at least not to any sensible manifestation of it, but to that UNSEEN ORIGINAL of which "material beauty" is the type. It must, therefore, be our principal concern to recover those immaculate powers, and that perfection with which we are naturally endowed.

Plato maintained the existence of a self-existing cause, of an eternal mind, who formed the universe from the rude indigested mass of matter, which had existed from all eternity, animated by an irregular principle of motion. He traced the "origin of evil," the deviations from the laws of nature, and the extravagant passions and appetites of men to a stubborn intractability and wildness congenial to the material world, into which the eternal cause infused a rational soul. He supported likewise the doctrine of ideal forms, and considered the human soul as an emanation from the Deity, which can never remain satisfied with objects or things unworthy of its divine original.

The great and intellectual founder of *Platonism* was the first of the ancient philosophers who supported the immor-

tality of the human soul by arguments which could convince a rational mind. He did not imagine that the diseases, or the death of the body could injure or destroy the principle of life, which of itself was an uncorrupted, immutable essence, and of divine original, and though inherent for a while in the material form, could not lose that power which was the emanation of the Deity. The practical morality of this philosopher, which he borrowed from Socrates, is profusely scattered through his dialogues, and in his own times Plato was not considered as that visionary speculatist which he appeared to later ages. Plato united warmth of fancy with acuteness of understanding, and is equally eminent for the power of combining images and distinguishing ideas. Yet, when compared with his master, Socrates, or his successor, Aristotle, his genius will appear more subtle than sagacious; he wanted that patient spirit of observation which keeps facts ever in view, and is guided only by experience and reason. He trusts too frequently to the wings of fancy, and expatiates in imaginary worlds of his own creation.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

It is attempted, in the following observations, to state the chief grounds of the interest acknowledged to belong to the study of history, in the hopes of throwing some light on the cause of the defective ardour with which that study is, notwithstanding, prosecuted amongst us.

One obvious reason of such an interest is found in the various and striking representation which history affords us of human nature. Within the limited range of our personal

observation, the character of the human mind, in the many original forms into which it is cast, is one source of interest to our intercourse with our fellow-beings ; not in the arrogance of critical and philosophic observers of our species, but from simple human feeling, because we bear in our own bosoms the seeds and principles of that nature which is discovered to us in them ; and which, whether it shows itself in strength or in weakness, in its greater or more beautiful qualities, or in its wildest disorder, still draws us by a strong instinctive love towards the manifestations of that living spirit of humanity to which we feel at every moment our own to be related. But the knowledge we can personally acquire, the intimacy into which we can thus enter with our species, is insufficient and unsatisfactory, because it is restrained within the narrow circle in which we ourselves move and observe. History alone subjects MAN to our knowledge in all conditions and circumstances. States of existence, the most widely separated in nature, are here brought together under our inspection. Circumstances the most dissimilar to those comprehended by our own experience are delineated ; and the human spirit in the midst of them, unfolded or perverted as it has been by their agency, or impenetrable as in its stronger character it has shown itself, on one side to their benign, on the other to their noxious influence, is given to our contemplation. This, then, is one claim of history on our interest, that it makes known to us our nature in its fullest extent and capacity,—an interest which addresses itself, in the *first* place, to the feelings merely ; but which gives to history, as furnishing authentic matter of the knowledge of human character, an especial title to the regard of the more intellectual mind, either exercising its sagacity in practical acquaintance with men, or enlightening its philosophy

by the more extended and profounder speculative study of their nature. For *either* investigation, the delineations which history furnishes of its subject, appear to be absolutely indispensable.

A *second* kind of interest, from a source altogether different, is that which is found in the greater actions of history, from their grandeur as objects to our imagination; and from that strong emotion which always takes possession of us while we witness the progress of events, momentous in their consequences to those who have part in them. While these great births of the times that are gone by are called up again before us in living representation, we are affected as at the acting of some mighty drama. The high personages that present themselves,—the proud and dear interests which are in agitation,—the boldness and strength of the passions, which are springs of the action,—and the awful unfolding of events which move on under the constraint of a power, over which those who feel the results have no control,—all have that kind of sublimity to our conception, and of pathetic interest to our hearts, which we are accustomed to find on the tragic stage; and if with less trepidation of passion, yet with far deeper and more solemn power from their reality. Here, as in looking on that fictitious and fabled action, we are shaken with expectation and sympathy. Strong conception, transforming our mind to the likeness of those who are partakers in what is done, we feel *their* uncertainty, and are able to look forward with hope and fear, as under a suspended fate, to the long-decided issues of which we too have long known the decision. Spectators, not participating in the transaction by any personal interest, we are yet engaged in it by our imagination, by our capacity of being moved with ideal passions, and touched with the warmest affection for men with whom we are ut-

terly unconnected, with the liveliest concern in what befalls them :—Love, pity, admiration, joy, anger, and resentful hate, mixing their emotion in our bosoms, as if we ourselves were struggling and at hazard in the doubtful fortunes that shift before our eyes, and were bound in ties of strong relation to those who do but show themselves to us for a moment, and disappear.

Another species of interest which may be marked as belonging more or less to all historical narrative, is that which discovers itself in its strongest and most peculiar character with respect to national history. The regards of the human being attach themselves with peculiar fondness to the race of which he himself is sprung. Their fortunes—their virtues touch him, not merely by the perpetuated benefits which may flow down from them upon himself, but on their own account, by the union he feels with them in the tie of kindred, exulting in their glory, and acknowledging a participation by affection in their prosperous successes and in their misfortunes. Even unimportant incidents, which relate to ancestry and kindred, have a seeming importance ; perhaps because they impart something of life and reality to a connexion felt otherwise as too undefined, and offer visible forms on which that indeterminate affection may fix itself, which, awake and alive in the human breast, seeks indulgence and gratification. Many of the recollections of national history owe their value to such feelings merely. In the same manner, the bare enumeration of reigns, names, and dates of events, are a part of history which all nations have been solicitous to preserve, not so much from any more thoughtful and intelligent interest which might be connected with them, but simply as in these there was preserved a MEMORY of the past ; and the voluntary relinquishment of that memory, barren and uninteresting as it might be, was understood by them as the wil-

ling consignment to oblivion and annihilation of a fame of which they were the proper depositaries and guardians ; as if, while some relics of old renown survived on the tongues and in the minds of men, the past national existence were in some sort prolonged ; and to surrender it to forgetfulness were to destroy those poor remains of great departed life which time and mortality had spared. This feeling, quick and strong in human bosoms in certain simpler states of society, seems to be the principle in our nature which gave origin to history. When the subjects of remembrance are such as draw to themselves eager and generous affections, so that proud or glowing emotions may blend with national recollections, this reverence of the preceding times of a people assumes a more vivid and a loftier character. But the strong, original, elementary feeling, out of which history arose, is not this nobler pride and more impassioned love, but the simple zeal for the preservation of the past, as if to lose it were to part with something out of actual existence, and to incur a dereliction of duties involved in the relationship of blood. But this zeal of which we are made capable for the memory of the race from which our being is drawn, is not necessarily confined to that section of mankind in which we chance to be numbered. It extends itself, as our thought and our heart enlarges, to the whole of the vast kindred of human beings. *Here* is our family, and *this* the race of which we are sprung ; and we are able to feel, with respect to the events of the history of entire humankind, that singular interest which is drawn from the relation in which we stand to men, as being of their blood. We can feel ourselves partakers, under the bond of consanguinity, in their personal interests, and standing as the natural guardians of their fame. There is not a people of all those into which mankind has divided, which does not seem by this right of

kindred to have a title to our knowledge and remembrance ; nor do we ever explore the wreck of antiquity without feeling on this ground a regret for the ravages which time has made in the memory of nations.

The relation in which the human being feels himself to stand to those who have preceded him, is, on another ground, the source of a lively personal interest : inasmuch as from the whole of the past he feels a derivation of influence and power upon himself. His individual state of existence is the complex result, almost it might be said, of all former events of the world. The enjoyments which life spreads around him, all the powers that are offered to his hand, are effects gathered from long-preceding times ; and, little as this is suggested to our thoughts while we feel and use the wealth of our life, it is not possible for us to open the pages of history without being reminded in the strongest manner of this connexion between the present and the past. We see events proceeding which move and shake whole nations, and are at once aware that their still-continuing result is one of the many elements which concur to make up our manifold existence. What wide, fearful, and tempestuous migrations have prepared the cradle of our birth, and singled out for us the spot of the earth on which we first drew breath !—Ask how the language was framed which we speak ?—By invasion, and revolution, and the subjugation of nations. Let us trace up to their origin rights, of which the enjoyment is familiar and necessary to us as our hourly breath ; and through what scenes are we led !—Scaffolds streaming with blood in one age,—warlike chiefs confederated in rebellion in another,—and, in former times, which remote darkness shuts up, bold, haughty tribes, treading earth and sea in the pride of their fearless power, must all conjoin to explain why each of us walks free on his native soil. Science, letters, manners,—none of them

are understood while we look upon them merely as they are. Follow them back into time,—see nations disturbed with their production,—and we know something of the relation in which the human species stands to the blessings which it enjoys. It was said, not too boldly, that those who fought at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, bled in defence of the civilization of modern Europe. One might say, that the feeling which in this manner connects us with the past, is that of even a selfish interest; since the want of it in any man would imply an inadequate sense of the good which he enjoyed. What must we think of a well-born and well-educated inhabitant of a country like our own, to whom the history of liberty, of religious emancipation, of knowledge, literature, and social refinement, has nothing personally affecting or interesting?

To minds of higher contemplation, there is an attraction of another sort in the past story of mankind. The great course of that history, with its slow changes and mighty revolutions, shows, to the philosophic observer of nature, her proudest offspring, a being endowed with faculties of the noblest order,—going forth on his eventful destiny to subdue a world,—advancing himself by efforts infinitely varied and incredible,—struggling to accomplish his high allotment,—inventing arts,—fixing laws,—founding empires. From earliest to latest time he watches and follows his progress in this astonishing career. To the moral contemplator of the universe, the same story shows a being endowed for virtue or for crime:—in the various development of his powers,—in his everchanging course,—in his most daring and gigantic achievements,—carrying with him throughout the impress of his moral nature. In all the troubled motion and confounding vicissitudes of the world,—in the pomp of its dazzling triumphs,—in the consternation of its fierce reverses,—this essential and characteristic

constitution of the human soul—its moral being—is never hid from the eye of wise observation, for it is interwoven with all his fortunes. Great states rise up by power in the mind itself of a people, decaying as that mind decays. In prosperous—in adverse estate,—this moral essence shows itself as the paramount agent of good and ill,—either raising up or consoling,—either casting down or punishing in the midst of prosperity,—him who is never weak while this spirit is imaintained,—never strong when it is violated. What can be more suited to the speculations of the highest philosophy than to follow the unfolding of the destinies of the world by the agencies of causes which lie buried in the human soul? What can more solemnly affect the moral heart than to see man, a creature of good and evil, strong in his virtue, though wicked power smite him from the earth, weak and miserable in his guilt, while he sits upon its throne.

In strong principles then of our nature are laid the grounds of our interest in the records of human history. If, in ourselves, we find no experience of such an interest, we have reason to argue, either that these principles have not, in our minds, attained their due strength, or that, from some cause, those records have never been presented to us in the manner suited to affect those feelings. Something may perhaps be ascribed to our own fault, and something to that of our writers. It may be doubted if the memory of the past can ever have its full interest, except to those who read with something of a productive imagination, and a mind either stored from ample observation of human nature, or rich, at least, in the capacity of feelings that must be supplied to animate the actions which are read; for the facts that are told have not their own passion expressed,—they were results of passion. But *that* to understand them, the mind must now re-produce to itself, vivifying by imparted emotion

the simple narrative of the historian. But it must also be acknowledged, that many, perhaps the greater part of historical writers, have assisted to divest this part of literature of its natural attraction. They have not written under the force of those simple, great, primary feelings, which give their proper and strong interest to related events,—they have written as partisans, as philosophers, as rhetoricians;—few with great and manly feeling, desiring simply to present a faithful record of what men have done and suffered, and of what they have been. The mere truth of high events, the story of mens' actions, and the recital of their words, is all that is necessary to engage us; *then* we can find our own interest. We wish only to have its object set before us. If this is not done, no genius of speculation or of eloquence can compensate to us the essential defect of composition; and the splendour of the fairest passage of historic writing is without value, in comparison with the simplest fragment of reality which it preserves.

COUNTRY LIFE.

OUR forefathers lived in the country, the natural home of man, who is the child of the earth, and never does much good when he tries to escape from the embraces of his mother. It may seem very idle to enter into the Arcadian story of rural happiness and innocence, but is it a story without truth?

As Nature has born man *an animal*, she seems to have provided, in the first place, in the life she has created for him, for his animal welfare. The air she gives him to breathe,—the earth she has spread out for his vigorous feet,—the simple food which she has made tasteful to his uncorrupted palate,—the calm sound sleep she sends down from the silent skies,—are prepared in benediction upon his natural life;—from all of which he withdraws himself when he

escapes from her scenes. To breathe, to walk, to eat, to sleep, are natural enjoyments to the offspring of Nature. How often does each become a separate torment to the unnatural son who has severed himself from her ! The powerful races of men are formed under the hand of Nature, where the land is yet but half-tamed by civilization. Even in civilized countries, the children of the soil are still their strength. Man is best nursed on the lap of his mother Earth ; and the pride of his race fades within the breath of cities.

See next what is the effect upon his mind. It is a calmer life ;—the tranquillity of all things around him,—the deep repose of inanimate nature,—the quiet happiness of all the living creatures,—the peaceful avocations that are proceeding around him,—and, to himself, the mere even tenor and still flow of every day's existence,—all breathe over his spirit a continual calm ;—they did so, at least, with a former age, to those whose hearts were wedded to the quiet lot for which they lived. Our own are drawn so strongly to a busier life, —our desires are so mingled in the strife of the world,—that the spirit flies from the seat of peace to mingle in the world we have left ; and we hardly know how deep a quiet reigns around, while our bosoms contain their own springs of agitation. We are disturbed with ambition, and are unfitted for the lot of peace. If it were not so,—if we could be indeed at home in these quiet scenes,—we might feel the power of this tranquillity very deeply in the temper of our spirits. O, if we could escape from that feverish world, and live to the peace of our own hearts, how much might we find of enjoyment which has now forsaken us !

There is a wakeful observation of a thousand little touches on our senses, which could not be felt amidst the thronging sensations of ardent life ; and pleasure springs up in the bosom in eager play, and with a sort of grateful response to the most insignificant objects that seek to solicit it. The senses,

the fancy, and even the reasoning intelligence, are awake to the observation of pleasures natural and inherent, feeding even the deeper happiness of the mind, and strengthening its strong affections with their constant gentle supply. It becomes not only tenderer; but the more solemn thoughts and feelings which visit at times every human mind,—which belong to its nature and condition, and are a necessary part both of its wisdom and its virtue,—are known in the seasons of silence and solitude. The hurry of the world shuts them out from the soul; but when there is silence in the mind,—when the heart rests,—when the hush of the world has breathed over the spirit,—when the mind, self-left, feels itself in its loneliness—then is its hour of contemplation!

The indulgence of the natural pleasure, impressed upon our senses by the common elements of nature, in their simplest appearances, seems to be one of the important enjoyments provided for us, and clings round the extinction of imagination in old age. It breaks in upon us in the midst of the cares and passions that possess the strong activity of manhood, and never falls on the unprepared heart without surprising it into remembrance of purer, loftier existence.

When we walk abroad in Nature, we go not as artists to study her scenes, but as her children to rejoice in her beauty. The breath of the air, the blue of the unclouded sky, the shining sun, and the green softness of the unflowered turf beneath our feet, are all that we require to make us feel that we are transported into a region of delights. We breathe and tread in a pure untroubled world, and the fresh clear delight that breathes round our senses seems to bathe our spirits in the innocence of Nature.

Beyond this simplicity of pleasure, there is an enjoyment of Nature of a very different kind, which takes strong hold of the imagination, and may be said to partake of the charac-

ter of passion. It is "a pleasure high and turbulent," which, seeking the greater scenes of Nature, and their more powerful appearances, seems to owe its enjoyment to something that is disclosed to the mind in the signs it contemplates. It is not that we have found a world which seems fitted to receive our steps, and to cherish our happiness,—it is not that we have prized a solitude which secludes us from the world of life;—but the aspects on which we look breathe a spirit,—the characters we read speak a language which, mysterious and obscurely intelligible as they are, draw us on with an eager and undefined desire. In shapes and sounds of fear,—in naked crags,—gulfs,—precipices,—torrents that have rage without beauty,—desolate places,—there is to that temper of mind an attractive power. All speak in some way to the spirit, and raise up in it new and hidden emotion, which, even when mingled with pain, it is glad to feel; for such emotion makes discovery to it of its own nature, and the interest it feels so strongly springs up from and returns into itself.

The pleasure which is experienced from contemplating natural scenery, with an eye accustomed to observe and study beauty, appears to be distinct from the natural and simple pleasures now described, and in some degree even adverse to them; for in that observation of beauty there is blended a species of intellectual cultivation; and the discernment which is used is not a mere natural endowment, but owes its skill to the interposition of art. Those simpler pleasures breathe over the mind like the spring-gale, or the storm awakening it to consciousness of the all-powerful presence of Nature! But the skilful observation of the experienced eye, subjects Nature, in some form, to the mind; and, while it kindles in it the sense of its own intelligence, separates it from the dominion of the objects of its contemplation.

ON THE ADVANTAGES PECULIAR TO THE DIFFERENT STATIONS AND CONDITIONS OF LIFE.

BESIDES the comforts and pleasures possessed in common by all human beings, resulting from the structure of the human mind, and arising from the external sources of Nature in her rich variety of beauty and benefit, there are comforts and pleasures peculiar to the many and diversified ranks and situations of life.

A very little consideration of the subject will satisfy us, that whatever benevolent theorists may desire or anticipate to the contrary, in the present state of society,—in the present state of the human mind,—a diversity of ranks and conditions is inevitable. We hear it is so in the most uncivilized and barbarous countries: we see it is so in the most civilized and best informed. In fact, do not the distinctions of wealth and poverty,—of power and vassalage,—that divide every community, result from the construction of the human mind? The strong must gain an ascendancy over the weak; the industrious and enterprising must rise above the indolent and timid; the wise must be superior to the ignorant; the active and ambitious must govern, directly or indirectly, the sluggish and the quiescent.

Were it possible to imagine a community originating on terms of perfect equality, the above named distinctions of character must shortly introduce gradations of ranks and possessions. Power would be usurped by the strong and the bold, and homage conceded by the feeble and the timid. Wealth would be accumulated by the industrious, and dissipated and lost by the careless and the profuse. Thus subordination seems a natural consequence of social life and human nature. In permitting this variety of station and

property among his creatures, the Great Author of Nature designed equally the felicity of all, and therefore ordained that happiness should be independent of wealth and station. We have already seen, that from the heart of man arise the principal powers of the enjoyment of man; that, consequently, happiness is an internal principle, little, if at all, dependent on external circumstances. We have already determined, that virtue can ensure mental peace if not mental gaiety, under great worldly trials and vicissitudes, and render even a state of poverty and obscurity cheerful and satisfactory. We have also seen reason to believe, that without virtue, no condition of worldly prosperity can procure pure and real enjoyment.

Our hearts tell us, that it is only by the exertion of amiable affections, that we taste happiness; and our reason assures us, that these amiable affections may be exerted by the most insignificant, and the most indigent.

If these remarks are just, we shall be borne out in the opinion, that all conditions of life possess in common the principal means of happiness. We will now proceed to inquire, what are the peculiar advantages that are attached to peculiar circumstances?

MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY.

Marriage and celibacy have each its appropriate comforts. Marriage, by enlarging the circle of duties, and increasing the ties of affection, gives more scope for the exertion of virtue, and a wider play to the feelings. But by the augmentation of responsibility and anxiety, (duties so important, and ties so endearing, must inevitably induce,) it finds a counterpoise for its joys.

Celibacy has to boast of tranquillity uninvaded by family disquiet, leisure uninterrupted by parental duties, the freer

power to will and to do, the less biassed liberty of disposing of time and money ; in short, celibacy admits the fuller indulgence of selfish propensities ; marriage requires a stricter attention to social claims. Each state has assuredly its advantages ; but, as in the scale of merit and of consequent happiness, we find the social virtues, the social affections, the most diffusive of general good, we are led to conclude that marriage, as the more social, is the more felicitous, and the more respectable condition. But even here, we find that it is not wholly in the situation, but the manner in which the situation is used, that its superiority is determined. Marriage, indeed, gives a wider power of usefulness and enjoyment, but it cannot inevitably produce greater usefulness and enjoyment. Married people may indulge in habits of seclusion, and misanthropy, and selfish gratification, and be cold and insensible to the many claims upon them. The unmarried, on the contrary, by profiting by all the occasions of usefulness and enjoyment they possess, may hence, by many degrees, be the more useful and happy ; so that, coming again to the conclusion of general welfare, we may perhaps venture to decide, that there is as much single as married happiness in the world.

THE RICH.

The opulent, rendered so by hereditary wealth, or acquired riches, through the superiority of their fortune attain a certain degree of consideration. The power of tasting every gratification, selfish or social, that money can procure, is theirs. The patronage of merit, and the encouragement of talent, are also theirs ; and, above all advantages, to them is extensively given the bliss of blessing others. They can indulge, in its purest and highest form, the transport of turning want and poverty into plenty and comfort, of che-

riching the friendless and fatherless, and of "making the widow's heart sing for joy." Rich as life is in occasions of enjoyment, the moments marked by acts of genuine charity, of extensive beneficence, outweigh them all. So it is that we are courted to deeds most beneficial to general welfare, and to the preservation of the equilibrium of good, by the allurements of the strongest internal satisfaction—the applauding whispers of conscience;—the highest bliss the heart of man can taste.

THE LEARNED.

To the learned and mentally endowed, a different, but not less extensive, not less luxurious range of enjoyment, is open. Without the aid of rank, they can rise to superiority of fame; without the assistance of riches, they can dispense essential benefits. Whilst their powers of mind provide a rich intellectual gratification for themselves, and, elevating them to a certain consideration in society, ensure to them the respect and admiration of its members, their various discoveries and improvements in arts and sciences scatter benefits on every class of the community, extending and varying the means of comfort and luxury, and multiplying the resources of nourishment and accommodation.

THE POOR.

The lowly, circumscribed in ambition,—the poor, confined by fortune,—the unlearned, limited in intellect,—have, yet, each their powers of happiness. Ignorant of the splendour of rank, of the profusion of wealth, of the elegancies of mind, they cannot justly envy what they cannot justly appreciate. If undecked with the pomp of greatness, they are safe from its temptations and its trials; if unendowed with the power of performing acts of extended beneficence

and liberality, they are yet possessed of the means of conferring the smaller gifts of bounty, and of tasting the sweet emotions resulting from generosity and compassion: though coarse the humble peasant's food, it is as welcome to an appetite quickened by labour, as luxurious viands to pampered palates: though plain his garment, it is as warm, and sits as easy, as the embroidered robes of monarchs: though homely his straw roof, it yields as prized a shelter, and often boasts as dear a scene of domestic hilarity and peace, as the costliest roofs can cover; though he knows little, that little is sufficient for virtue and happiness. He understands his duty to his God and to his neighbour; he is acquainted with an avocation, by which he is rendered an useful member of the community; he runs his simple course with fidelity and innocence; he dies, and leaves to his children a name without reproach. Many are the human beings who live thus obscure, serviceable, and contented—who die, guiltless and uncomplaining. Who shall deny the happiness of such a state of mortal existence! Who shall presume to deny the claim of such characters to distinction in a state of immortality!

THE MIDDLE CLASS OF SOCIETY.

The class that intervenes between the two illustrated,—the middling class of society,—is generally pronounced as more rich than any other, in talent, in virtue, and in happiness. Equally remote from the embarrassments of poverty, and the intoxication of wealth, yet possessing the exemption from high responsibility of the former, and sharing the means of intellectual improvement with the latter, the state of mediocrity seems to offer more occasions for the display of virtue and talent, more security for content and tranquillity.

Those who fill this desirable department should therefore very gratefully acknowledge their good fortune; and very earnestly profit by it. It is principally in this class that the professors of arts necessary to the welfare of individuals and societies are found—lawyers, physicians, divines, sailors, and soldiers.

THE LAWYER.

The time is past, when an ungenerous odium was cast in general on the professors of law. Plays, farces, and novels have ceased to level indiscriminate censure on the members of this body; and the “*Latitats*” and “*Vampires*” of former days no longer appear in the drama and romance. A more liberal taste pervades the present age; writers depict lawyers as honest and learned, because they observe that they are so. Thus it may be that the increased virtue and wisdom, or rather the increased number of virtuous and wise men who follow this profession in our time, have rescued it from reproach.

In the present state of the civilized world, when so many opposing interests are struggling for ascendancy, when such multiplied claims for property exist, it is absolutely necessary some power should be instituted to check the encroachments of strength and cunning, and to defend the interests of the weak and artless; and that laws should subsist for the distribution of justice, and for the trial and punishment of offences. That such laws are often disgraced by its dispensers, and abused and misinterpreted by its professors, is but one among many proofs of the insufficiency of all human establishments—the infirmity of human nature. But because errors creep into the system, it does not follow that the system is unnecessary, or virtually defective. The warmth of fire is essential to comfort, but to be so, it must

be judiciously used, and confined within due bounds. Because it admits of mischievous application, and sometimes bursts through its limits, it is not therefore to be always despised or feared.

When the difficulty and labour of the study of law is considered, the attainment of any degree of celebrity must entitle the professor so distinguished to a more than common share of praise for his application and ability. When the many temptations to fraud and chicanery to which its professors are continually exposed are remembered, an honourable and upright discharge of its duties must claim peculiar respect and approbation. The learned Blackstone ably explains the importance of this study, and earnestly recommends some knowledge of judicial polity to form part of the education of youth.

Perhaps no profession demands such close application, and is so dry and weary in its initiation; but when a certain degree of knowledge is acquired, no doubt the consciousness of intelligence in so abstruse a study must be proportionally delightful. Besides the agreeable emotions ever attendant on increase of knowledge, there must be peculiar gratification accompanying a branch of learning which teaches how to protect the feeble and friendless from the despotism of the powerful, and to guard the rights of the poor from the tyranny of the opulent. The more slippery the path, the more laudable the firmness that steadily pursues it: the more abstruse and intricate, the just dispensation of its institutes, the more admirable the talent that skilfully winds the maze, and through confusion and perplexity produces clearness and order.

But it is after a long suit delayed by its complexity and contrariety of interests, after hours of nocturnal application and diurnal study, after many vicissitudes of fear and hope,

of dreaded discomfiture and anticipated victory, it is then that success, complete and definite, overpays the counsel's toil:—then, when eloquence has prosperously advocated the cause of misfortune, rescued the oppressed from the grasp of the oppressor, warded off the shafts of satire and malice, or snatched a hapless victim from unmerited punishment, then it is that the professors of law feel the dignity and the felicity it confers. It is in such moments, when law and equity, reason and humanity, triumph together, that all the fatigue of study, all the labour of application, is overpaid;—when conscience echoes the applause of the multitude, and rouses in man a just appreciation of his intellectual powers.

THE PHYSICIAN.

The profession of medicine, though it demands a course of study often painful to the delicacy and wounding to the feelings, rewards the student through the very medium by which he is pained. Distressing and offensive as must be the view of human suffering, yet the anticipation of acquiring a power of relieving and removing this suffering, must conduce to assuage the distress of the student, whilst a consciousness of already possessing this healing power must render the labours of the practitioner gratifying rather than harassing. The disgust experienced on beholding wounds, bruises, and dislocations, is very soon ameliorated by the reconciling influence of habit, which ever kindly interferes, to blunt the edge of painful emotions: whilst the insight thus gained into a most important and most interesting science, the science of anatomy, must more than compensate for such occasional annoyance. I have often thought that medical practitioners have one advantage peculiar to themselves, one highly interesting to every benevolent disposition—a more thorough knowledge of the natural character, from the de-

tection of many latent good qualities. In the hours of sickness, pain or languor, the real temper peeps forth—the veil of studied courtesy and artificial manners is cast aside, and genuine traits of character are exposed. Disease and suffering often bring into action qualities, of which the individual was before thought incapable. Many who appear frivolous, petulant, and imbecile in the intercourse of ordinary life, in the moment of trial evince a firmness, a patience, a fortitude, highly creditable to themselves, and most gratifying to those around them; not only as proving the existence of so much virtue, but giving assurance that much more exists in the human heart, which only requires proper occasions to be displayed.

There are few medical men that have not had to notice this metamorphosis of character—a metamorphosis that denotes the secret resources of the mind, and proves it is endowed with faculties adapted to every trial.

In the attendants of the invalid, as well as in the invalid, such transformations are common. Many men who seem, in casual society, to be stern, un pitying, and selfish, by the sick couch of a friend or relative display the most opposite qualities—are there mild, compassionate, and disinterested. Many females, who, in public scenes, appear absorbed in dress, vanity, and amusement, in the chamber of disease evince the purest self-devotion: negligent of attire, and indifferent to every selfish pleasure, they watch with tenderness and patience the vicissitudes of infectious and offensive disease, and wholly forget self, in the generous emotions of pity and sympathy.

Nor are such developments of character, such traits of merit, un instructive. They give many a searching lesson; they show how possible it is for the gentler affections to prevail over the harsher passions; that where there is an

inclination, there is a power of being amiable. They direct to more candid views of human nature, and encourage the hope, that much latent merit exists where little is shown.

Yet more important is the lesson given by the final struggles of sinking mortality. Mr. Addison, as a last kindness to his young friend, Lord Warwick, sent for him to behold his death. "See how a Christian can die!" was the touching and impressive appeal of the dying Christian. Who could contemplate such a scene, could hear the accents of pious resignation, see the glance of religious hope, mark the triumph of faith, and not be ready to exclaim, "May my latter end be like his!" Such an apostrophe must awaken the mind to a consideration, how such peace may be attained; and hence the foundation of good resolutions, and schemes of amendment, be laid. But I forbear to enlarge upon the interest of such scenes—scenes too sacred for casual notice, and which ought only to be dwelt upon in the hour of sober meditation, when, acting as a stimulus to emulation, or a pledge of confidence, they may be recalled with instructive influence.

Yet another peculiar gratification belongs to the medical practitioner. When skill has successfully counteracted the effects of disease, and restored to vigour the debilitated frame, no trivial self-gratulation must ensue. To behold a form, lately agonized by pain, soothed to ease,—to receive the intelligent glances of an eye revived from stupor or delirium,—to watch the gradual convalescence of a frame emerging from debility and emaciation, these speak direct to the heart, and twine round science her fairest wreath. Not one, but many, comforted; not one, but many, rescued. Parents, children, friends,—on each, on all, the rays of gladness dart, and thence reflect their concentrated beams on the humble instrument of their rejoicings. The alternations of hope

and fear may be sustained with equanimity, the alarming progress of disease may be watched with calmness, its fatal issue may be anticipated with composure; but what heart can meet, unmoved, the touching moment of reviving hope, when a collected family stand trembling around, to catch the deciding judgment of the medical attendant? To him how precious such a moment! how replete with exquisite delight!

THE CLERGYMAN.

Eminently as each of these professions dispense selfish gratification, and increase general welfare, the dignified class of the clergy claim still higher consideration. While the former administer to the wants of the body, the latter supply the deficiencies of the spirit; the one healing the defects of the perishing frame, the other soothing and invigorating the immortal soul. Can its eminence above all other professions be more luminously, more distinctly marked!

The conscientious pastor, who faithfully and judiciously fulfils his office, must find himself the source of extended peace and virtue. The healthy, he exhorts to grateful enjoyment, general benevolence, and habits of tranquillity and order. To the sick, he dispenses pity and kindness, offers religious consolation, and urges patience and forbearance. In the guilty, he watches the alternations of despair and remorse, seizes the moment of humility and self-reproach, and gradually awakens the deluded spirit to a just sense of its errors; incites to repentance by the promises of pardon and mercy, and directs to the means by which repentance shall be perfected, and a new course commenced. In the season of affliction, he approaches the mourner, softens the ravings of distraction, lulls the anguish of regret, mitigates the feeling of desolation, and, carefully watching the period of returning reason, pours into the soul the cordial of reli-

gious hope;—hopes founded on the immortality that is to reunite divided friends—the eternity during which that reunion shall be enjoyed.

Such are the sacred but pleasing duties with which the pastor dignifies his station, and, catching the inspiration of the moment, feels in himself the hopes he would instil. The intense enthusiasm of such feelings is indeed transient, but the glow they leave in the awakened bosom is permanent; it remains long unimpaired, to sanctify every other emotion.

The inimitable pen of Dr. Goldsmith has pourtrayed, in his *Country Clergyman*, the rural pastor just what he ought to be, just what he can be.—

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His pity gave ere charity began.

* * * * *

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and *led the way*.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The concluding beautiful and celebrated simile is as just as

it is charming. A pastor, such as is here described, whatever the cares and vexations that oppress his bosom, must possess a sunshine of the mind, that no worldly ills can dissipate or shroud.

The nervous pen of Cowper has depicted the city preacher with equal terseness and spirit.—

Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain;
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture—Is it like?

I forbear to copy the rest of this passage, not because I deny its truth, but because I wish to confine my remarks to what ought to be—to what, in short, can only render the parish priest a character, respectable, useful, and happy. Its duties rightly performed, and its advantages duly appreciated, what other profession can boast such pure, such profound gratification—can offer such incitements, such opportunities, such rewards for virtue.

THE MARINER.

The profession of a sailor has something singularly fascinating to young minds. The early emancipation from schools and domestic tutelage is not the least of its recommendations. The activity of its duties, the change of place, and variety of scene it induces; the continual succession of new objects, the entire novelty of its service from all former habits, and the bustle and spirit exhibited in its several oc-

capacities, are all powerfully attractive. It indulges the two emotions most potent in youth—curiosity and enterprise. Roving from clime to clime, floating upon the vast ocean, with one unbroken horizon of meeting sea and sky; beneath, the glorious and restless expanse of waters; above, the sublime, and resplendent, and illimitable ether—it is not wonderful that, in the incessant contemplation of the two noblest objects of creation, the mind should imbibe a kindred elevation, and the spirit be invigorated to peculiar ardour and energy. The effect of winds and elemental warfare is beheld by the sailor in all its magnificence and diversity; and the mingling consciousness of personal danger must raise admiration into awe. Imagination cannot do justice to the sublimity of such a scene, when roaring winds and rushing waves contend in fearful warfare,—when lowering clouds join earth to heaven, and the lightning's quivering and transient glare is all that illuminates the portentous darkness,—when the terrific howl of the tempest, and the boisterous raging of the ocean, is heightened by the roar of thunder, and the crash of masts and cordage: in such an hour, the terrible and sublime must usurp the soul, and preclude every milder emotion. But when the tempest is past,—when the undulating waves again flow tranquilly,—when the overarching ether again serenely beams, and the mild breeze floats past in tempered gales, those only who have known the previous horror, can so exquisitely feel the change—so intensely enjoy the sweet returning calm.

The pain of separating from loved friends, the harassing suspense of protracted absence, are richly overpaid by that most precious joy of life, the joy of reunion,—a joy ever heightened in proportion to the anxiety, and vexation, and duration of the season of separation.

The rough tar, who not only speeds from pole to pole, to

collect the produce of foreign countries for the service of his own, but, at the risk of personal safety, guards the peace and honour of his native shores, is a character ever entitled to regard and admiration; and, in this country more especially, cannot be too cordially noticed and protected.

THE SOLDIER.

The soldier dares a yet more adventurous fortune; for he contends with man—man unregulated by the gracious ordination that controls winds and waters, and that, in the midst of warfare, is guided by mercy.

There is little doubt but that the impetus of courage drowns the apprehensions of danger, and renders the warrior forgetful that he is himself pervious to the wounds he inflicts on others. Borne along by a tumultuous rush of feelings, he springs into the hottest peril, unconscious of every emotion but the desire of conquest. He sees thousands fall around him, yet has no intruding thought, that he himself may shortly swell the list. Is death his fate—a moment, and it is past—he gains a deathless fame. But if life and conquest unite to bless the event, a hero only can depict a hero's joy!—How felt the victors of Waterloo!—The dispensers of peace to Europe!

This is not the place, nor if it were, should I presume to assert an opinion on the propriety or necessity of war. The divisions of interest, the lust of dominion, the weakness of some, and the wickedness of others, render it, too often, apparently inevitable. But humanity must heave a sigh at a system so destructive to public and private happiness; for, grateful as may be the feelings of the warrior, war must ever be contemplated as an evil. Humanity must earnestly long for the period, when national claims shall be adjusted by some great deliberative tribunal. The idea of a Congress,

to which every state, every kingdom shall send its delegate, has been long since conceived. At such a meeting, every complaint to be preferred, and, by the conjoint talents of its members, every question examined, and a final, unappealable award given. Thus would the world be at once rescued from the guilt and misery incidental to war.

The advocates of the present sanguinary system urge its utility, in preventing a superabundant population. But is this argument just and defensible? Is every portion of the habitable globe cultivated? And are the portions under culture rendered as productive as possible? Are the immense resources of the sea exhausted?—resources, whose incalculable power of subsistence, has more often been discussed than prosecuted.

Do we not every where see Nature equal to meet the wants of the myriads of creatures she produces? and shall she only fail in her provision for the noblest of her creatures—man? Is not the astonishing population of China sustained by the remarkable fecundity of the soil, by the double crops which it annually throws forth?

Is not the Incomprehensible Power, that created *worlds*, able to furnish the inhabitants of *one* globe with befitting nourishment? Who shall limit the exertion of that power, or define the modes by which it shall adopt new measures to new contingencies?

Shall Omnipotence need the vices of mankind to aid His efforts? when, in one moment, he can turn deserts into fruitful lands, and bid the waves recede from the enriched soil,—call up islands from amidst the expanse of waters, or command the earth to yield a threefold product; shall we impiously presume that, overlooking this choice of means, he will prefer the paltry help of man?—that, in direct opposition to every other law of Almighty superintendence, he

shall effect his ends, not by glorious and merciful means, but by the miseries and destruction of his most ennobled, most favoured creatures?

ON THE SEVERAL STAGES OF LIFE.

HEALTH, preserved by temperance, activity, and sleep, is that delightful state of the body, the comforts of which we all can justly appreciate. It is to be enjoyed at every stage of existence, and may in a certain degree be possessed to its closing scene. But there are advantages peculiar to the several periods of life, which may be agreeably and profitably enumerated, suggesting matter for grateful reflection, and useful consideration. The very recapitulation must be productive of gladdening convictions; and thus, in gaining a desired end, we must use pleasurable means.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

No one ever cast a glance on a group of young children, without being struck with the alertness of movement and buoyancy of spirits so perceptible in those gay little beings. Perpetually in motion, constantly mirthful, they seem equally incapable of satiety or fatigue. Frolic succeeds to frolic; the light laugh, the elastic spring, the busy fingers, all bespeak the joyous mind within. Difficulties are overcome as soon as discovered, cares forgotten as soon as felt. Over the infant bosom sorrow flits, as the summer cloud over the smiling meadow, casting a momentary gloom, soon chased by returning brightness, and leaving no trace behind. The innate elasticity possessed by babyhood, quickly restores the lightly oppressed heart to gaiety. Susceptible of sympathy,

of affection, of hope, the three principal avenues by which happiness enters the human breast; insensible to malignity, to hatred, to despair, the three great inlets of misery, they are happy because they deserve to be so.

Most people are ready to acknowledge the bliss of their early years, the cheering recollections of baby felicity. There are indeed who endeavour to substantiate the charge of predestined suffering, by remarking that the first indications of existence are expressed by a cry. Infants having no power of articulation, or rather not having sense to use the power of articulation, resort to tears to express their wants, and smiles to denote their satisfaction. This is their language, a cry is not therefore always the sign of suffering; it is more generally the indication of desire: and how soon do these tokens of uneasiness disappear, even before words can supply their place, and when by signs alone the joyous little being can explain its sensations. Who has not marked with delight the dumb expression of happiness, the joyous caw, the little hands clapped with eloquent hilarity, the little feet frisking with glee, and the whole frame bounding with gaiety;—the tear trembling in the eye, dried as it reaches the glowing cheek, or arrested there by the dimpling smiles that play around the rosy lip? Happy emblem! that the progress of sorrow is checked by the quicker, stronger growth of joy.

Pity, that the inspiring recollections of this blissful season should too often be only recalled and discussed to embitter maturity—should be remembered, only to be regretted! And wherefore regretted? Is it matter for repining that we once were happy? Is it not rather cause for rejoicing. Ought not the review of childish joys to dispense complacency on a graver age; and whilst reminding of past, inculcate the attainableness of present felicity—the convic-

tion that the then absence of error and of vice, might equally *now* be propitious to enjoyment. That we were happy, even before we were wise, proves that the capacity, as well as the inclination for happiness was born with us; that it required no instruction, needed no learning; and that if we have ceased to be happy, we have ceased to be what we then were,—innocent, and disposed to receive the impressions of gaiety.

But we contend, that the expansion of reason has incapacitated us for being pleased with the trivial recreations of infancy; that the amusements which delighted the child cannot attract the youth—granted. But has not the progression of mind provided for its own wants, and in lieu of childish sports, discovered more rational pleasures? To complain, therefore, that we can no longer engage in the gambols of infancy with infant glee,—what is it, but to lament that we are become more informed; that our senses are more acute, our perceptions more delicate, our taste more refined, our judgment more enlarged. Are these subjects for regret? Ought they not rather to be the sources of self-gratulation. For when knowledge has ceased to yield delight, and fancy has no longer power to charm,—when ignorance shall dispense more felicity than intelligence, and folly shine pre-eminent before wisdom,—then, and then only, can the improvement of the mental faculties, the increased refinement of taste, the quickened perception of the senses, be deemed sources of regret.

That what is necessary to our existence is pleasurable to our feelings, is an aphorism, the truth of which is demonstrated by no circumstance more forcibly than the natural propensities of children. To facilitate dentition, the infant, at the period of teething, is constantly disposed to carry to its mouth every substance its little hand is allowed to grasp;

and thus, by gentle and continued friction on the gum, the cutting of the teeth is assisted. Whilst the babe indulges itself in an action, no doubt highly agreeable, it is unconsciously forwarding a great work of nature;—again, when the period arrives at which the child is strong enough to stand and move alone, with what vehemence does it desire to be placed on its feet; with what exultation does it make its first efforts; with what earnest and unwearied perseverance does it continue its exertions. Were the action in the smallest degree painful, were it not eminently exhilarating, how difficult, if not impracticable, would be the labour of instruction.

The ardour which bears the youthful mind through the initiation into the rudiments of every branch of knowledge, must greatly tend to render it insensible to the dryness of the first steps in every art or science, and make easy and pleasant what would otherwise be difficult and fatiguing. It is very rarely that adults have sufficient energy to commence some new study; still more rarely do they pursue it long and perseveringly. Children, on the other hand, are yearly, monthly, entering on new pursuits; hourly struggling with difficulties, and without opposition consenting to the acquirement of new accomplishments, without repining, sedulously combating and overcoming obstacles.

The ardour that urges the young mind to overlook the difficulties of initiatory application, no doubt, when those difficulties occur, assists it to conquer them. How useful this elastic energy of mind is to the young pupil, tutors and instructors must feel and acknowledge; how much it smooths and enlivens the path to knowledge, we must all gratefully remember.

Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye;

His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon: for hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball;
Away he hies, and clamours as he goes,
With glee, which causes him to tread on air.

YOUTH.

The advantages peculiar to youth are manifold. Few, if any, would be hardy enough to disown them; for all, though in different degrees, must have enjoyed them. The vigour of frame, which, in its early stage, gave agility and buoyancy to the motions of the child, strengthened and matured, adds force and grace to the actions of the adult. The wit, which was then dissipated in fun and frolic, regulated and sharpened, gives spirit to the language and manners of the youth. The flexibility of limb that was then conspicuous in the feathful gambol, or sportive dance, now nerved, not indurated, adapts the frame to every exertion of skill and enterprise. The impetuosity that then accomplished trivial acts of prowess, now warmed to enthusiasm, rouses the daring spirit to heroic deeds, and sustains it through the effort. The curiosity that awakened the first longings for information and improvement, now confirmed by reason, and invigorated by emulation, urges to more earnest and more regulated desires after knowledge,—desires that not only lead to schemes of study, but, aided by energy peculiar to this season of life, conducts to the attainment of what is schemed.

These are some of the noble, the animating attributes of the spring-time of life. How many more might be enumerated. The progressive advancement of the mental and

bodily powers. The spirit to will, and the force to execute. The buoyancy of heart that mocks at sorrow; the energy of mind that defies fatigue. Hopes, smiling and propitious; desires, lively and varying. Memory revelling on the past; for what but joy can the young recall? Fancy, glorying in the future; for what but joy do the young anticipate? The consciousness of increasing usefulness and importance stealing on the mind, and yielding an elation, a sense of dignity, that encourages to new exertion, whilst it rewards those already made. Every day becoming more wise, more virtuous, more independent; rising from helplessness to vigour, from ignorance to wisdom. Every faculty strengthening, every affection dilating. The whole man gradually improving in body and in mind, and preparing himself to render to his fellows, and to his God, those duties, for the performance of which he was created.

Such are the blissful privileges of youth; whilst science, enthusiasm, and novelty, by turns and commingled, enliven every emotion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

MARK yon old mansion, frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze;
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,
The martin's old hereditary nest.

Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!

That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laughter crown'd the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by its sound,
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring;
And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near:
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the cag'd linnet sooth'd my passive thought;
Those muskets cas'd with venerable rust;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing through their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on wearied wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscrib'd, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Through sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;

Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

MANHOOD.

With a soberer grace, the hand of time marks the season of manhood. Though buoyancy no longer upbears the agile limb, and pliability no longer bends the flexile joints, a firmer force impels the more powerful movement, and a sturdier strength sustains the unshrinking sinew. Rashness has given place to fortitude, and courage is regulated by prudence. The dazzling, though fluctuating flame of youthful ardour, is quenched by the steady and pervading glow of manly prowess; as the flickering faggot's blaze is extinguished beneath the sun's refulgent beam. Hope tints less gaily, but more truly, and, in the sketches of fancy, reason guides the pencil resigned by romance. Though the horizon still flies before the exploring eye, yet never is the soul so conscious of the high importance of the present, of the eventful *now*, as in the busy and dignified season of manhood. Never, perhaps, at any other period, is the imagination so little engrossed with the past and the future. To look forward, seems more peculiarly the characteristic of the young; to look back, that of the aged.

The duties of manhood are as valuable as its pleasures. To aid, to instruct, to protect; to be thanked, praised, re-

warded, loved. The very term "maturity" implies perfection and completion. In animals, or vegetables, whatever attains *maturity*, is considered to have reached its highest state of improvement; what it is not then, it never will be afterwards:—all preceding states have been but preparatory. The flower is then in its brightest hue, and sweetest fragrance; the fruit is then in its richest flavour, and largest size; the tree is then in its noblest growth of stem and foliage; and, though the bud, the blossom, and the sapling were each beautiful, they were but germs of excellence. Thus, lovely as is the season of youth, it is but the precursor of more consummate beauty, of more consummate worth. It is in manhood, that the body attains its highest degree of vigour and grace,—that the heart is warmed with the best-regulated passions and affections,—that the mind is most refined and expanded.

If such are the pre-eminent advantages of manhood, let those arrived at this momentous period, understand and acknowledge the privileges they possess. Let them congratulate themselves, that the intermediate stages of comparative imbecility are past, and that they have reached the acmé of mental and bodily vigour. Every virtue, every talent they have acquired, they are now to bring into use. The days of helplessness and initiation are past; those of exertion are arrived. What they have learnt, they are now to teach; the help they once needed, and received, they are now required to bestow.

In considering these obvious inferences, one truth rushes with irresistible force on the reflecting mind. The manifold and important duties of manhood cannot be performed, unless the season of youth has been devoted to the acquirement of virtue and of wisdom. That manhood cannot be useful, respectable, and happy, unless youth has been indus-

trious and innocent. Flowers, and fruits, and trees will assuredly arrive at maturity; but from judicious culture alone, can that maturity be crowned with excellence. The youth will grow into the stature of the man, but it must depend upon himself, whether his heart and mind keep pace with the enlargement of his limbs.

OLD AGE.

It has been argued, and with much justness, that, though the bodily powers gradually weaken and decay after manhood, the intellectual faculties do not so retrograde; but often continue unimpaired to the close of existence, as preparatory to that higher state of mental illumination, which we are encouraged to anticipate in a life beyond the grave. Many eminent instances might be adduced of this superiority of mind to matter. The history of Mr. Cumberland furnishes one, of so recent a date, as to be fresh in the memory of every reader. At a very advanced period of life, this good and intelligent man began first to acquire a foreign language, and very successfully pursued the study of it; and it was when he had counted more than seventy years, that he projected and commenced the London Review. The numbers he wrote, or edited, survive to mark the singular benevolence of his character, and the industry and energy that no length of life could diminish. The biography* of the wise and the learned would produce many other examples of talent undiminished by old age. Private life often exhibits intellect surviving amid the wreck of bodily powers, and the dimmed eye of age is perpetually seen lightened up by the flame of the mind within. How often does the power to think and to feel, evidently exist, when the strength to arti-

* See the Life of Dr. Franklin.

culate or to perform has expired? How often has the inaudible and broken whisper, the feeble pressure of the hand, indicated the consciousness, the existence of the soul, when the body has appeared lifeless? Nor can it be deemed a fantastic hypothesis, to imagine, that the capability of expression fails, whilst the ideas and feelings remain unimpaired; and that the spirit, though oppressed by the struggles of a sinking frame, is uninjured, and even increasing in energy, as it escapes the shackles of the body. How otherwise, but by the expansion and purification of its faculties, can the soul enter a state of beatitude.

Contemplations, consoling and animating like these, must take from old age those otherwise melancholy anticipations, with which it is too often connected in the mind. Old age, as the period of repose, after the busy day of life, must prove a season of welcome rest and tranquillity. The labourer who gaily rises in the morning, and actively toils through the bustling noon, hails the evening that is to dismiss him to quiet and repose. The stillness that would have been obnoxious to his fresh spirits, is precious to his exhausted limbs, and he feels that each hour has attributes adapted to his wants.—So it is with advancing life. The sportiveness of childhood, the enthusiasm of youth, the vigour of manhood, have been in turn possessed, and have in turn faded away. With them have passed the duties and pleasures, which they demanded and elicited. Playfulness, ardour, and strength, are as unnecessary as they are unattainable to the aged. But, if the springs of life have been impaired, neither by folly nor vice, by indolence nor intemperance, (and thus enfeebled below the standard of natural decrepitude,) there is little reason to fear, but enough of energy will survive to meet the immediate demand. Though weak, the frame may be healthful, and competent

to the lessened circle of its duties; though dimmed, the senses may be susceptible of high enjoyment. At no period were these exerted to their utmost stretch; why then should we regret that nature now gives limits to what was before bounded by inclination? What now we *could* not do, before we *would* not do. But if then we chose restriction, why should we now deplore it? If then we saw, felt, and understood enough for pleasure; we can now surely see, feel, and understand enough for content. Though our powers are curtailed, our wishes are proportionably contracted. If our pleasurable sensations are blunted, our mischievous propensities are also blunted. The violence of passion is appeased, the intenseness of anxiety corrected, the vehemence of desire abated. The feelings necessary to the active pursuits of life,—ambition, patriotism, glory, are dimmed only because they are no longer required; and their presence would be now as cumbersome, as tools to the artificer who has finished his labour. Not as deprivations, therefore, but as friendly warnings of remission from toil, should those defalcations of strength that are felt, be considered. Our capacities are changed, because our duties are altered; bodily power is diminished, because bodily exertion is no longer demanded. We are arrived at the resting place,—at the period designed for calm meditation on the past, beneficial preparation for the future. As the past occasions have been well or ill used, will this interval be tranquil or disturbed.

The very infirmities of old age procure for it peculiar privileges. It becomes the object of those tender cares and caresses it can no longer bestow. Cherished, assisted, sheltered—if little is to be performed, much is to be enjoyed. The wilder and more stormy passions are calmed; the purer and gentler affections are quickened. Thus the enemies of

peace are banished, and the friends to happiness nurtured. As vices have become feeble, virtues have gained the ascendancy: no longer condemned to the tyranny of inordinate wishes, the restlessness of ungoverned desires, the soul, calm and unimpassioned, can rationally perceive its blessings, wisely pursue, and judiciously enjoy them. The recollections of a well-spent life, the internal peace accruing from a cessation of worldly engagements, the indifference to those frivolities that once attracted and enslaved,—above all, the chastened view of that heaven, on the verge of which they stand, and the bliss of which they may be shortly called upon to participate,—these are the compensations which the aged receive for vanished pleasures.

So it is, that every season of life has its peculiar enjoyments.

O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
Streams like the day—who angel-like, hast shed
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,
"Look up, and faint not—faint not, but rejoice!"
From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now
Stamp'd with its signet that ingenuous brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climb'd so oft, he sits and sees
His children's children playing round his knees:
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung,
When side by side the archer's bows are strung;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envy no more the young their energies
Than they an old man when his words are wise;
His a delight how pure—without alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!

Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;

And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their replies,
Fresh as the swelling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast,
And, while his heart (oh can the heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the world are told!)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still—
That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy.
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)
To live with others than to think on them!

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending;
Sustain'd, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redress'd,
Those by the world shunn'd ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!

'Tis past! That hand we grasp'd, alas, in vain!
 Nor shall we look upon his face again!
 But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
 Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year,
 We shall remember with a fond delight
 The words so precious which we heard to-night;
 His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
 Like setting suns or music at the close!

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
 So full of chance and change the lives of men,
 Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
 From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
 He slept in peace—say rather soar'd to Heaven,
 Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given
 In his right hand to hold the golden key
 That opes the portals of Eternity.

—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
 Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
 Like those of old, on that thrice-hallow'd night,
 Who sate and watch'd in raiment heavenly-bright;
 And, with a voice inspiring joy, not-fear,
 Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
 That he is risen!

WHAT CONSTITUTES HAPPINESS.

WHAT constitutes happiness? Alas! how few of us acknowledge it but as a past good. Let the most trivial disaster interrupt the tranquillity of the fortunate, and the awakened mind will look on the period of peace as the period of happiness. Let a small affliction wound the bosom of the prosperous, and instantly the departed season of joy will be contrasted with the present season of mourning. When awakened by the storm of adversity, from the calm of prosperity, the full value of each last good is first justly

felt and avowed. If these feelings of regret could be anticipated, if we could think upon the blessings in our grasp, with the thoughts with which we should dwell upon them when taken from us, we should be able accurately to appreciate the value of each. It argues a blameable hardness of heart not to feel disaster, but we are not so ready to tax with insensibility those who do not enjoy felicity.

"Health, peace, and competence," is a popular definition of happiness. Yet thousands, and tens of thousands, possess these great blessings and are not happy, nay, will not allow that they have the means to be happy.

Madame de Staël,* in her *Delphine*, defines happiness to consist in the absence of misery. How many human beings are without one single real evil, and yet complain of their fate.

It seems, then, that many definitions of happiness are to be found, and certainly no human being exists, but has in his breast some picture of this desired good. But amid the various forms in which mankind expect to find felicity, there must be some requisites common to all. There must be some positive qualities, which at all times, and in all places, to all tempers, and to all minds, must have the power of bringing happiness.

What are these qualities? We certainly make great mistakes when we would answer such a question. We talk of wealth, fame, and power, as undeniable sources of enjoyment, and limited fortune, obscurity, and insignificance, as incompatible with felicity. It is thus, that there is a remarkable distinction between acquisitions and conditions, theoretically considered, and practically proved.

* She is not original when she says so: the ancients said the same many centuries before her time.

However brilliant in speculation, wealth, fame, and power, are found in possession impotent to confer felicity.

However decried in prospect, limited fortunes, obscurity, insignificance, are by experience proved most friendly to human happiness.

All mankind are sedulous in seeking the former distinctions, the latter state is imposed by necessity. In the one, man carves his own destiny; in the other, Heaven assigns it to him; yet we see the first state most frequently leads him from happiness, while the last as frequently conducts him to it. Hence it appears that Heaven is kinder to him than he is to himself. Thus we seem to quit the right path at our very outset, what wonder, then, that we never reach the desired end.

But that we may bring this curious opposition of speculation and reality to the clearest elucidation, let us appeal to experience, that most accurate and unexceptionable decider in every case on which it can be consulted.

Let us ask ourselves, what are the circumstances under which we feel the purest and truest content. Is it when we are immersed in the pursuit of gaiety and amusement? Is it when we are prosperous in our schemes of aggrandizement, when we successfully foil an enemy, or supplant a rival? when we indulge any turbulent or malignant passion? Is it under such circumstances that we experience the highest satisfaction? Every candid respondent will answer in the negative, will honestly confess, that though an evanescent emotion of exultation may sometimes attend such occasions, it is a feeling very distinct from happiness.

Let us next inquire, what are our sensations under quite opposite circumstances? Do we mourn or rejoice when we are busy, even to fatigue, in the duties of our station? when occupied, even to self-negligence, in schemes of benevolence

and charity? when advocating an enemy, or assisting a rival? when we exert any gentle or amiable affection? when we control any impetuous or vicious propensity? Upon such occasions, are we gratified or pained? The answer given by every ingenuous, every reflecting mind, must prove an unequivocal acknowledgment that these alone are the circumstances in which the purest, the fullest content is experienced.

The answer to these questions (the propriety of which few will contest) goes far to establish two very important points: first, proving that a high degree of happiness can be enjoyed; secondly, pointing out *virtue* as the only medium through which it can be obtained.

Those who deny the propriety of these conclusions must choose one of three positions. They must prove that there is no such thing as virtue, or they must prove that virtue does not produce agreeable emotion, or they must confess that not having tried the effect of exerted virtue, they are ignorant of its results, and therefore incredulous.

If our reasoning has been fair and conclusive, besides ascertaining the existence of felicity we have, in defining the medium of attaining it, discovered another valuable fact;—that as that medium, virtue, is attainable to all ranks and degrees of intellect and fortune, so also is happiness within the reach of all. A conclusion perfectly compatible with all that reason and religion inculcates, and beautifully in unison with the known justice of a superintending Providence.

How otherwise, indeed, can we reconcile our ideas of superintending mercy, with the events that we see occurring around us, except in the conviction that the tranquillity of the soul is independent, in a great measure, of external circumstances? We see that the senses and appetites, even

the affections and intellects, are capable in their coarsest degree of conferring gratification. We behold the poor man relish his simple meal with as high a gust as the rich man does his luxurious feast; the obscure tasting all the joys of social and kindred ties with as warm and as pure delight as the most powerful; the humbly gifted mind, the unrefined taste, receiving almost as much satisfaction from the imperfect works of art as the philosopher and the refined amateur from its more exquisite specimens.

It is not certain things, then, not even wealth and pomp, that produce happiness, or why sighs the miser over his hoarded treasure, the courtier on his couch of state? It is not certain things that produce misery, or why smiles the poor man on his hard-earned pittance, the powerless in his ignoble fate?

Do we not hear of persons, nay, do we not often see persons serene and cheerful, even happy, under circumstances of severe deprivation; agitated, melancholy, wretched, though environed by means of high felicity? How can such a paradox be solved, but in the admission that happiness is an internal principle, originating in the heart, the effect of rightly governed passions, of wisely exerted faculties.

I have been somewhat diffuse on this part of my subject, because I was solicitous to lead you to trace that desired good, human happiness, to its true source, the human heart;—to convince you, that the virtuous can never be miserable, under the most deplorable worldly condition, that the vicious can never be happy, though blest with every advantage the most splendid station can give.

Thus having traced the fugitive home, let us next inquire, what are the powers given us, to be the agents of that virtue that is to insure to us felicity:—let us ascertain the various means of happiness conferred on man.

AN ENUMERATION OF THE POWERS OF ENJOYMENT.

WHEN the Great Author of our being ushered us into a world so gloriously prepared for our reception, and clothed us in bodies so admirably fitted to our use and enjoyment, he likewise graciously endowed us with senses and appetites to relish the innumerable blessings surrounding us. Continuing his beneficence, he conferred on us passions and affections to connect us with each other, and enable us to taste the sweets of kindred ties and social intercourse; extending his bounty, he gave to us faculties, ever strengthening, ever expanding, to enable us to feel the exhilarating emotions of perpetually increasing knowledge; and to crown all his gifts, he every where exhibited irresistible evidence of his presiding existence, of his boundless mercy, of his unlimited power, and infused into our souls that animating hope of immortality which is at once the stimulus and the reward of virtue.

With such a display of beneficence before us, can we hesitate to acknowledge, "That man was created for happiness?"

If we are right in defining this desired good, as "That calm of the soul, when memory is only so active on the past as to form contrasts favourable to the present, when hope is only so busy on the future, as to promise a continuance of existing peace, when the turbulent passions are hushed, when the amiable affections are in play, when conscience whispers approbation, and reason is satisfied with her verdict." If this may be deemed a just delineation of a state of happiness, we shall most fully demonstrate that it is a state independant of wordly distinctions. Mr. Addison described happiness as of "a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise." Let not this description lead us to pro-

nounce, that felicity is therefore unknown to the great and the opulent. The mind may possess itself in calmness in the most elevated and the most splendid station. The exertion of virtue is surely within the power of the richest and the most noble. Although happiness is independent of wealth and titles, it is not therefore incompatible with such distinctions, and it would be quite as unjust and as untrue to assert that the great cannot be happy, as that the poor cannot.

We will now, therefore, proceed to enumerate and survey those powers for enjoyment common to all mankind; and we shall find them under three distinct heads.

First. The Senses and Appetites.

Second. The Affections and Passions.

Third. The Intellects, or mental Faculties.

From these three great sources branch out the many and varied qualities and emotions that produce the happiness of man.

ON THE SENSES.

THOUGH as very inferior, yet as positive means of enjoyment, the Senses must claim our earliest notice; to enumerate the advantages possessed through them seems a superfluous labour. We are all ready to acknowledge their use; if not in the language of gratitude, in the loud complaints at their defection, or total annihilation, we sufficiently speak their value. Yet even those, the most willing to describe the many pleasures experienced through the Senses, do not always act up to this conviction. How few gratefully accept and judiciously use these precious organs! How few render them as pleasurable profitable as they are capable of being made!

To shame this indifference, to dispel this negligence, to

give just importance to blessings which, because generally possessed, are lightly valued, must tend to cheerful results, and cannot be better effected than by enumerating the peculiar powers and gratifications of each. By bringing these together in one point of view, and acquiring a habit of frequently recalling and dwelling upon them, we shall learn better to appreciate their value; and I shall perform no despicable service in reminding you of your capacities for gratification, even if I cannot teach you to enlarge their bounds.

THE TOUCH.

Though the Touch appears the most insignificant of the Senses, it is in fact the most important of them all, since it is the medium by which they all act. As it is by the particles of light touching the eye that we see; by the particles of perfume touching the olfactory nerve, that we smell; by the particles of food touching the papillae of the tongue, that we taste; by the particles of air (vibrated by sound) touching the auditory nerve, that we hear.

Diffused over the whole body, by those minute cords, the nerves, every part of the frame is susceptible to the influence of touch, a susceptibility that equally conduces to safety and to pleasure, warning us from the contact of whatever is hurtful: injurious heat or cold, wounding instruments, rough and irritating substances. Its greatest delicacy is perceptible in the fingers, exactly where it is most serviceable. To the nicety of touch in these flexible members every art owes its perfections, and by it every science has been embodied (if the expression may be allowed) and diffused. The pen, the pencil, the chisel, by the light or forceful pressure of the hand, are guided to the completion of the most beautiful and useful works; whilst the exquisite delicacy of the fingers

gives to music all its charm, distinguishing the pupil from the proficient; the touch of the master impelling far different sounds from the same instrument and the same strain. The mind, indeed, directs the harmony, but by the touch alone can it be expressed.

Few are aware of their obligations to this pervading sense—one continually assisting in every action of life, of pleasure, of business, of self-preservation.

It is peculiarly worthy of grateful remark how much the touch is heightened in those who have endured the loss of sight; an affecting instance of that equipoise of benefits so conspicuous in all the dispensations of superintending mercy! which, when permitting natural events to destroy one faculty, has graciously ordained that that very bereavement shall rouse some dormant capacity to supply the deficiency.

Besides the many beautiful works manufactured by the blind, so indicative of the precision and nicety of feeling, there are many well-known instances of their distinguishing the colours of articles presented to their touch.*

If such the astonishing refinement and acuteness to which the humblest corporeal function can arise, to what perfection may not the nobler faculties attain, the affections and intellects! Such contemplations are in the highest degree elevating. Such convictions of the possible refinement of human powers break upon the mind, as enlightening proofs of that state of purer existence, when, unfettered by the body, the soul shall reach its highest excellence. Press

* Miss Hamilton justly considers this increased delicacy of touch in the blind as caused by increased and concentrated attention; but were not the sense capable of refined action, attention would be valueless. This amiable writer is very earnest to bring into consideration the yet greater refinement of which the senses are susceptible.

this sublime and elevating inference on your hearts, my readers as one link of the great chain of evidence by which we hope in a life to come.

TASTE.

The benefits conferred by the sense of Taste preserve our very existence, and are as serviceable in guiding us to select appropriate food, as in rendering the necessary operation of taking nutriment a pleasurable act. The growth of the frame in youth, and its as regular decay of strength in later life, with the consumption of vigour daily caused by mental and bodily exertion, induce the necessity of some invigorating supply of fresh accessions of force and energy. That whatever act is necessary to our being, should also be agreeable to our feelings, we are gifted with a faculty of relishing the needed nourishment, and thus gain beneficial refreshment by pleasurable means.

The natural direction of the human taste, and its discriminating powers, in the present state of mankind, it is hardly possible to determine. The palate is so vitiated, from earliest infancy, with aliments, capriciously mingled and artificially prepared, that its dictates cannot ever be deemed genuine and pure. It may be remarked, that the farther removed from simplicity the articles of food become, the less salutary they prove. Vegetable and animal food plainly prepared are highly nutritive, but mingled with rich ingredients, and undergoing the whimsical changes, directed by fashion or vitiated appetite, become powerfully insalubrious. Though even in these enlightened days, we hear of a few disciples of Pythagoras,* who sturdily maintain the advan-

* Pythagoras was born at Samos, about 580 years B. C. He taught the transmigration of the soul through different bodies, and abstinence from animal food.

tages of a vegetable diet, yet as they cannot do so, from any fear of devouring their friends in the bodies of brute creatures, they do not seem to have rational motives for their opinion. Since it has been frequently remarked, that the hard texture of the teeth, and their shape and position in the mouth, evidently point out the intention of such aliment being selected as shall require mastication.

The adaptation of the taste to the local circumstances, and bodily state of individuals, is to be noticed with grateful admiration. How joyously does the Greenlander relish the blubber supplied by the whales, that abound in his seas, and preserve the entrails, as a treat for feasts and festivals. While the Briton, turning with disgust from such diet, eagerly devours large proportions of prepared flesh, which again the native of warmer climes views with amazement, and sparingly adds a small portion of animal food to his luxurious supply of fruits and vegetables. The coldness of the one country directing more substantial nourishment, the heats of the other demanding the cooling juices of succulent herbs and fruits.

In sickness, Taste proves a faithful indication of the internal economy; and when the stomach would be injured by receiving further supplies, the relish for taking it ceases. Thus, in spite of the deterioration of the palate, its loathings and cravings are cautiously watched by the medical professor; and could its desires be preserved unvitiated, might be yet more confidently acted upon. Let us here remark, that only when it may be indulged, is taste quickened, as if it were ordained that no reasonable wish should be disappointed.

That Taste is an organ of positive enjoyment, will be readily allowed. Without debasing our subject by inquiries into the gross indulgencies of the voracious glutton, or

the more refined but not less offensive gratifications of the systematic epicure, we may discover much allowable and genuine satisfaction. To appease the calls of an undepraved and temperate appetite, and in doing so, to select the aliments which most agreeably appease its cravings, is a daily, and by no means despicable gratification. A gratification perpetually varied by the profusion of variously flavoured nutriment, the vegetable and animal world present,—some spontaneously flourishing, others only requiring that labour which shall heighten their enjoyment.

SMELL.

Smell is the most subtle of all our senses, and is acted upon by an invisible agency. Touch and Taste are palpably awakened by contact with their object,—the substance pressed on the body, or communicated to the tongue. But the scents inhaled are imperceptibly imbibed from unseen, and sometimes unknown causes, neither permanent as objects of sight, nor produced by active agency as sound. A fugitive, indefinable, but often exquisitely agreeable sensation, that, delightful in itself, adds delight to every other; heightens the relish of the rich fruit, and gives zest to the admiration with which the gaily tinted blossom is beheld.

Smell is less acute in man than in many brute creatures, because by him it is little needed. To animals it is as serviceable, as to man it is pleasurable. For how few, how very few, are the *natural* causes of offensive scent! How innumerable the sources of agreeable perfume!*

Herbs, fruits, flowers; the upturned bosom of the freshly dug earth; the dew besprinkled sod; the breath of lowing

* I never met with more than two flowers that were not agreeable to the scent.

herds; the soft gale of early morning wafting a mild fragrance; the rich breath of noontide heat exhaling the full odour of vegetable sweets; the stilly breeze of night diffusing tempered perfume,—all spread an explicable charm on the landscape, all give a sense of full and rapturous enjoyment to the gladdened spirit.*

How beautiful, how gracious, is the ordination which directs, that the most common and necessary operation shall be replete with pleasure! That in inhaling the passing breeze, the vital principle of existence, we experience a sense of high delight, that the effort requisite to life is pregnant with gratification!

May the reader peruse this paragraph with the emotion with which I write it; the powerful emotion of gratitude, with which I trace mercy and bounty in all the dispensations of Providence!

HEARING.

It is difficult to fix any limits to the pleasures arising from the sense of Hearing. Every joy the heart can experience, every irradiation the mind can receive, is possessed through this medium. It seems, indeed, the principal avenue to the intellects; even books are inefficient, till, by being capable of hearing, their characters are comprehended. Thus, those born deaf seem, in a great measure, shut out from the expansion of intellectual capacity, and though sensible to kindness, are unconscious of the ties of relationship. Like the first man, they feel alone in the world; and inaccessible

* If there arises a fragrantcy of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasure of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable for the ideas, &c. Spectator, No. 412.

to hearing, and the maxims of experience, know only just as much as they can see, discover, and feel.

The value of this informing and exhilarating sense cannot be stronger evidenced, than by the extreme regret by which its loss is felt. Those who have once known its benefits, in its deprivation first discover its incalculable value. Though sight appears so much more essential to enjoyment, its absence is seldom deplored with that poignancy with which deafness is mourned. The blind are, generally speaking, cheerful and resigned; the deaf as generally melancholy and impatient. This rule, like every other, admits of exceptions. Two of the most enlivening companions, and judicious friends, with whom my life has been enriched, were both so deaf as to be perfectly strangers to sound, but when assisted by a trumpet.

The cause of the usual sadness and irritability of the deaf, and the patient cheerfulness of the blind, may perhaps be easily found. The deaf, only partially detached from external notices, see what they cannot understand, and catch a few incoherent words, which they may falsely connect and misconstrue. They behold looks and actions, but are ignorant what these are meant to imply. This half knowledge induces a restless curiosity, a habit of making vague guesses, and of explaining what they see, rather by the tone of their own feelings than by judicious reasoning. It is, perhaps, a radical defect in the human mind to be prone to fear rather than to hope, and where sentiments are to be supposed, we may observe, that they are generally fancied with unpleasing motives. Self, that object of continual secret attention, is too often erroneously believed the subject of notice, and consequently often falsely imagined the mark of the frowns and the ridicule beheld in the countenances of surrounding speakers. Thus suspicion and uncandid sup-

positions inevitably ensue; and as no unamiable emotion can be indulged, without incurring attendant vexation, dejection succeeds. In tracing these results, let us not fail to remark, that melancholy is not the indispensable consequence of deafness, witness the many cheerful under its infliction, but the necessary effect of the unamiable dispositions sometimes cherished with it.

The blind, on the contrary, being wholly shut out from all external objects, are not distracted with conjectures and uncertainty. Whatever knowledge reaches them comes full and perfect, no unexplained looks, or indistinctly heard sentences, disturb their tranquillity. The information acquired is digested at leisure, and firmly fixed in the memory, thence to be recalled for, after meditation, in hours of silence and solitude. The imagination revels undisturbed, in scenes of its own creation, peopled with beings of its own production; and perhaps no class of mortals so exquisitely enjoy the charms of intellectual speculation.

But in remarking the common peevishness of the deaf, remember we ought only to do so, as an evidence of the value of the sense thus deplored. Let us also remember, that our fellow-creatures, when labouring under any trial, or infirmity, have most peculiar claims to our forbearance, our compassion, and our assistance; and that it is an imperative duty, not only, by every means in our power, to ameliorate their sufferings, but also to fancy ourselves in their state, and then ask ourselves, should we be more patient.

SIGHT.

If it is difficult to limit the pleasures enjoyed through the sense of hearing, it must be impossible to bound those possessed through the sight. "The sight," according to Mr.

Addison, "is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses."

To the eye, nature and art pour out all their treasures, exhibit all their charms, and all their wonders; every glance inspires delight, every look increases knowledge; by its aid, the powers of the mind are continually expanding and strengthening, the affections of the heart perpetually acting and refining; imagination is enriched, memory stored, judgment invigorated, taste purified, invention roused; from what is seen, the understanding catches hints to reason on what is unseen; the phenomena of nature are traced, their operations explained, their effects foreseen.

The heart is touched and warmed through the eye; it beholds misery, and loves to sympathize; it witnesses merriment, and beats with responsive gaiety. The look of patient sorrow, of sorrow too profound for words, awakens compassion and active benevolence. The glance of cheerfulness, no language could describe, arouses a generous participation. The links of kindred attachment, of friendship, of love, are thus increased in number and in strength. On every side, man is drawn to his fellows. By the eloquent language of expressive looks, congenial minds preserve a silent but heartfelt intercourse.

By one piercing beam from the eye of his commander, the soldier is inspired to daring. By one speaking beam from the eye of wisdom, folly is arrested in its imbecile course: vice trembles beneath the frown of virtue, and merit warms beneath its smile. But it were as vain "to count the sands of the seas," or "to hold the winds of heaven in the hollow of the hand," as to enumerate the blessings enjoyed, to limit the benefits possessed, through this most requisite and perfect sense.

ON THE AFFECTIONS AND PASSIONS.

WE have already seen how eminently instrumental to enjoyment are the senses; let us next enumerate the several powers of happiness bestowed by the affections and passions.

The ideas received through the senses produce feelings of pleasure or pain, of love or aversion; thus the affections and passions are awakened, and as these are wisely regulated, or injudiciously indulged, they lead to the performance of virtuous or of vicious actions. It is not here intended to attempt a scientific view of the subject. The above hint of the production of the passions, our consciousness of their existence, and our conviction of their power to conduce to our happiness, is knowledge sufficient for our purpose.

Without therefore entering with scientific precision into this branch of our subject, we will simply consider the several emotions of the soul as they are calculated to produce pleasure or pain; that in our pursuit of happiness, we may know which to cherish, and which to extirpate. In this endeavour, words will be used in their most popular acceptance, without any assumption of metaphysical accuracy.

That it is greatly in our own choice to form our own character cannot be doubted. We can all feel, that we have a power to choose between two modes of conduct. The most impetuous and irritable must acknowledge that he can at intervals, if he pleases, curb his propensity to violence and petulance, as the most cold-blooded must confess that he can rouse himself to perform acts of kindness and usefulness. Some constitutions may indeed have a tendency to certain qualities,—to a warm or a cold temperament; but admitting this, it cannot be denied, that that very

warmth of character may be guided to amiable or unamiable actions. The ardent may urge their feelings to generosity and courage, instead of permitting them to swell into haughtiness, rashness, and vain glory. Equally may a cold temperament be made productive of virtuous or vicious actions. The meek may lead their gentle emotions to the performance of acts of pity and of patience, instead of indulging them to stagnate in apathy, selfishness, and morbid timidity.

In fact, it is only when natural qualities are judiciously governed that we bestow any applause. We admire beauty of form or face, but we do not ascribe any merit to its possessor for possessing it. As little are we disposed to applaud natural qualities of temper: we deem those so gifted fortunate but not praiseworthy; and it ought always to be borne in mind, that the more formidable the obstacle to be overcome, the greater the merit of overcoming it. It is not when the phlegmatic are patient, or when the vigorous are brave, that they severally claim our applause. It is rather when the high-spirited are calm, when the calculating are liberal, that each receives the warm expression of our approbation.

Every character is made up of several qualities, of good and evil propensities. There can be little doubt that some innate virtue is to be found in every human being. It may, perhaps, be safely pronounced, that the most guilty wretch that ever closed a life of crime with a death of ignominy, occasionally felt and exhibited tokens of inherent rectitude. Now these innate seeds of virtue may be nourished into strength, and made to counteract the natural defects that exist with them; or the inherent defects may be cherished till they become powerful enough to destroy the germs of virtue.

The florist, who is solicitous to possess flowers of the finest tint and form, not only carefully nurtures the tender and promising plant, but is also active to displace the springing weeds as they arise, lest their baneful shade, and intrusive luxuriance, destroy the beauty and the vigour of his worthier vegetation. So it is in the cultivation of the human passions; vicious propensities must be checked, to give more healthful play to virtuous dispositions. I have very earnestly discussed this point, because of its immense importance. For who would strive to create an amiable character, unless convinced that the creation was in his power?

It is frequently argued that we have not such perfect choice of action as is here supposed. I will not presume to combat the opinions of the wise and the learned; I will only suggest to you, the few simple propositions on which I ground my belief.

We all feel, that vicious thoughts, words, and actions, cause pain. We all feel that virtuous thoughts, words, and actions, cause pleasure.

Is it compatible with the acknowledged justice of our Almighty Creator, to suppose that he would allow us to suffer pain for acts which we from necessity perform? that he would ordain us to receive pleasure for acts we have no power to avoid?

Mankind concur in giving praise to virtuous, and passing censure on vicious deeds. Is it honourable to human judgment to believe, that it applauds involuntary merit, that it reprobates involuntary crime? that the one is rewarded, and the other is punished?

We are told, that public opinion is no standard of right, and that because popular applause attends certain actions, those actions are not therefore infallibly excellent. This objection may have some weight, inasmuch as all human

decisions are liable to error; yet in a general sense we must be permitted to estimate actions as they receive the approbation or reprehension of our fellow-creatures. How otherwise can we rate them? Since self-love renders us unable to judge ourselves, without a misleading bias.

It has been plausibly urged, "That if God knows all things, all men's actions must be predetermined." But in reply to this, Dr. Gregory energetically exclaims, "to affirm that God *cannot* constitute man a free agent, *cannot* dispense with his own prescience, is to say, that God is not omnipotent."

The question then resolves itself into this, can we, or can we not command our words and actions? And is it not words and actions that constitute virtue or vice? The impression on my own mind is that, without doubt, we are in a great measure the formers of our own characters, and I speak both from experience and observation.

There are many persons who pronounce that we are equally the creators of our own fate. This sentiment may perhaps be deemed too harsh a comment on the unfortunate, and too high an encomium on the prosperous. The course of events doubtless causes certain inflictions over which human prudence and human power have no influence; yet, however rare the occurrence of adversity from natural causes, the fact that it does sometimes occur ought to be admitted and remembered, to soften the censure on misfortune, and moderate the homage to success.

At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that under almost every circumstance of life, there are two modes of action; and by judiciously deciding which of these to prefer, man forwards or retards success; not only the passing, but the tenor of after events may be hence determined. Present advantages may or may not be seized. At all events, what-

ever his fate, he may by his conduct give dignity to misfortune, or humiliation to prosperity, may be respectable in poverty and obscurity, or contemptible in wealth and splendour.

ON THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

OF all the sources of enjoyment that enrich the life of man, the most precious and extensive are the affections, which on every side bind him to his fellows, by the various ties of kindred, love, and friendship. It has been elegantly said by Mr. Pope, "that self-love and social are the same,"—happily expressing, that when we conduce to the welfare of others we increase our own, and thus double our chances for felicity. So necessary, indeed, are social attachments to every temper, every age, every rank, that we never hear of any scheme of happiness of which they do not form a part, nor can we conceive any state of misery equal to that of standing alone in the world, unconnected and unfriended.

THE MISANTHROPE.

The apparently most severe misanthrope, shunning all intercourse with his kind, and perpetually holding the language of contempt and hatred for every gentle emotion, gives evidence, in some way, that he yet turns to them for comfort and consolation. Affecting indifference and disgust to rational creatures, he is compelled to find other objects for the play of those affections, which, however blighted, cannot be wholly eradicated. Irrational creatures imperceptibly attract his notice and regard; the hare that crosses his solitary walk, or the squirrel that interrupts his lonely meditations. In the seclusion of self-banishment,

some favourite dog receives those caresses, and is the object of those affections, which the formation of the human mind imperatively demands shall be felt and participated. Without such participation, how dreary is the most populous situation.

THE PRISONER.

The fettered criminal, shut out from all communion with his fellows, immured in a dark dungeon, and equally oppressed in body as in mind, has yet the social principle so uncrushed and buoyant, that, denied the natural play of his affections, he sedulously discovers some object to love, to succour, to commiserate. There is upon record an affecting anecdote of a captive, who solaced the tedious hours of a long imprisonment by watching the labours of a spider, which wove its tissued web in his murky dungeon. And when his jailer (by an act of gratuitous cruelty, too common in the possessors of power,) cut off this source of kindly emotion, by destroying the cherished insect, the unhappy prisoner expressed himself afflicted, as if bereaved of a friend.*

We have also been told of another immured culprit, who cheered the mournful hours of solitude, by collecting around him the mice that tenanted the crannies of his cell. He had beguiled his unbroken loneliness by occasionally humming an air, and was agreeably surprised to find the melody had charmed from their hiding places these diminutive animals. The sight of living creatures was luxury to his pent-up feelings, and instead of chasing as vermin, he welcomed as friends, whatever had power to awaken, and keep in action, those emotions of kindness and benevolence,

* See the closing lines of Lord Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

which can never be indulged without inducing gratification.

These instances will suffice to prove, not only that "man was not formed to be alone," but that "it is not good that man should be alone." We have only to look into our hearts to discover how exquisitely and how diffusively the social affections confer delight; that they are the most precious bonds that connect us to life; that they give the warmest interest to every scene, the purest comfort to every age; that they are the source of all that is noble and amiable in human nature, the balm of affliction, and the heightener of joy.

THE MOURNER.

Never is the pre-eminent value of friends more profoundly felt than in the agony occasioned by their loss. By no means can their worth be more fully proved than by the unfeigned regret with which all characters and tempers mourn every social bereavement. All other misfortunes, pecuniary losses, worldly disappointments, bodily infirmities, severe as they may be, are as feathers in the scale, when weighed against the sterling worth of faithful friends, and beloved relatives. Wealth may be again accumulated, worldly disappointments be recompensed, pain and sickness may be ameliorated or removed; but "where is that Promethean heat that can the light of life relume," and give back to the sorrowing breast the lost loved friend or relative; that can supply their place to the bereaved mourner? We have only to mark the uncured, incurable, anguish of the wife, the mother, the friend, silently but unceasingly sorrowing over the memory of the lost husband, child, companion, to feel the vast worth of the tie so prematurely snapt. If such the melancholy but powerful evidence of

the blessing of social attachment, let those yet luxuriating in multiplied claims feel the full value of their fate, and gratefully enjoy, whilst they can, their enviable sources of felicity.

KINDRED.

Of what avail are riches, wealth, fame, or any other worldly advantages, if we have no friends with whom to share them, if we have no one to be interested in our fate. However sweet the voice of public praise, sweeter far is the approbation of attached and respected kindred and associates! How penetrating to the heart the approving glance of the friend, the participating smile of the relative!

And in the hour of adversity, how precious is the privilege to open the full and oppressed bosom to the compassionate ear of love; to meet a kindly sympathy for our woes, a ready succour for our necessities! Surely no scene on earth can be more touching than the assembled group of the members of a family participating in each others' joys and sorrows, brightening by communion the seasons of felicity, softening by confidence the trials of adversity.

Luxury may boast of her heartless galas and her crowded feasts; pleasure may exult in her brilliant coteries of taste and fashion; but how transient, how embittered are the delights that pleasure and luxury can bestow, in comparison of those pure and heartfelt joys dispensed by friendly communication with those we love and honour! The happiness that is dispensed by cheerful family meetings, or in circles where attached associates meet, is of no evanescent nature; it not only gilds the moment of enjoyment, but occupies the memory with a cheering and undying influence; it opens the soul to generous confidence, warms the affections into a beneficent glow, urges to the exertion of every talent, however humble, that can conduce

to the general gaiety. Amid such scenes, suspicion and jealousy intrude not their venomous power; a fearless confidence prevails; heart expands to heart, and man feels the full value of existence.

THE INFANT.

How touching the circle of amiable affections set in motion by the birth of an infant. Naked, feeble, helpless, scarcely is its feeble cry first heard, when every tender feeling springs forward to receive and cherish it. Its weakness, uselessness, nay, deformity and disease, are but stimulants to tenderer care and warmer love. The mother, father, kindred, press around to welcome it with feelings predisposed to meet all its wants. Friends approach to dispense caresses, and promise protection: not a neighbour, not a domestic arrives, but calls a blessing on its head; not a stranger's eye gazes on its little form, but brightens with the beam of benevolence. How merciful is the ordination which directs, that such sentiments shall precede the capacity of understanding and returning them in their object; nay, should be aroused by properties (helplessness and uselessness) which in other circumstances occasion only disgust or indifference. But when, my readers, when shall we cease to discover motives for gratitude and admiration in the dispensations of Almighty wisdom!

As infancy advances to childhood, the heretofore unconscious being gradually becomes itself susceptible of those emotions by which it has been cherished. As childhood passes through manhood to old age, every affection and every passion is in turn called forth;—love, friendship, patriotism. We look around the domestic circle, and behold parents to venerate and succour, brethren to love and aid, kindred to assist and respect. We look beyond our home

and see friends endeared to us by congeniality of tastes and dispositions; associates ready to share our toils and our pleasures; superiors to patronize our labours; inferiors to claim our protection. We think upon our native country, and exult in her many advantages; we boast of her clime, talk proudly of her wealth, and glory in her fame.

PATRIOTISM.

Next, indeed, in value to social ties, is the feelings that attach the natives of every land to the soil that gave them birth. The sentiment of patriotism not only binds man to his natal land, but acts like a band to connect him with his fellow-countrymen. This sentiment is powerfully felt when the natives of the same country meet in a foreign land, whatever the distinction of their rank, however slight their former acquaintance; even if before wholly unknown to each other, they feel, on such an encounter, as members of one family; an indescribable but powerful interest draws them together, and they become sociable in less time than at home would be spent in the preliminaries of introduction. The delight of such encounters has been frequently described by travellers, and even the natives of one county, when fortuitously thrown together in another, have a sensible gratification in the meeting.

The very language of our native land has a freshened charm for the ear at a distance from her shores. What American, wandering in distant climes, could hear unmoved those national airs which so continually arrest his attention in the towns and cities of his beloved country. Then it is that "the thoughts of home rush on his nerves," and, all space annihilated, he is in fancy transported to those scenes where oft he has fondly listened to such lays.

The favourite national air of the Swiss has little melody

and beauty to the apprehension of strangers; but let it be sounded far from the snow-clad mountains of that favoured spot, in the hearing of her valiant sons, and the hardest warrior will fling away his arms, to listen, to weep at the cherished images of domestic felicity which those strains call up in his remembrance.

It is this love of country that nerves the soldier's arm in her defence, and quickens the statesman's brain in her weal, and is, in short, the foundation of much that is noble and felicitous in every nation.

THE EXILE.

The tenderness with which exiles, of even rude characters, think upon their distant native land, marks the hold it has upon their imaginations; and the pensive delight with which they dwell on its absent scenes, proves that such attachments and such recollections are most soothing and agreeable. In a History of Ireland written by Mr. Barlow, there is an interesting account extracted from Giraldus, of the fond affection with which Dermot Mac Moragh, the stern king of Leinster, when detained at St. David's, for succours promised him by the famed Richard Strongbow, softened the pains of absence, by wandering on the shore to catch a glimpse of Erin, his dear native land, and to please himself by fancying he could there breathe the air that was wafted from her coast.

Many other similar instances of the gentle and agreeable sensations aroused by the remembrance of our native land, when far removed from her, might be adduced; from the pathetic and simple burst of tenderness indulged by the poor kidnapped negro, to the refined and touching recollections expressed by European travellers.

It seems, indeed, a law in human nature to prize most

what is not possessed. But after making every allowance for this perversity of the mind, there can be no doubt that what is so much mourned in distance must be a source of pleasure in possession; and that the mingled feeling of regret and tenderness which the image of our country inspires when absent from its scenes, powerfully prove, that not only happiness has been there enjoyed, but that happiness is again tasted by such recollections.

FAMILY MEETINGS.

Every body must allow that family meetings bestow a high degree of gratification, but this gratification is not conferred unless concord and kindly dispositions subsist among the several members; I must, therefore, earnestly press upon your attention the necessity of family-union, to family-happiness. Dissentions, whenever they occur, are detrimental to happiness, more especially so, when occurring in circles frequently thrown together by domestic duties, or for domestic accommodation. Dissentions seldom, if ever, occur without some degree of faultiness in both parties; both therefore, though perhaps in different degrees, are called upon to extenuate their error by apology and compensation. Whoever is the first to do so, has the claim to warmest praise, and gives the strongest evidence of a wise and amiable character. Indeed, if disagreements arise from the culpability of one party alone, the other, however innocent and unoffending, cannot more eminently express good sense and good temper than by taking the first steps towards reconciliation. And, remember, when reconciliation is effected, it ought to be full and sincere, not the cold expression of forced cordiality, but the genuine sentiment of restored confidence. It is, therefore, best to let the fullest explanation take place, to have every point of dispute enumerated and

explained, to let no cause of displeasure, however trivial, remain unnoticed and unsoothed: but let each mind be open to the other without disguise and without reserve.

So only can reconciliation be effective, so only by revived confidence can happiness be restored, so only can genuine tranquillity be recovered. It is better to make any sacrifice of our pride, our vanity, our taste, than to continue to live in discord with any human being, how much more so with those bound to us by the ties of kindred and former attachment. In my opinion, family-union can hardly be purchased at too dear a price.

DESIRE.

The first emotion that is discerned, and probably the first that is felt, is Desire. Primarily urging to food and accommodation, it springs from that implanted instinct of self-preservation inherent in all living creatures. It is thus essential to existence, by leading to the sustenance of the frame; and conducive to enjoyment, by urging man, through the several periods of life, to seek the advantages and pleasures peculiar to each.

Desire is, in such services, an equally useful and agreeable emotion, by judicious regulation conducing greatly to pleasure and to profit; but falsely indulged, unrestrained, or misdirected, desire becomes an active agent in the production of misery, and the execution of crime.

By restraining the desires of children, we tacitly express our conviction of the necessity for restraint. The reasons given for the restrictions we impose, that we do so to prevent disappointment and heighten enjoyment, forcibly declare our belief, that undue desires induce the chance of mortification, and immoderate indulgence leads to satiety.

The proper duty of desire is gently to agitate the soul,

and preserve the feelings from stagnating into apathy. As life abounds with changeeful events, and the earth is prodigal of novelty and beauty, desires serve to feed the soul with fresh accessions of gratification: for the moment an object is desired, a fresh impulse is given to feeling, a new charm to existence. In the pursuit of the desired good, many lively faculties are employed, and many delightful emotions excited. Let but reason control desire, and direct and regulate its indulgence, and it will only lead to pleasure and advantage. As all human beings have reason, all have the capacity of regulating their desires.

Desire is a mere intellectual conception, without any power of compelling to any attempt for its fruition, and as totally under the subjection of the reason as the limbs are under the government of the will; desires may involuntarily arise, but cannot urge to words and actions without the permission of the will. We may have spontaneous evil wishes, but we cannot perform involuntary evil deeds. If reason checks desire, however potent and spontaneous it may be, it will fade away, and leave no external trace of its having ever existed, and the soul will recover the state in which it subsisted before the existence of the annihilated desire; but allow desire to cause action, and we give it permanence and form; we make it a positive source of good or evil, of pleasure or pain, of virtue or vice.

But surely the indulgence or the annihilation is a matter of choice? The direction to right or wrong a point of free selection? If this is allowed, (and who can deny it?) we not only see how useful and pleasurable is the implanted emotion of desire, but how perfectly we are masters of it.

HOPE.

The most delicate and joy-dispensing form of desire is hope. Hope not only implies an existing wish, but a soothing anticipation that that wish shall be realized. Born with man, it accompanies him through every period of life, and quits him only when its presence is no longer required; quits him with life, when hope is swallowed up in fruition. It has been observed, that desire without hope is the punishment awarded to souls in a state of purgatory, in the celebrated poem of Dante.

— “Sol di tanto offesi,
Che senza speme vivemo in desio.”

Inferno, Canto iv.

Milton also assigns the same punishment to his fallen angels, who are hurled into

“Regions of wo, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, *hope never comes*
That comes to all.”

Paradise Lost, Book i. line 66.

All other emotions are controlled by events; hope alone remains for ever buoyant and undecayed, under the most adverse circumstances, “unchanged, unchangeable.” Causes that affect with depression every other emotion, appear to give fresh elasticity to hope. No oppression can crush its buoyancy; from under every weight it rebounds; amid the most depressing circumstances, it preserves its cheering influence; no disappointments can annihilate its power, no experience can deter us from listening to its sweet illusions: it seems a counterpoise for misfortune, an equivalent for every endurance. Who is there without hope? The fettered prisoner in his dark cell, the diseased sufferer on his bed of anguish, the friendless wanderer on the unsheltered

waste; each cherishes some latent spark of this pure and ever-living light. Like the beam of heaven, it glows with indestructible brilliance, to the heart of man what light is to his eye, cheering, blessing, invigorating.

So pure are the aspirations of this delightful emotion, that though they may lead to disappointment, they can never lead to crime. Desire may conduct to folly and guilt, fear may degenerate into cowardice and treachery, courage may rush into presumption and crime, but the soothing delusions of hope can tend to no such ignoble or culpable results. It seems, indeed, too pure a sentiment to exist where the harsher passions reign; and we can scarcely suppose it to inhabit the bosom of the heinously wicked.

FEAR.

It may seem strange to class the emotion of fear as one highly valuable and beneficial; but our surprise will cease, when we reflect what is the true purpose for which fear is implanted in the mind. The instinct of self-preservation, perceptible in all living creatures, is found powerfully active in the breast of man; the objects and events that threaten to shorten or injure life, he is therefore very earnest to avoid. Hence, a rational fear, healthfully operating, teaches him, with intuitive precision, what to shun and what to pursue. It is this preservation from evil that is the legitimate service of fear. The boldest man feels a certain portion of fear, when he hears the roaring of a lion, or sees himself exposed to any other great impending peril; but though fear thus forewarns him of danger, it does not act, in a well-poised mind, to bid him always shun it. Courage, also an implanted feeling, is roused by the same objects, and urges its possessor bravely to meet the peril, the approach of which fear has indicated. But when this innate

courage is not animated to overmaster or elude the danger fear has foreboded, (for to have presence of mind successfully to elude peril when impossible to be overmastered, is as great an effort of courage, as to overmaster it when it is possible to conquer it,) then fear is no longer a serviceable emotion, for it is no longer under the influence of reason, but degenerates at once into cowardice, that contemptible form of fear, which is appalled at trivial hazards, and is the expression of a feeble and ill-poised mind.

Fear, therefore, when performing its legitimate service, warning from evil, is a desirable passion; it is only when suffered to degenerate into cowardice, that it becomes hurtful and despicable. Fear, in its natural duty, is by no means a severely painful emotion; indeed it is then so transient, that it has no time to make any profound infliction: for the glowing sense of implanted courage is aroused so immediately after the first sensation of fear, in all well-regulated minds, that it quickly supplants and dissipates every painful degree of oppression. The sentiment of courage is so highly animating and elevated, that it cannot fail of being also pleasurable; thus it soon causes a painful, to give place to a gratifying emotion.

COWARDICE.

Since cowardice is as distressing as it is despicable, we cannot be too careful to guard against its dominion; and this cannot be better done, than by early strengthening our reason to combat with its approaches. Reason sanctions a limited and healthful fear, but it reproaches us whenever we allow this fear to sink into pusillanimity. The moment our reason reproves us, we may be sure we are beginning to err: to stop in the beginning of deviation, is easier than to attempt it after a prolonged course of error. We ought,

therefore, to give our reason every power over our passions; to accustom ourselves early to reflect on the real importance of the events that occur around us; not to take alarm at the first view of any object, but gain by habit sufficient self-possession to wait till the first impressions are over, ere we pronounce how far they ought to affect us. Many persons profess great horror at the sight of blood, and declare themselves incapable of sustaining the view of its effusion. Yet such persons have reasoned themselves into a very firm capacity, of not only enduring the sight, but the sensation of exuding blood. Others again talk of the impossibility of looking upon a suppurated wound, or beholding broken limbs. Now that the horror occasioned by such sights can be overcome, is proved by the number of feeling practitioners in surgery, whose tenderness is often only surpassed by their skill, as also by the fortitude of the feebler sex, who bravely sustain not only the view of such calamities, but who themselves bear with calmness the appalling operations often subsequent to them.

It should seem, therefore, that fear can be reasoned with. In other words, that reason, defined by Mr. Hume as the calm affections, has an evident power over the wild passions. Setting aside the motive of doing so for the benefit of our fellow creatures, we find we must do so, if we would preserve our own dignity and happiness.

The senses are powerful instruments to counteract the misleading suggestions of fear.

Our sense may, indeed, when singly exerted, be the very agent of fear, as the hand falling in the dark on a cold substance, the eye catching the glimpse of an object at an un-touchable distance, the ear catching sounds from an unseen cause. But let the senses be exerted together, and they will prove excellent rectifiers of each other's mistakes,

Thus when an object is imperfectly beheld, let the touch ascertain its nature; or when the ear is startled with strange sounds, let them be followed, and their source ascertained by the sight. Thus considered, viewed, touched, it is wonderful how the objects clothed by fear in terrific forms, shrink into comparative insignificance. For never can that busy power, imagination, be more quickly or more potently roused into action, than at the instigation of fear. I remember hearing or reading of a gentleman falling in the dark into a deep pit, how deep he could not tell, for as he had caught himself by a beam which hung across its mouth, his feet had not touched any bottom. In this situation he remained many hours, in a state of the most exquisite suffering, his alarmed imagination depicting an immeasurable depth, a bottomless well, a rocky den below, to receive him, the moment his hands relaxed from their hold. Morning at length dawned, and he found himself in a shallow clay pit, the bottom of which was within a yard of his pendent feet. Here, then, there was no peril; an alarmed imagination was the sole cause of his terrors, and nothing was to be regretted but that he had not the *means* of using any one of his senses. His reason might have been of some use, had he fairly allowed its deductions. He might have considered what was most probably the character of the excavations in such a place, &c. But under his peculiar circumstances, this slumber of reason may be excused.

IMAGINARY TERRORS.

So it is, that fear, once permitted to seize on the imagination, soon causes it to conjure up every possible and impossible form of danger and horror. Be the apprehended evils, thus irrationally dreaded, real or fancied, the terrors to which they give birth are palpably true. It is no useless

question to determine, whether those exaggerated terrors are not more severe in the endurance, than the greatest real suffering "that flesh is heir to,"—another proof that it is unwise to yield to the dominion of fear.

Whatever then is the anticipated calamity, be it peril in the embattled plain, or from the assassin's dagger, in the raging elements of winds and waters, in bodily or mental trials, even in death itself, a sober and rational contemplation of their probable occurrence, of their real magnitude and importance when occurring, will greatly tend to lessen their otherwise overwhelming influence.

With children, the necessity of correcting the delusions of fear by the test of the senses, cannot be too early or too forcibly inculcated. The custom of reasoning with themselves on every occasion of alarm; of approaching, touching, viewing the objects that cause that alarm, will induce habits of self-possession and firmness, highly beneficial to the preservation of their dignity and their tranquillity. The preposterous tales of folly, and the criminal artifices of cunning, have long been exploded from the nursery. Infants are no longer made to tremble at the "Black dog in the chimney," or "The little bird in a corner." Of these things indeed they have never heard. But solitude and darkness are still invested with their ancient rights of baby government; and to be put into a dark or a lonely chamber continues, even in these enlightened times, the threat of the mother and the nurse. But how barbarous is it thus to render half of the twenty-four hours a period of dismay to the palpitating heart of infancy! It is even yet more cruel, and by many degrees more mischievous, to unite the idea of solitude with danger. Solitude, the nurse of wisdom and of virtue! How often have such early associations led to a distaste for private study and retirement, and ulti-

mately to the greater evils, which spring from the love of promiscuous society.

Indeed too much pains cannot be taken to protect the youthful understanding from the over-weaning dominion of this afflicting emotion;—there is no avenue by which severer suffering can reach the mind. We have heard of persons who have lost their senses from a terrific fright; and the ingenious Miss Joanna Baillie has founded one of her tragedies on the authenticated fact of an individual expiring under the torturing sensation of fear. Fear not only magnifies evil, but creates it; not only exaggerates danger, but incurs it. In many cases, it is its own victim, producing the sufferings it endures—sufferings, sometimes severe beyond calculation. The terrors arising from a guilty conscience, the horrors of anticipated chastisement for committed crime, probe the soul with yet keener pangs; keener, because the impositions of voluntary guilt are ever found to be the most unbearable.

SUICIDE.

If the foregoing remarks are just, cowardice is a degenerate expression of fear, the offspring of a weak or a wicked mind. In no instance is this contemptible emotion more obvious, and more to be reprobated, than when it dictates the most impious and enormous crime that deforms humanity. This definition will sufficiently explain that I am speaking of the crime of suicide. I know that there are writers of the most eminent talents that have given a diametrically opposite cause for the commission of this heinous sin, that have announced it as the effect of courage, and have declared the contrary opinion to be common-place and untrue. What a dreadful misapplication of terms! What a dangerous attack on a long received opinion;—an opinion

that, no doubt, has often acted as a check to the commission of this awful crime. Represent the act of suicide as magnanimous, and instantly one curb upon the disorderly passions is removed—even an incitement to desperation is thereby offered. For on all minds, most especially on weak minds, public opinion acts with considerable force. To recall, therefore, the misguiding sentiments of Roman heroism, in an age in which Christianity has long established a code so much more pure and rational, is, to say the least of it, mischievous, if not impious.

But is the assertion tenable? Can that man be called brave, who shrinks from trials and vicissitudes? Can he be deemed magnanimous, who cuts short the thread of life because he is irritated by its entanglement? Can he be pronounced brave, who eludes adversity, only to throw it with added weight upon the sharers of his fortune? Upon parents, wife, children, friends! These, miserable before, are rendered doubly so by this accession of misery and disgrace. Can he deserve applause, who thus “oppresses the oppressed?” Ought he to be praised as valiant, who evades the penalty his folly or his vices have incurred, by a deed still more culpable?

It has been argued, that he who allows the amputation of a limb is heroic, and that the same reasoning is applicable to the suicide who dares one brief pang to elude prolonged suffering:—without pausing to consider, whether the pains braved by the self-murderer are likely to be brief, whether any affirmation in morals or religion sanction such a belief. The propriety of the first position cannot be allowed. It is not the mere submitting to the amputation that is courageous, but the manner in which it is borne. It may be necessary to lose a limb to preserve existence. Under such an alternative, surely the most timid would not hesi-

tate to prefer the little to the great evil? But where is the mighty magnanimity of incurring a smaller, to elude a greater share of suffering? If the cases are analogous, the conclusion must be similar. The man that destroys himself does so to escape from suffering,—he chooses one brief pang, instead of many protracted ones. Is this the act of a brave heroic mind?*

One other point of difference, in these alleged similar cases, I must also be allowed to remark. Whoever submits to a necessary operation, does so in the expectation of being restored to his place in society, and of being again in some measure conducive to the welfare of his fellow creatures. Here is a positive benefit conferred by the brave self-devotion of the individual. Instead of continuing helpless and burdensome, he becomes, if not an useful member of society, no longer a troublesome charge upon his friends. But what advantage does the suicide confer on society? He takes from it the labour of a pair of hands, the exertions of a mind, the kindness of a heart; and perhaps leaves to its pity, a burdensome family, who in him lose their only natural protector. Here positive evils are entailed by the self-murderer. Even the benefit of example cannot be said to accrue. He does not warn from evil, but rather offers a precedent for guilt, and makes crime more familiar.

SUPERSTITIOUS TERRORS.

There is yet another form of fear, which in all its modifications is pregnant with mischief;—superstition, in other

* “The Chinese are declared to be the most timid people on the face of the earth; yet it is said that suicide by both sexes, occurs more frequently among them than in any other country.”—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*.

words, false devotion, acts on the mind through the emotion of fear. All the images it presents are terrific, all the anticipations it incites are appalling. It depicts a religion shrouded with horrors, and governs the heart by subduing the reason. When once the mind has admitted the entrance of superstition, it becomes the immediate slave, and the final victim of over-wrought fear: for by no other weapon does superstition attempt to govern. How dreadful then must be the state of those subjected to its dominion! How carefully ought its first invasion to be shunned! Happily—the good sense of the present age is rapidly exterminating the few remaining vestiges of this deluding bigotry; and it is delightful to observe, that as nations emerge from ignorance into civilization and intelligence, they quit the false and profess the true religion;—a striking proof, that that religion will, better than any other, bear the investigation of the wise and learned.

COURAGE.

Though it requires a little consideration to discover the benefits conferred by fear, without taking a moment for reflection, we pronounce the emotion of courage to be highly serviceable and agreeable. The sensations with which a brave mind meets the perils and vicissitudes of life, we can all pronounce to be eminently gratifying and elevating.

Courage, as exhibited in its most popular sense, in the daring of the warrior, is no doubt a sentiment of peculiar energy. It urges him through every form of peril, blinds him to the proximity of danger, and renders him almost insensible to the blow that wounds, and the death-stroke that closes his career.

But delightful and imposing as are the efforts of martial valour, they do not comprise all the occasions on which

courage can be exerted. The events of peaceful and private life present various and numberless opportunities for its appropriate display.

It can be displayed by the calumniated and the unfortunate, amid the disgrace of false accusation, and under the pressure of misfortune, giving dignity to the language of vindication, and ennobling the obscurity of misfortune. It can be exhibited by the sick, in the magnanimous endurance of disease, and the patient sustainment of bodily pain. In age, it can rescue infirmity from contempt; in poverty, raise the unrepining into respect. Amid the affliction of broken ties, disappointed affections, it claims for the brave uncomplaining mourner the tribute of pity and esteem.

Thus extensive, its influence in aiding the spirit boldly to surmount, or heroically to endure vicissitude, its power in animating the prosperous and successful must be no less bounded. It acts like a secret spring to the soul, not only causing its elasticity, but largely bearing the incumbent weight.

Courage is equally the meed of the victorious and the vanquished warrior. Chance, personal strength, and the interference of others, may procure conquest: but failure can be rendered honourable only by the conduct of the discomfited. As the victor may stain his wreath of glory by acts of folly and presumption, the vanquished may gild his fetters by traits of fortitude and magnanimity. How many have been the occasions, when the public esteem and approbation have been withheld from the conqueror, and lavished on the conquered. Who has not given his warm preference to Leonidas, vanquished and slain in the midst of his valiant band of Spartans? Who has not felt a sentiment of profound contempt for the boasting and triumphant Xerxes?

Seneca and Nero, the victim and his murderer, both died

a violent death. But how different are the sentiments with which we view the closing scenes of their lives. Seneca heroically meeting his end, undismayed and unshaken: Nero, with dastard procrastination, first attempting to avoid, then to postpone his death, and at last expiring, miserably mangled by his own trembling hands, which, unequal to the effort, were aided by the more determined arm of his slave.

Though the occasions of high heroic daring seldom occur but in the history of the great, the less obtrusive opportunities for the exertion of private energy are continually offering themselves. With these, domestic scenes as much abound as does the tented field. Pain may be as firmly endured in the lonely chamber, as amid the din of arms. Difficulties can be manfully combatted,—misfortunes bravely sustained,—poverty nobly supported,—disappointments courageously encountered. Thus courage diffuses a wide and succouring influence, and bestows energy apportioned to the trial. It takes from calamity its dejecting quality, and enables the soul to possess itself under every vicissitude. It rescues the unhappy from degradation, and the feeble from contempt.

Courage, like every other emotion, however laudable in its pure form, may be allowed to degenerate into a faulty extreme. Thus rashness, too often assuming the name of courage, has no pretensions to its merit. For rashness urges to useless and impossible efforts, and thus produces a waste of vigour and spirit, that, properly restrained and well directed, had achieved deeds worthy to be achieved. Rashness is the exuberance of courage, and ought to be checked, as we prune off the useless though vigorous shoots of shrubs and trees.

TRUTH.

Truth is the basis of all virtue. No character can be deemed honourable, or even respectable, in which truth does not form, or is not supposed to form a part. Thus necessary to the good repute of the world, it is equally essential to ensure us our own respect, and protect our own happiness. It is strange that the definition of a quality so eminently valuable should be so loose and vague; and, that while all men so energetically announce their veneration for truth, so many are perpetually violating her laws.—The fact is, that the latter is the natural consequence of the former error. We do not form a sufficiently precise notion of the nature of truth. We allow that it is, to speak of things as they are, or have been; but at the same time that we make this acknowledgment, we indulge in certain additions, omissions, and alterations, which, though trivial, and made without any intention of deception, do often most materially change the character of the things or events we describe, and leave an impression on the hearer, very different from what the ungarbled fact would have done. We are often aware that we have done so, nay, when speaking under the influence of prejudice, we feel at the time that we are doing so; yet boldly pursue our narrative, and should be both surprised and offended at its close, if our auditors were to question the precision of our description. How boundless would be our indignation were they to pronounce us falsifiers! we should most probably, though self-convicted, add a fresh falsehood to those already carelessly incurred, by asserting our accuracy. This detail may at first sight appear incompatible with the apparent frankness and truth of general conversation; but if we very closely investigate the description of circumstances, the repetition of speeches,

the delineation of objects, given in common chit-chat, we shall find abundant proof of the carelessness, to say no worse, of general speakers.

The universality of such practices may perhaps be urged as an excuse for their admission; and because every body takes the liberty of deviating from correctness, it may be argued that such innovations are always supposed, and therefore do not produce the effect of falsehood,—deception. Even were this true, I do not see, because error is universal, that it therefore ceases to be error, or that custom can authorize it, and make wrong, right. But do we not deceive ourselves in denominating all such license of speech, innocent and harmless? In my opinion, the very reverse is the fact, and it is my strong conviction of the unlimited mischiefs caused by inaccurate representation that has urged me to enter very fully on the subject.

We can scarcely look into any social or domestic circle, but we find some coldness or dissensions subsisting among some of its members. I will be bold to say, that in nine cases out of ten, such coldness, and such dissention, have arisen from false representations of the words and actions of the parties, acquired through some mutual friend or acquaintance. I do not mean to say, that such misrepresentations have been always intentionally caused, for I believe them most generally to originate from those habits of lax and thoughtless relation into which many people allow themselves to fall. It seems particularly vexatious, that the general respect paid to truth, should in part cause this mischief; and yet so it is, for we appear implicitly to rely upon the accounts given us, however at variance with our own opinion, and our own judgment, even when in opposition to our previous experience. This ready credence should appear to be caused from so great a regard for veracity, that

we cannot presume to question its guiding the minds of every one with whom we confidentially converse.

We see in an instant the immense importance of acquiring and inculcating habits of the strictest truth. Whatever so essentially tends to the concord and felicity of society, it must be of momentous consequence to cherish and promulgate. No idea can be formed of the important effect such habits would produce. The most perfect confidence would not be the least of its benefits, and the most perfect inward tranquillity. For no species of deception can be practised without causing vexation and trouble to the practiser, and many a cheek has blushed, and many a heart palpitated at the apprehended or realized detection of mistakes and exaggeration in common conversation. Exaggeration is but another name for falsehood: to exaggerate, is to pass the bounds of truth; and how can those bounds be passed, without entering upon the precincts of falsehood. There can be but a true or a false representation. There can be no medium; what is not true, must be false.

Were there no other reasons, but those already adduced, to demonstrate the immense value of truth, we could not too sedulously impress on the young mind the necessity for veracity to be observed in every word that is spoken. It is easy to explain, to the most youthful apprehension, how much good to others, and how much pleasure to themselves, must accrue from such a system. Nor do I see, but that it is quite as easy to explain that nothing but sorrow to others, and shame to themselves, can spring from a contrary cause. There is a strange maxim that has in some manner crept into common use, for the admission of which one cannot readily account:—"Truth must not be spoken at all times." Its intended meaning must be, that when the speaking of truth is likely to give pain, or cause mischief, it is

better to be silent. But there is another meaning, and one equally obvious and feasible, that may be attached to it, or rather drawn from it, viz. "if truth must not be always, falsehood must be sometimes spoken." A sentence that can bear such a mischievous construction, had better be exploded altogether.

Thus far we have only considered the ill consequences attending falsehoods incurred by carelessness, without having any positive or malignant intention to deceive: if so wide-spreading the evils resulting from this, the least culpable species of deception, what enormity of guilt must be attached to the deliberate and malignant liar. I make no apology for inserting this coarse expression, the real name of all bad things must be offensive.* It is by giving them gentle and polished terms that we make them more easily used in conversation, and thus the ear is rescued from being offended, at the expense of the understanding being deluded by plausible misnomers. Persons flatter themselves that under the title of mistakes, exaggerations, allowable licenses of fancy, &c. &c. the widest departures from truth are sanctioned; but it cannot be too often repeated, that it is what we *are*, not what we *seem* to be, that is of importance to our happiness, and to our reputation. That exposure does not immediately follow deception, is no assurance that the moment of detection never will arrive,—is no assurance that our duplicity is not secretly and strongly suspected. Even while escaping public reprobation, are we escaping

* In fact, it is the meaning of the words, and not the word itself, that is offensive. Who shrinks from saying, or hearing others say, to lie down, to lie still, lying asleep, lying awake; but use the words as expressive of falsehood, and so disgusting are the ideas conjured up, that every ear shudders at their sound, every lip avoids their utterance.

suffering! There is an inward monitor, that is never more busy or more probing than when the sacred laws of truth are violated. It is little consolation to elude public censure, whilst our hearts, however secretly, are profoundly wounded. It is little to preserve the apparent respect of society, whilst we feel we deserve its disdain,—whilst we feel we possess our own.

How many are the humiliations and miseries inevitably incurred by falsehood:—the downcast eye, that dreads to meet the open glance of friend or foe: the uncontrollable blush, that will unbidden rise to contradict the faltering accents of the trembling lips: the confusion of mind, that cannot be governed, and forbids the facile and prompt arrangement of the delusive tale we wish to tell: the necessity incurred by telling one lie, of telling many more to uphold that one. What wretchedness and shame must attend such laborious duplicity, crowned with that ever-present and pre-eminent anguish, the dread of detection. How different is this train of feeling, from that which glows in the bosom of truth:—the open unshrinking eye, that fears no glance, shuns no observation: the cheek unblanched by fear, unreddened by shame: the firm voice, unbroken by quivering lips: the clear pure mind, readily giving up the simple facts stored in its memory: a bosom tranquil and undismayed, at peace with itself and all the world. Who is there; that for any consideration this rich globe could offer, would be the former character, when he has it in his power to be the latter?

Of the public estimation in which truth is held, we have numerous examples. Every one can enter into the animating, the delightful emotion, with which Petrarch must have received the gratifying tribute of public applause, when, on his appearing as witness in a cause, and ap-

proaching the tribunal to take the accustomed oaths, he was informed, that such was the confidence of the court in his veracity, he would not be required to take any oath—his word was sufficient.

Such a moment of pre-eminent and exquisite joy is attainable to every human being; and those young people, who will resolve tenaciously to adhere to accuracy in every word they speak, may be assured that they will not pass through life without receiving testimonials of respect and admiration from every one acquainted with them, and may, under some circumstances or other, meet with public homage, as profound as that enjoyed by the Italian poet.

Was not the praise bestowed on Petrarch a tacit avowal, that veracity such as his was very rarely known? Nothing can be more easy than to speak truth; the unwise, the poor, the ignoble, the youthful, can all equally practise it. Nothing can be more difficult than to speak falsely; the wise, the rich, the great, the aged, have all failed in their attempts. It would be an easy road to distinction to be pre-eminent in an adherence to truth. We could enumerate many besides Petrarch, who have acquired respect by it among their fellow-citizens, and celebrity in the page of history. Can there be offered a more obtainable, a more gratifying, a more noble object of emulation to the youthful heart?

Honesty, fidelity, integrity, may each and all be deemed various forms of truth. Honesty denotes probity in pecuniary arrangements, and sincerity in avowing sentiments and in making professions. Fidelity implies faithfulness in attachments, and exactness in fulfilling promises. Integrity expresses uprightness of intention, and steadiness of conduct. Truth is evidently the parent of these virtues, since the characteristic of each is not to deceive; not to cheat a

creditor, nor make false protestations; not to deceive a friend, nor break a promise; not to delude by the assumption of false motives for a particular line of conduct, nor by a vacillating mode of behaviour.

In considering the virtue of truth, and painting out its power of conferring dignity and happiness, I have at the same time pretty fully commented on the effects of its opposite quality, falsehood, in producing shame and misery. I shall not, therefore, any further investigate this latter despicable vice. The general contempt and abhorrence it incurs sufficiently speak its condemnation. I have now only to remark, that there is no danger of any extreme in truth. Most, if not all other virtues, may be indulged, till they touch on the confines of their opposite vice. But no such risk can be hazarded by the professors of truth.

JUSTICE.

Justice is the fundamental principle of every duty, as truth is the basis of every virtue. Justice, indeed, appears in many respects to be similar in its bearings to truth. It gives clear and simple rules of conduct, it is incompatible with every species and every degree of deception; and ought to govern every opinion that is given, and every sentiment that is expressed. It may with safety be pronounced, that where justice is not known, no virtue can exist.

Justice is the attribute of the Deity, that most conspicuously guides the events of life, and seems eminently to have directed the formation of all created things. It commands that certain effects should follow certain causes, that punishment should requite delinquency, and satisfaction attend merit. But as the course of worldly affairs sometimes denies this retributive system its full scope on earth, justice

implanted within the human soul a power that should faithfully and unceasingly pronounce her fiat, and equipoise outward evils by an internal sense of reward. Conscience, the voice of God within us, was placed to counterbalance the fallacy of earthly decisions; to speak peace to the falsely maligned; to inflict chastisement on the falsely applauded.

As a rule of action, justice produces emotions of calm and steady satisfaction. However popular censures assail, however associates scorn, or enemies reprobate us, if without self-delusion, we feel the propriety and equity of our conduct, public reprehension and disdain are powerless to wound our peace or dignity. The innate sense of justice serves as a shield, on which such darts rebound innoxious.

“Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, (though locked up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corroded.”

Shakspeare.

The fulfilment of the duties enjoined by a strict sense of justice, sometimes demands severe sacrifices, and requires eminent exertion.

It was this high but stern sentiment, which urged Manlius to sentence his gallant son to death. It was the dictates of this principle that fortified the spirit of Junius Brutus to condemn his children to the scourge and the block; that enabled him to look with an unshrinking eye upon the sufferings of the lacerated youth; and though the struggles of parental love paled his cheek, and blanched his quivering lips, no word, no action, denoted the slightest indecision. Severe as must have been these trials, no doubt the noble virtue which guided, sustained these heroic Romans. The whispers of their own conscience, and the applause of a

great nation, must have tended to console and reward them for so awful a sacrifice on the shrine of justice.

It is not often that man is called upon to give proofs so severe of his love of justice. But smaller sacrifices are not unfrequently required:—the sacrifice of personal convenience, of wealth, of family aggrandizement, of private feeling, of favourite plans and opinions.

As conduct cannot be regulated by a higher principle than justice, such sacrifices may be fearlessly, and ought to be cheerfully made when demanded. There ought to be no hesitation when we are called upon to perform a simple act of justice; the only point of difficulty is, to decide whether it is truly so; and the rights of justice are so plain and direct, that very seldom must any difficulty occur on this head.

These rights and laws cannot be too strongly and accurately marked. It is not rare to find mankind making great mistakes in drawing their limits, and confounding what they wish to do, with what they ought to do. But though the line may be misconceived, it is not therefore difficult to be precisely marked; and indeed of all the rules of conduct, the laws of justice are, perhaps, the most clear and evident.

To have so certain and safe a guide to direct us through the intricacies of life, is no small good; since by steadily obeying its dictates, not only is the peace and welfare of society promoted, but individual dignity and individual tranquillity preserved. As truth ever readily and clearly directs the words that should be spoken, and thereby saves us from every risk of shame, of peril, and of guilt; so justice is equally prompt to guide our actions, and to secure to us a self-conviction of uprightness, and the esteem of the world. Never; therefore, can the young too cautiously avoid all

misleading views on this subject. They may be assured that the laws of justice are so evident, and so simple, that the moment much ingenuity and much argument are used to bias opinion, that moment is lost sight of, and some base imposition is to supply her sacred place. Never perhaps did human talent and human energy so debase itself, in making the worse appear the better cause, in wilfully misapplying the title of justice to a system of the most pitiful and audacious artifice, than by that strange sect, the Jesuits. The ingenious and witty letters of Paschal, so much approved by readers of every class, expose this iniquitous system in all its hideous deformity; and it is as much as the mind can allow, that such shameless and obvious chicanery could for a moment be allowed to pass for reasoning, so criminal and open a disregard of all that is generally valued and respected, should be accepted as holy commandments and rules of life. But the fact was, that the system of the Jesuits flattered the follies and indulged the vices of the great and the opulent; and these therefore cloaked themselves under the license of a creed which they never could have believed.

I do not know whether the perusal of "The Provençal Letters" might not prove useful in distinctly and powerfully marking what is not to be done. The derelictions from duty are there shown in so striking a point of view; the wretched sophistry, used to reconcile the guilty to guilt, and lead the innocent to crime, are there so palpably detected and exposed; that, as some books are given to teach us what is right, this book might be recommended, as pointing out what is wrong. Many acts, faultily deemed venial, may there be seen held up in their true colours, and the mind may be thence led to reflect more deeply and more justly. It may be thence drawn to scan its thoughts more closely,

and to intrench itself more firmly against the innovations of cunning and sophistry. It might thence learn, how possible is self-delusion; and, thus informed, more strenuously watch and guard its dictates.

Even without passing into the degree of mental depravity, and mental weakness, the admission of jesuitical reasoning must imply, it is very possible to be misled by our own blindness, and the deluding maxims occasionally heard in society, into serious mistakes.

To act in opposition to the laws of justice, when those laws are known, is a crime of such deep magnitude, as must inevitably conduct to misery and disgrace. Whoever therefore values his honour, or his tranquillity, will shun the smallest approach to such guilt. But there are lesser errors, which are allowed sometimes to deform the cause of an otherwise honourable life, and are falsely deemed of no importance. But it can never be too frequently or too earnestly repeated, that every deviation from right must be wrong, and that vice can never be justifiable, or honourable.

It is from loose and misleading sophistry, that such errors are admitted to creep into conduct. Thus the petty evils of injustice are entailed on society; the powerful make promises, which they never perform; the opulent incur debts, which they never discharge; the sentimental pronounce vows, which they never fulfil; the rights of property are misconceived, and the dues of charity improperly dissipated.

A certain help, or courtesy, or gift is promised; the promiser allows himself to believe, this may or may not be binding. Thus judging, he omits it, or forgets it; and whilst acquitting himself, is arraigned by the deceived individual as base and ungenerous. Money is lent, or goods given up on certain considerations, but these the borrower or purchaser deem mere matters of trade; and if he cannot

easily repay it, he considers his defalcation as one common to commerce, and pursues new schemes, careless of his first claims. Benefactions bestowed for the relief of poverty, are often partially, too often wholly, swallowed up in other expenditures, which the disbursers, with peaceful conscience, pronounce the general custom. Yet these several acts, view them as we may, are all positive acts of injustice; and though a certain mode of describing them renders the description less offensive, the fact remains the same, and the actors must feel twinges of self-accusation,—must expect to suffer secret reprobation and contempt.

Now as this suffering and disgrace may be avoided, why not preserve our honour and our happiness from even these small taints? not to say any thing of thus offending against morality and religion. It were better not to accept trusts, which we cannot faithfully discharge; better never give the joy of a promise, than risk the danger of its non-fulfilment. In short, any thing is better, than incurring the smallest chance of committing an act of injustice.

Easy as it may appear to ascertain the dues of justice, and imperative as we feel it to discharge them, how many persons unconsciously and inconsiderately infringe those rights! How many intentionally violate them! When certain demands are made, the propriety of which is acknowledged, if a choice of evading them with impunity is perceived, how often are they evaded. Suppose some service is performed, for which no explicit charge is made; the liberal may on the moment as much over-pay it, as the calculating, after a lapse of time, may underrate it. Either act is prejudicial to justice, for over-payment raises the price of the service to after employers, and under-payment is an act of positive injustice and cruelty to the employed.

Without intending any severity of remark, it may be

observed, how often the bequests made for charitable purposes are partially if not wholly devoted to far different uses, and this too by persons of credit and feeling, who, deceived by the idea of following established customs, are lending themselves to arrangements, which, if viewed with unbiassed judgments, they would disdain to sanction.

In settling the claims of kindred, friends, or society, upon our benevolence, how apt are we to be misled by our feelings; and instead of assigning every donation by the decision of justice, allow partiality to sway our conduct.

There is another form of injustice that wears so charming an aspect, that it is too often applauded as meritorious. This is, when generous gifts are bestowed by those who, while doing so, are permitting their debts to remain undischarged. But those who act in this manner, should be informed that they are giving what is not their own. For until they have paid all that is due to others, they cannot be said to have one shilling they can rightly call their own, consequently not one shilling to bestow.

To listen to misstatements of the actions and sentiments of the absent, knowing the facts, and not coming forward to explain mistakes and assert the truth, is another modification of injustice, that is not duly considered. But if it is wrong to withhold money due to others, it must be yet more culpable to decline bearing testimony to their merits and upright intentions.*

* "He, who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or, when attacked by others, don't defend;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And counts of prating petulance the praise;
Of things he never saw, who tells his tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal;
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His soul is black."—— *Horace, Satire iv. Book i.*

Thus it is, that in a thousand ways we are drawn into the commission of unjust actions, the smallest of which is dishonourable to our character; and besides paving the way to lax principles, and a false view of conduct, is certain to produce some painful sensations. Such deviations, however minute, cannot be too vigilantly avoided; and when unhappily incurred, cannot be too quickly or too earnestly expiated.

INDUSTRY.

“I measure life by life's employment.” *Barbauld.*

In speaking of the bodily functions, I have touched on the advantages of activity.—In our present inquiry into the benefits conferred by industry, I may repeat some of the remarks I have there made; but as such remarks can scarcely be too often urged, I will not apologize for the probable repetition.

Industry, in a multiplicity of ways, is conducive to the welfare of man. Many of these are so apparent, that they do not need enumeration. It is as much the preserver of bodily vigour, as the procurer of comforts and luxuries. As the judicious exertion of the senses improves their delicacy and perception, so the free exercise of the limbs increases their force and expertness. Without activity, the frame would soon lose its pliability and energy; and the frame once injured, the internal economy would become deranged and diseased. The animal system would be invaded by many an ache, and many an ailment; and the dependent mind would in its turn become the prey of weariness, discontent, and the long train of infirmities incident to unbraced nerves, stagnated blood, and relaxed fibres. The appetite would fail, and the spirits flag. Instead of acting in beautiful unison with each other, the several bodily functions

would embarrass and impede each other. The agreeable sensation of hunger would be no longer felt to be gratified. Where no intervention of labour occurred, the sweets of rest could not be tasted. The body, harassed, but not healthfully fatigued, would be no longer capable of enjoying the refreshment of sleep. To feverish restlessness, or dull inanition, succeeds disease. The disordered frame, gradually sickening, oppresses the vital powers. The mind, weakened and stupified, imbibes wild or gloomy ideas; the better faculties are crushed and curbed; and the whole man at last sinks beneath the undermining mischiefs of insidious sloth.

Is this a wretched picture?—Whilst we feel that though it is so, it is also a true one, let us gratefully remember, that such a state is not inevitable, but that it is one incurred from choice, and produced by voluntary permission. Reverse the picture; extirpate sloth, and in its place introduce activity, and how mighty is the difference!—The wand of Harlequin could never produce a more striking change.

Limbs strengthened by exercise, and sinews braced by exertion; every organ performing its legitimate duty, and kept in its appointed office. The blood circulated by motion, and the joints pliant from use. Disease repelled by internal vigour; appetite created by the calls of increasing strength; rest rendered welcome by previous labour; sleep become acceptable after busy working. The habit, free from the petty ailments entailed by sluggishness, no longer falls a prey to peevishness and irritation; and time employed, not wasted in murmurs and discontent. The temper, less tried by bodily infirmity and secret upbraidings, acquires equanimity. The spirits, unharassed by petty pains and plagues, rise to cheerfulness. The faculties, unimpaired by disease, unblunted by disuse, more vigorously expand. The

whole man, active, useful and happy, is enabled to resist the approaches of infirmity, sickness, and sorrow, to enjoy a vigorous old age, and to drop after a brief struggle his mortal frame, to soar with improved powers into a state of improved being.

This is no fanciful picture.—We rarely see health enjoyed, but by the active and industrious. We never discover regular cheerfulness and gaiety of spirits, but in the busy and occupied. We never hear of longevity, but in the lovers of exercise and employment.—It has been remarked in some of the public papers of the day, that no instance of long life ever occurred, in which the individual was not an *early riser*. If this be true, another proof is given of the advantage of activity and industry; since of course it must be the desire of occupation and exertion, that urges to the quittance of the downy pillow and the luxurious couch.*

Thus have we noticed the principal blessings attendant on activity, in a selfish and corporeal sense, consequently in a limited and inferior sense. But if we extend our views, and consider the beneficial effects of industry as relating to society, its importance will be more fully developed.

The comforts and embellishments of life are all procured by industry. To industry we are indebted for whatever can minister delight to the appetites and senses; whatever is necessary to shelter the body from the vicissitudes of seasons and climes; whatever is assisting to the improvement or the recreation of the mind.

In the simple but impressive words of the amiable Miss Talbot, "Industry makes the world look beautiful around

* In one sense, certainly, early rising lengthens life; for it is worthy consideration, that every hour daily gained by early rising, adds a month of thirty days (of twelve hours each day) to the year.

us ; it turns the barren wilderness into a fertile, pleasant land: and for thorns and thistles, plants the rose-tree and the vine, or sows the tender grass and useful corn."

Industry rears the splendid palace, and constructs the lowly cot. It imports the produce of distant countries, to increase the means of enjoyment; and exports home-products, to animate the exertions of labour and skill.—It spreads the illumination of science and literature, perfects the inventions of art, and embodies the emanations of genius;—feeds, clothes, instructs, and delights.

The pains and penalties inflicted by idleness are most powerfully displayed by the energetic pen of Dr. Johnson, in several papers of his admirable work, the Rambler. Although thus earnest in detecting and exposing the evils incident to sloth, he has declared "that no man loves labour for itself;" * and again, "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour." Though every sentiment uttered by this great man deserves to be respected, yet he assuredly often expressed very singular opinions, which, however ingeniously advocated, he could not seriously have believed to be correct. Those just quoted are perhaps of this kind. It is difficult so entirely to abstract the mere corporeal act of any occupation, from the attendant feelings under the impression of which it is performed. The mere act of digging, could it be performed without any relation to the motive or the aim, may not so truly cause pleasing emotions, as when coupled with the idea of the beauty or fertility about to be produced by it; but it seems difficult to imagine how a man can so labour, without looking to the end of his labour. Where there is any intellect, a human being must reflect upon the probable consequences of his actions; and

* Boswell's Life of Johnson.

where there is an imbecility of mind, which admits not of thought or reflection, it seems likely that the mere corporeal act of labour induces an agreeable sensation, a freer circulation of blood, a sense of vigour; the glow accompanying the moderate exertion of the limbs; add to which, the immediate view of the effects of the action, the earth freshly turned up, or smoothly levelled, or regularly trenched, must bestow a form of pleasure. Dr. Johnson himself furnishes a proof that seems to confirm, that man labours for pleasure, in the following anecdote, which he related to Boswell:—"An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their melting-days, and he would come and *assist them*; which he accordingly did. Here, sir, was a man, to whom the most disgusting circumstance in the business to which he had been used, was a relief from idleness." *

It may be very justly remarked, that this is a strong proof of the power of habit; but is it not, at the same time, a proof that man loves labour for itself? The tallow-chandler had no longer any pecuniary interest to be forwarded: the occupation itself must be, to those most used to it, if not disgusting, void of pleasurable sensations: he must then have worked for the love of labour. By merely superintending the business, he would have been relieved from the

* Perhaps the enforced indolence endured by prisoners, causes the severest suffering induced by the fetters and dungeons of captivity: for if idleness produces misery to the good, how severely chastising must it prove to the wicked; to those who desire to shun reflection and meditation.

pain of idleness, but he chose *to assist* in it, for the sheer love of labour.

It must be with extreme diffidence, that an obscure individual presumes to offer opinions opposing to those of such a man as Dr. Johnson, and the chances are that every such differing opinion so emanating is wrong. But in reflecting carefully upon a subject, it appears a breach of truth and fidelity not to express what is really thought; especially when, should the sentiment be just, the cause of happiness is promoted. For it sounds paradoxical to be told how fertile of misery and guilt is every state of indolence, and yet that the avocations that are to rescue us from this state are not in themselves pleasurable. We are indeed hereby warned from the evil, but we are at the same time rather warned from than incited to the means which are to preserve us from the evil.

That "man loves labour for itself," may also be argued upon this principle, that labour is necessary to our being; and in the beautiful ordination of Providence it is seen, that whatever is a necessary is a pleasurable exertion.

Even the labour of the mind must be accompanied with gratification, or how can we account for the numerous voluntary students and authors, who in every period of life, from early youth to latest age, devote themselves to the desk and the library? Those who so employ themselves for subsistence may be supposed to toil without pleasure, although it seems difficult to imagine, that even they do not find some degree of satisfaction in the useful if not honourable occupation of their mental faculties, in the consciousness of thereby insuring a maintenance, in the hope of deserving, if not fame, at least some credit for the humbler merit of innocently amusing their fellow-creatures. How is it possible to separate such feelings from the actual cor-

poreal effort from which they spring, and which they accompany? Nay, if it is ceded that the agreeable emotions above stated do attend upon labour, no further incentive can be required.

To minds of a higher cast, the exertion of talents and genius must be exquisitely delightful: were it not so, how seldom should we see a voluminous work completed. The hope of acquiring celebrity may stimulate to commencing, but would scarcely bear the mind through an elaborate composition, were the occupation painful, were it even negative, were it not positive gratification. Can any one doubt the high satisfaction experienced by Mr. Gibbon when writing his noble work! How repeatedly does he describe the happiness which he enjoyed during the many years he spent at his beloved Lausanne compiling his far-famed history!

The value of the intellectual faculties is ever willingly acknowledged, but they can have no value unless exerted. Like the precious metals, their worth is nothing unless drawn into use from their secret mine. Those who most sedulously employ their faculties may be said the best to enjoy them.

The labour of the hands, though in an inferior degree, must doubtless be productive of pleasure. In such efforts, also, we see willing labourers, men of fortune toiling in their gardens or laboratory, with their lathe, or their pencils: women of independent circumstances plying the needle, and other various implements of female industry. The many amusements all demand personal or mental exertion; the chase, cricket, billiards, chess, &c. The pleasure of these is not caused by success attending the pursuit, but positively from the efforts made in the pursuit. Since the vanquished chess player, or disappointed sportsman, not only delightedly recapitulates the toil he has endured, but keenly returns to its repetition.

Dr. Johnson has very ably proved, that a state of indolence is a state of pain, and though "reverse of wrong is not always right," yet the opposite to pain must be pleasure.* The penalties paid by sloth are sufferings in various forms; and we shall find medical men very ready to pronounce that most of the ailments sustained by the rich and luxurious, are primarily caused by habits of inaction; ailments that too often grow into formidable strength, and, under the broad title of "nervous diseases," sap the foundations of health and happiness.

Should it be urged, that the toil the poor undergo is too severe to be agreeable, it may be answered, that though this is sometimes the case, yet it ought to be considered, that what appears harsh and laborious to the higher classes, is met in the lower by frames inured to vigorous exertion, and limbs and sinews more firmly and strongly braced and knitted. These last possess another incentive that ameliorates their toil, the soothing consciousness that they owe their independence, and the power of supporting their nearest and dearest ties, to their industry; and sometimes a sense of their particular skill, hardihood, or promptitude, yields a secret exhilaration of spirit that must overpay the severer exertion they display. The cheerfulness with which all classes of labourers pursue their avocation, evinces how little they are at such times under the influence of care or vexation. The sociability of some of these employments may partly but not wholly account for this gaiety; for if distress really existed, it would be as easily expressed, and as contagious as mirth, and its communication would be as natural. That it is not the sociableness of avocation that causes the cheerfulness evinced by the busy labourer, may be known

* Since it is pronounced that the absence of pain is pleasure.

by the careless glee expressed by those who toil alone. Is not the merry song breathed by the sower in his lonely walk, the gay whistle sounded by the solitary woodman: does not the milk-maid sing, as she fills her foaming pail, and the cotter's wife carol as she turns her busy wheel? Besides the exhilaration actually attendant on the moments of employment, another good inevitably succeeds,—the zest which is thereby given to repose. The busy only may be said to taste the sweets of leisure truly; the few moments, or hours, that follow the periods of active industry being by them relished with a glee the perpetually idle can never know. How hard, that the very pleasures they most covet, and for which they give up every other, by that very concession, are deprived of the power of yielding enjoyment. Those engaged in a course of activity experience every pleasure in its turn heightened and endeared.

Sleep is also another sensual luxury of no mean importance, the perfect enjoyment of which can only be known to the busy and the active; and the luxurious will find that temperance and industry are in fact better purveyors of gratification, than indolence and self-indulgence.

I cannot conclude these remarks better than with an extract from the second discourse delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when President of the Royal Academy. Indeed the whole of this discourse inculcates, in an admirable manner, the necessity for perseverance and industry; and students of every class might read it with considerable advantage, whatever the course of study they are pursuing. The following remarks are full of good sense.

“There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle: I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great

talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour: nothing is to be obtained without it.

“Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature and essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of *natural powers*.”

Note.—The very modest paragraph by which the above quotation is preceded, I cannot resist transcribing, as a model for the young to think and act by.

“These instructions I have ventured to offer from my own experience; but as they deviate widely from received opinions, I offer them with diffidence; and when better are suggested, shall retract them without regret.”

The concluding maxim in that learned and ingenious work, “Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy,” offers the cure and the preventive for mental disease.

“Be not solitary—*Be not idle*.”

ECONOMY.

There is no virtue so unduly appreciated as economy, nor is there one more truly worthy of estimation; a neglect of economy eventually leads to every misery of poverty and degradation, not unfrequently to every variety of error and of crime. Dr. Johnson asserted, “that where there was no prudence, there was no virtue.” Of all the maxims pronounced by that great moralist, perhaps no one was more just or more instructive. Even in that branch of prudence that directs us to take cognizance of our pecuniary affairs, the propriety of this aphorism is very striking.

The progress of civilization has incurred a necessity of

barter and exchange as the mean of subsistence. Thus wealth, as the medium of acquiring all the comforts and all the luxuries of life, has obtained high consideration among mankind. Philosophers may therefore scoff as much as they please at the value placed upon riches, but they will never succeed in lessening the desire for their possession. When considered as the mean of enjoying existence in comfort, it must be seen that it is only by the judicious expenditure of wealth, that this end can be obtained. Avarice, (in other words the accumulation of money, without any proposed aim for the eventual disbursement of such accumulated wealth,) avarice is so despicable and so ridiculous a vice, that it is almost universally decried. The good sense of the age detects its folly, and the taste of the age opposes its encouragement. But, because to hoard without a motive is vicious, let it not be rashly pronounced, that to spend without limits is virtuous. All extremes are faulty, in no instance more strikingly so than in the one before us. Avarice is in itself a crime, inasmuch as it leads to many acts of injustice and cruelty: the miser often wringing from the poor and the powerless their hard-earned pittance by usurious exactions; often denying to those who have a claim upon his fortune, a mite to rescue them from wretchedness, perhaps from guilt. These are some of the sins incurred by avarice. Let us survey the evils caused by the prodigal. Instead of hoarding, he lavishly spends the wealth that falls into his hands. The largest fortune, the greatest resources, must fail under such profuse disbursement. Pass a few years, and the prodigal is pennyless. How few, under such circumstances, but, directly or indirectly, are guilty of injustice and cruelty. Debts unpaid, friends deceived, kindred deprived of a rightful inheritance;—such are the consequences of profusion, and are not such positive acts of

injustice and cruelty? Let those, therefore, who indignantly stigmatize the miser as a pest to society, and in a fancied honourable horror of miserly meanness are for showing their nobler spirit by running into an opposite extreme, reflect, that though different the means, how similar the results of profusion; how exactly conducting to the same crimes and miseries. The taste of the age is so much more friendly to prodigality; the lavish expenditure of wealth, by conducting to the gratification of society, is so often unduly applauded, that it is an extreme much more likely to be rushed upon. But when the real consequences of its indulgence are fairly and dispassionately surveyed, its true deformity will be quickly perceived.

Unhappily, the measures directed by economy are sometimes of a nature so similar in appearance to those dictated by avarice, that they are confounded with each other. We have only to reflect from what motives economy emanates, to demonstrate how widely it differs from avarice.

Economy may be defined as a just expenditure of wealth, and is as necessary to the honest and liberal disbursement of the largest as of the smallest income. But in the first case, the restrictions it imposes cause no external appearance: it acts with a secret influence, and the end is gained without the means being visible. But in a small and limited income, the regulations dictated by economy are obvious and intrusive, restraining every superfluity of food, apparel, and accommodation. Yet the motives and the aim are the same with the wealthy as the indigent economist, viz. to make the income cover the expenditure. If, therefore, the action is honourable in the noble, it must be equally so in the poor man.

But what are the motives that in every case urge to economy? We will recapitulate them. First, a desire honestly

to discharge every debt incurred; next, a wish to avoid being compelled to be thrown upon the bounty of others, and thereby running a risk of being burdensome to those already burdened; drawing from the funds of the prudent, or taxing the generosity of the benevolent. Third, an intention of laying up a sum for the season of sickness and infirmity; for the uses of an increasing family; for the wants of the poor and necessitous. Are any of these motives inimical to virtue; are they, or any of them, incompatible with the purest generosity? Are any of them such as a man need be ashamed to avow? Are they not rather all, such as any man ought to be proud to acknowledge?

But of what nature are the restrictions imposed by economy? We will inquire. To expend money, to diffuse wealth, is a pleasure to every rightly attuned mind, to every mind but that of the miser. To check, therefore, this natural inclination, to deny ourselves this delightful indulgence, is surely no mean effort of resolution. Is it not, in fact, pure disinterestedness, giving up a selfish pleasure? and wherefore give up a selfish pleasure, wherefore but from motives of justice? Thus then we have traced economy arising out of the noblest principle that can dignify the human soul,—justice; and exerting the purest virtue that can dignify or bless it,—disinterestedness.

In short, economy appears to induce the exertion of almost every laudable emotion; a strict regard to honesty; a laudable spirit of independence; a judicious prudence in providing for the wants; a steady benevolence in preparing for the claims of the future. Really we seem to have run the circle of the virtues;—justice and disinterestedness, honesty, independence, prudence, and benevolence.

Is there any system that induces a more splendid exhibition of virtues.

I have now only to beg your closest scrutiny of the remarks here hazarded: weigh them maturely; and if, as I believe, you will detect in them no fallacy, no sophism, I beseech you to lay them up in your mind as incontrovertible maxims. I do not thus presume on the correctness of my deductions, from any confidence in my own reasoning, but from a perfect conviction of the singleness of my subject, the obviousness of the truths here collected.

The young and ardent, aspiring to exert the most spirited and most elevated virtues, will find, (if my definition be correct,) that the sober sentiment of economy gives room for their display in the most brilliant and extended sense; and that however imposing may be the first actions of profusion, it is certain in the end to be compelled to the perpetration, or to cause the perpetration, of the meanest arts, if not the most guilty deeds. Whilst economy, founded on the less dazzling, but more intrinsic virtues, begins and closes its career in unblemished credit: in splendour, preserving splendour untarnished: in poverty, securing dignity untainted.

The mischief is, that economy is too often improperly used as synonymous to parsimony. Nothing can be more incorrect, for economy means the right spending of money, not the improper hoarding of it.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance, like industry, preserves the body in health and vigour, and like every other exerted virtue repays its exertion, by enhancing the limited pleasures it allows. Upon the most epicurean principles, therefore, it recommends itself to practice, although, as rational and accountable beings, its claims are enforced on higher ground. Surrounded as we are by innumerable sources of enjoyment, it is worse than folly to abuse the capacities we possess, by their undue

indulgence. To yield to excesses in the pleasures of the table, is indeed the grossest weakness into which humanity can sink. The very brutes in this respect give a lesson to man; for when do we hear of any animal, in a state of nature, being diseased by repletion? And what are the natural consequences of intemperance?—loss of health, of strength, of mental energy, of even the delicate perception of those senses and appetites, so wantonly depraved and enfeebled. The very intellects and affections, those noble sources of our purest and highest delights, are debased by the degrading influence of intemperance.

Insidious and imperceptible are the steps by which intemperance gains its dominion.

“ See, social mirth and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till quite transmogrified they’re grown,
Debauchery and drinking.”

BURNS.

When the appetite is indulged in luxuries and delicacies, the taste is vitiated, and all relish for simple and wholesome food ceases. Thus the means of refreshing and invigorating the frame are lost, and the foundation of diseases laid. The child who is allowed to be dainty in his choice of fare, is educating to become the epicure, who lives only to eat. Brutes are created for better purposes than mere selfish enjoyment, shall human beings sink beneath the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air, and reverse the command, “eat, to live.”

In childhood all habits are most easily acquired; by acquiring the habit of self-control in even the pleasures of the palate, the young are preparing for a power of self-government under stronger incitements. If the love of good eating be so inherent as to justify the assertion of Rousseau,

in his *Emilius*, "that all children are gluttons," it follows that the control of the appetite is no trifling merit. The young must not therefore deem such acts of self-denial worthless and insignificant, but rather estimate them as important duties, that are to lay the foundation of much of the virtue that dignifies human nature. The boy who curbs his appetite, or denies himself the indulgence of his capricious taste, will find himself in manhood best trained to control his passions.

The following paragraph in Mr. Gibbon's deservedly celebrated *History* is worthy the attention of young and old.

"The starving physicians of Arabia murmured a complaint, that exercise and temperance deprived them of the greatest part of their practice."

BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence is a kindly sentiment, that diffuses a pleasing influence on every social affection. It is but another word for charity, in its most enlarged sense, including sympathy, pity, candour, alms-giving. It implies whatever act ameliorates the distresses or heightens the joys of mankind. It is expressed by compassion to the poor, in bestowing money, advice, kindness, protection; by courtesy to the rich, in acts of friendly aid and counsel, in generous participation of the prosperity of our neighbours, in cheerful association with friends and acquaintance. The motives from which it acts are as pure as the deeds to which it prompts. It acts not from desire of fame, or public applause, neither from ostentation nor worldly cunning; not in anticipation of reward, not from the dictates of fashion or of policy. Benevolence has no alliance with such narrow motives; it acts from a spirit of kindness and brotherly love extending to all mankind; from enlarged views of philan-

thropy and Christian duty, from the dictates of pity and genuine sensibility. It considers all human beings as brethren, creatures of one common nature, liable to the same wants and imperfections, capable of the same merits, sensible of the same evils, travelling the same journey, exposed to the same dangers and vicissitudes. It accepts and bestows service with the same simplicity. The emotion of benevolence fosters every other amiable emotion, as it softens the asperities of unamiable dispositions. It not only shows itself in charity by acts, but by looks and words; not only bestowing alms on the needy and unfriended, but dispensing candid opinions, mild reproofs, and animating plaudits. It is ever willing to receive the fairest construction of the conduct of others, ever more ready to expatiate on merit than to exaggerate defect, willing to disclose excellence and to conceal error. It is prompt in silencing the tale of scandal, hushing the whispered calumny, blunting the edge of satire, and calming the violence of anger. It supposes as well as practises kindness. It has no ear for slander, no eye for rage, no lip for vengeance, no heart for hatred. It listens to candid suggestions alone, looks only mildness, speaks only gentleness, feels only good will: the peace-diffusing spirit of society!

With so many avenues to admit tranquillity, with so many barriers to exclude strife, the truly benevolent mind must revel in felicity. As the bee extracts honey from every flower, even from the blossoms of the meanest and most unlovely weed, so the benevolent mind discovers and draws some virtue from every bosom with which it associates. Thus the sweets it culls, while marking its generous industry, prove in the end a repaying hoard: Hence the benevolent have many friends, and few, if any, enemies; for there is a mildness, a humility, a frank gaiety, attendant on benevolence, that makes it win its easy way to the heart,

and without any assumption at honours and regard, ensures both. Thus doing and wishing well to all, and by all loved and regarded, the benevolent man passes happily through life.

Note.—We all know that to please others is to please ourselves; but perhaps we are not all equally aware of another fruitful source of gratification, and one, too, springing from apparently diametrically opposite principles. Yet I think it must be conceded, that we confer a favour on those whom we allow to favour us; in other words, that there is often more obligation caused by permitting ourselves to be obliged than by obliging others. I shall not readily forget the *gratitude* evinced by a poor man, on my allowing him to perform a small service for me gratuitously. Doubtless there is much gratification experienced in bestowing kindness or benefit. Hence those obliged, if they receive the service or the bounty complacently, by causing this agreeable sensation, in fact oblige the obliger. In social life we may repeatedly observe, how much the acceptance of favours endears the acceptor, and delights the donor; and, on the contrary, how often a rejection of presents, a refusal of services, offends and pains the proposer of them. All this is as it should be; for in the course of life we so often want the help, and courtesy, and tenderness of each other, that we cannot be too much incited to confer, and to accept assistance and kindness.

PATIENCE.

Patience has been defined as the “courage of virtue,”* the principle that enables us to lessen pain of mind or body; an emotion that does not so much add to the number of our joys, as it tends to diminish the number of our sufferings.

* St. Pierre.

If life is made to abound with pains and troubles, by the errors and the crimes of man, it is no small advantage to have a faculty that enables us to soften these pains, and to ameliorate these troubles. How powerful, and how extensive the influence of patience in performing this acceptable service, it is impossible to judge but from experience; those who have known most bodily pain can best testify its power. Impatience, in fact, by inducing restlessness and irritation, not only doubles every pang, and prolongs every suffering, but actually often creates the trials to be endured. In pains of the body this is the case, but more potently is it so in all mental infliction. The hurry of spirits, the ineffectual efforts for premature relief, the agitation of undue expectation, all combine to create a real suffering, in addition to what is inflicted by the cause of our impatience. How numberless are the petty disasters effected, the trivial vexations protracted by this harassing emotion. Wounds and bruises given to ourselves and others, by the trembling hand, and agitated movements of injudicious eagerness; those self-given wounds and bruises, rendered serious by the unwise measures resorted to for instant ease, or by refusal to submit to necessary operations; the loss of money, time, friends, reputation, by mistaken earnestness in pursuing violent schemes, in not pausing to reflect before decision, in urging disagreeable or unjust claims, in rushing into ill-concerted plans;—these, and such as these, are no uncommon consequences of impatience, and in the balance of good and evil form no small preponderance in the latter scale. “If trifles make the sum of human beings,”* (and who will be so rash as to deny the truth of this assertion,) it certainly is the part of wisdom, to curb a faculty that precipitates us into

* Mrs. H. More.

the accumulation of petty but harassing evils. It certainly is the part of wisdom to acquire a faculty that assists us to diminish the influence of those evils, which we have no power to prevent. This soothing faculty, patience, is as easily, as it is beneficially, exerted. We may any of us, any day of our lives, bring it to the test of experience.

Some risk of mental or bodily pain, or some actually existing mental or bodily pain, may be every day inflicted on us, by our own, or the faults of others. Let us either quietly consider how best to evade the disaster, or if to evade it is impossible, how best to sustain it. In either case, we shall strangely feel the advantage of calling patience to our assistance.

Has our own intemperance, or the mistakes or crimes of others, inflicted racking pain on our frames? Surely, by calmly yielding to the pang, and quietly giving time for the operation of medical relief, we are more likely to blunt its poignancy, than if we were to toss from side to side of our couch, repeatedly shriek forth the description of our tortures, and refuse all cure, because an instantaneous one cannot be admitted. Such agitation must of itself produce heat and inflammation, and thus give force to the disease; and in this manner, doubtless, trivial disorders gain strength, and many a life is lost by self-willed impatience. In thus tracing the course of this emotion, and its opposite, patience, one remark must suggest itself to every observer:—how much the impatient loses, how much the patient gains the respect of the by-standers. When the pallid sufferer sustains, without a groan, tortures too palpably indicated by the starting dew, the cold brow, the blanched lip, and bloodless cheek;—when perhaps the few words he utters are those of consolation and hope to the attending group;—when he meekly submits to undergo whatever operation,

however severe, his friends prescribe ;—when thus the mind shows itself triumphant over bodily torture,—who does not feel a pity, a love, a veneration, that binds him perhaps for ever after to the sufferer, that for ever after serves as an extenuation of his other frailties.

Patience under mental affliction is equally honourable and ameliorating. The gentleness of wo, that speaks inward grief, by the stillness and meekness of the sufferer, the resignation of selfish feelings, denoted rather in a mild cheerfulness to please and beguile attendant friends, than in earnest or repining expressions of how much has been lost, how much is submitted to by the wretched mourner, ensure a pity and respect, that the loudest wailings could not attract, that impatient sighs, tears, and complaints would be certain to repel. The pangs of the sufferer are also lessened by patiently enduring them ; for besides the soothing consciousness of deserving and receiving the pity and respect of generous and tender minds, a patient endurance of misfortune prevents the imagination from exaggerating the sorrow sustained. The mind that possesses itself in patience in hours of trial, is in no danger of suffering from ideal miseries ; is in no danger of wantonly aggravating its feelings, aggrandizing its affliction ; is in no danger of being wilfully blind to the existing blessings that mingle in its fate, and which may be made to counteract the evil or lessen its weight.

In the anticipation of prosperity or adversity, the absence of patience is as mischievous, as its presence is beneficial. Impatiently to expect prosperity, besides robbing the present of its comfort and its power of bestowing enjoyment, unfits the mind for duly relishing the anticipated good when it does arrive. For the chances are, that impetuous feelings have so exaggerated the coming advantage, that it will be

found much below the fancied importance; and thus disappointment instead of gratification ensues: while the spirits, harassed by turbulent expectation, become incapable of genuine enjoyment.

Equally by an impatient dread of approaching misfortune, the present is overcast and the future ill-prepared for. Sorrow falls with double poignancy on the bosom agitated by previous irritation.

PERSEVERANCE.

There is not a virtue that it is more important to inculcate in the young mind than perseverance. It is to the mind, what firmness is to the heart, the urging and sustaining principle. By persisting in its attempts, the infant acquires the use of its limbs, and various organs; it learns to speak, to walk, &c. By persisting in his attempts, the philosopher equally acquires an enlarged power of thought and ratiocination. There is no valuable knowledge that can be obtained without study, as there is no extensive work that can be perfected without labour. The student must persevere in urging his faculties through every stage of science, before he can reach its highest point; as the architect must continue his toils from the foundation, gradually ascending, before he can complete his edifice. The most stupendous difficulties vanish before the gradual efforts of perseverance.

When we look upon the ponderous structures raised by man; we cannot but feel the amazing inadequacy of the agent to the operation. We are astonished that the diminutive animal, man, whose utmost height scarce reaches to the depth of the foundation-stone, whose utmost strength seems inadequate to remove the smallest beam, has yet succeeded in erecting the tower and temple, whose size and elevation are equally majestic. Art could indeed plan the form, and

give the engines that aid the labour; but only by countless repetition of the efforts of the toiling hand, could art embody its conceptions.

The young, to whom perseverance is most necessary, are too apt to appreciate its usefulness the least. Let the youth, beholding any stupendous work of labour, pause to reflect what innumerable efforts of the busy fingers must have been again and again repeated, ere perfection crowned the work.

In looking upon the stately vessel, moving majestically on the yielding waves, let us consider, what perseverance must have been exerted to bring her to this state of completion;—that plank was added to plank, nail driven after nail; that a day, a week, a month's labour scarce made any visible progress in the work; and that only by unceasing endeavours, and after many remissions of labour and rest, was the whole perfected.

The stone-cutter's progress is perhaps the slowest of any artificers: many hours does he urge his delicate saw, on the almost impenetrable marble, ere the smallest incision be made; yet he cheerfully prosecutes his daily business, assured that his perseverance will ultimately divide the block.

Let the young press the moral to be adduced from these examples deeply on their hearts, and often recall their flagging spirits by the inference to be thence drawn,—that however difficult or extensive the work to be achieved, by perseverance he shall assuredly achieve it. However moderate his abilities, however limited his strength, let him not despair: reiterated attempts must finally produce success.

It is thus in the progress of the heart to virtue,—of the mind to knowledge. By steady perseverance in well-doing, each amiable emotion shall expand and strengthen, each mental faculty shall dilate and become vigorous. Even natural obstacles shall be conquered. Demosthenes, the

greatest orator that ever adorned Greece, rich as she was in public speakers,—Demosthenes is well known to have had an imperfect speech; he stammered much: yet by perseverance, he not only conquered it, but became the most powerful and eloquent pleader in Athens. The young can require no stronger encouragement, no stronger assurance of success, than that inculcated by this well-known fact.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Disinterestedness is the noblest form of generosity. It not only implies bestowing gifts and conferring favours, but that in doing so, some selfish gratification or advantage is resigned, some self restraint imposed. It includes generosity and forbearance. It teaches us to speak favourably of those who have injured us; to return good for evil; to yield our own pretensions, when they interfere with the claims of others; to forward the plans and wishes of our friends, even at the expense of our own; and, in all things, to prefer the welfare of others.

There is something so touching and so elevated in this virtue, that it can never be displayed without receiving homage and applause. Generosity may be deemed its active, forbearance its passive expression. To give large gifts, to make great sacrifices, in secrecy and silence, come under the first head. To endure unjust censure, to meet unmerited unkindness in patient and uncomplaining quietude, belong to the second.

No one can deny the high gratification of bestowing large gifts, effecting extensive schemes of charity and munificence, gladdening the wretched hovels of poverty with liberal donations, and lighting up the dim eye of despair by timely promises of protection. The heart swells even in the recapitulation of such deeds: how glowing must be its

expansion in the blissful privilege of performance! But how is the repaying sense of every such act doubled; how doubled is the merit of every such beneficence, when the bestower gains the power of bestowing by the resignation of some selfish good; when the splendid bauble, or the expensive pleasure, is sacrificed to purchase the means of serving the pennyless; when labour and self-restraint are imposed to procure profit or pleasure to others! Then it is, that disinterestedness is exerted in its pure and noble form, and our own hearts reward us by well-earned praise.

But there are other modifications of generosity, besides the dispensation of liberal gifts,—modifications as admirable and as repaying,—attainable to the poorest and the meanest, as to the wealthiest and the most illustrious, and, whenever exerted, equally praiseworthy:—forgiveness of injuries—returning good for evil. The performance of these beautiful and delightful acts of generosity are, indeed, richly overpaying to the bosom that fulfils them.

Because we have been accustomed to have this virtue held up to view in some of its highest efforts, let us not therefore infer that it is only on great occasions that it can be practised. Few are the opportunities when, as recorded of the celebrated Sir Philip Sydney, the expiring general, tortured by thirst, can turn the desired beverage from his parched lips, and present it to the soldier suffering by his side; but many are the occasions when a trinket, a delicacy, may be spared, that its price may be given to the beggar imploring for bread.

We have seen a very ingenious argument, proving, (may it not be said attempting to prove?) that when two persons expend each a guinea, one on a pine-apple for his own eating, the other on comforts for a starving family, both are equally selfish; as both conduce to their own peculiar gra-

tification. But surely it can be no question, which action denotes the nobler mind, the more exalted taste? To deny that any distinction exists between the feelings that produce the one and the other act, is to deny that any difference subsists between virtue and vice.—For it is not the mere performance of any act, however sublime it may be, that constitutes a claim to merit; for ostentation, or some mean consideration, may be its source. It is the motive, that sanctifies the deed; and surely he who prefers the benefit of another's to his own pleasure, is acting from the noblest motive that can warm the human breast.

There seems to be a law of nature, that makes men most estimate what is most extensively beneficial; thus, he who conduces to the service of the many, is always more prized than he who only benefits the individual, most especially when that individual is himself.

The Almighty Fountain of all goodness has graciously ordained, that whatever shall most tend to the felicity of his creatures, shall be equally attainable to all. In no instance is this law more evident than in the exertion of virtue. The gradations of wealth, and distinctions of rank, interfere not with this fiat; for it has been issued by Him, before whom riches and titles are but as dust in the balance. To His eye "the widow's mite" was as rich an offering as the most splendid sacrifice of the affluent; and why?—because it was her all—the utmost effort of her limited means. On the same principle we must expect every deed to be judged; by the same laws, every reward or punishment dispensed. The widow, in this humble effort of generosity, not only received a large share of praise, but also felt a considerable portion of satisfaction. Not by what is given, abstractedly considered, but by what might be given, is every act of generosity to be estimated.

In many ways may the beautiful virtue of disinterestedness be continually displayed by the poorest, the meanest, the weakest. Who cannot judge candidly, and speak liberally of those by whom they have been injured? Who is there, but can resign selfish claims to forward the welfare of friends and companions? Who is there, but can give up selfish wishes to promote the schemes of neighbours and associates? Who is there, but can bear injustice in silence, when the disclosure would be likely to injure the prosperity of those by whom it is inflicted? Who is there, but can be patient under unmerited reproof, willing to forgive unkindness, eager to vindicate an enemy, earnest to promulgate the merits of an opponent? These sublime efforts of this noble virtue, elevated as they are, are obviously attainable to all human beings. But these may be deemed only passive indications of the lovely spirit of disinterestedness,—the expression of forbearance; unlike those heroic exertions of generosity which imperiously demand the acclamations of observant crowds. Are they therefore the less meritorious? Are they not rather the more laudable, since the very circumstances of privacy and inobtrusiveness speak them the purer effusions of a genuine disinterestedness; not exerted for display and praise, but the artless dictates of a feeling and noble soul?

When Pythias, the hostage for his friend, springs on the scaffold, and urges his own execution; when he prays for adverse winds to detain his Damon till his own life shall have been yielded, to rescue one so much more precious,—above all, when he exculpates his friend from every charge of negligence and delay, whilst every heart is touched by his disinterestedness, his immediate reward in the applauding shouts of a collected people, and the unwonted admiration of their stern monarch, whilst it repays, seems to ac-

count for, and partly to produce this heroism; and we feel that, so sustained and animated, it would not be difficult so to act.

But when friendship exerts in privacy efforts of protracted self-denial,—when it shuts the lip from reproof, and averts the eye from upbraiding,—when, day after day, it urges the resignation of many a selfish gratification, that the time or the money so rescued, careless of the probable implication of covetousness and dulness, may be devoted to the wants of poverty or sickness,—when affection unremittingly busies itself in tender assiduities, to soothe the couch of petulant disease, to meet the demands of querulous imbecility, or, unreplying, to endure the taunts of irritated pride;—then it is that the thrilling veins and glowing bosom acknowledge the pre-eminence of virtue, of virtue silently and unobtrusively exerted, which asks no distinction, seeks no reward; nay, is often content to incur censure and opprobrium, whilst performing the most magnanimous actions: then it is that we feel how difficult, so maligned, to imitate the excellence we admire, and, by this avowal, at once pronounce the superiority of inimitable virtue.

OBSTINACY.

Great care must be taken not to confound obstinacy with firmness. No two emotions can be more distinct. The common usage of the terms accurately marks the difference of the sentiments they express. Obstinacy is never applied but to perseverance in wrong. Firmness always implies steadiness in right.

Obstinacy is a barrier to all improvement. Whoever perversely resolves to adhere to plans or opinions, be they right or be they wrong, because such plans and opinions have been already adopted by them, raises an impenetrable

bar to conviction and information. To be open to conviction, speaks a wise mind, an amiable character. Human nature is so frail and so ignorant, so liable to misconception, that none but the most incorrigibly vain can pertinaciously determine to abide by self-suggested sentiments, unsanctioned by the experience or the judgment of others, as only the most incurably foolish can be satisfied with the extent of their knowledge. The wiser we are, the more we are aware of our ignorance. It is this obstinacy in adhering to schemes, in being content with bounded knowledge, that has kept the Chinese so many years in a state of comparative ignorance, and prevented their benefiting by the improvements in arts, sciences, and manufactures, made by other nations; improvements which must have been by them also discovered, had they not so obstinately, under the title of innovations, resisted all changes, and denied themselves all experiments.

It is just the same with individuals as with nations. Whoever resolves not to alter his measures, shuts himself out from all possibility of improvement; and must die, as he lives, ignorant, or at best but imperfectly informed.

In morals, perhaps, obstinacy may be more plausibly excused, and, under the misnomer of firmness, be practised as a virtue. But the line between obstinacy and firmness is strong and decisive. The smallest share of common sense will suffice to detect it, and there is little doubt that few people pass this boundary without being conscious of the fault.

However earnestly, therefore, I would recommend firmness of conduct, I would still more earnestly enforce a previous consideration of the opinions or modes of behaviour to be adopted. There are some sentiments and actions that are so obviously right, or so obviously wrong, that they

need no other reflection, but that we view them dispassionately. Truth and justice are clearly and easily understood; we can never err when acting upon their dictates. To be steady in affirming a fact, and in resolutely refusing to misstate it, or allow it to be misstated, can never degenerate into obstinacy, for it is a perseverance in what we know, by the agency of our senses, to be true, and therefore right. To persist in performing an act of justice, unshaken by clamour and importunity and self-interest, is also an effort of genuine firmness.

But there are situations in which the proper opinions and mode of conduct are not so evident. In such cases we must maturely reflect ere we decide; we must seek for the opinions of those wiser and better acquainted with the subject than ourselves; we must candidly hear all that can be said on both sides; then, and only then, can we in such cases hope to determine wisely; but the decision, once so deliberately adopted, we must firmly sustain, and never yield but to the most unbiassed conviction of our former error.

How numerous are the young persons who, by obstinacy in ignorant and mistaken decisions, condemn themselves to perpetuated folly and error! How much more numerous those, who by want of firmness, fall from their original innocence, and sink into various degradations of frailty and vice. It is better therefore to run the risk of being deemed, or of being obstinate, than hazard the smallest chance of not being firm. The presence of obstinacy may shut up the avenues to improvement, but the absence of firmness must open a thousand inlets for the admission of error.

Firmness may indeed be called the prop of virtue, the staff that sustains us in the path of rectitude. The happiest dispositions are of little worth, if not supported by firmness into steady exertion. Of little avail is the intention to do

right, if we have not firmness to put such intention into action:—if we allow the whispers of indolence, of diffidence, of overweening pliability, to make us swerve from our purpose. Truth, justice, every great and every honest principle, may be in a moment sacrificed to the dictates of the meanest sentiment. It is of little avail that we intend to avoid error, if we permit any idle suggestion to turn us from the straight road of propriety. Once deviating, how rapidly may we advance into the maze of guilt. Firmness therefore, in preserving our virtue, preserves also our happiness; while obstinacy can never increase our enjoyment, but must frequently prevent our improvement.

HATRED.

The desire of felicity, which urges to the careful cultivation of our amiable emotions, enforces also the vigilant extirpation of every harsh and unkindly passion.

The social affections, patriotism, every form of love but self-love, are found to be fertile sources of happiness. It may be added, that every form of hatred is pregnant with misery. There is one degree only of this latter passion that can be deemed useful—the aversion raised by the view of vice. This is perhaps the true use for which aversion is permitted to exist in the human soul; as, by arousing disgust at the sight of crime, it may deter from criminality. But when this sense of disgust at error is allowed to confound the perpetrator with the guilt he perpetrates; when, instead of hating the crime, and pitying the criminal, an undue hatred is cherished against the offender, the sentiment passes the bounds to which it ought to be limited, malignant feelings are generated, and, as no malignant feeling can be experienced without painful sensations, peace of

mind is destroyed in exact proportion to the degree of malignity indulged.

Benevolence,—that is, good-will to all men, candid opinion of all actions,—is as pregnant with felicity as it is diffusive of benefit. It acts with a soothing influence on society, to cherish virtue and tranquillity, and to discourage vice and discord. Hatred, on the contrary, not only causes miserable feelings to its possessor, but gives birth to painful feelings in society. Whilst benevolence is prompt to discover merit, hatred detects frailties; whilst benevolence is eager to conduce to general enjoyment, hatred is earnest to check the course of happiness;—not, perhaps, always with regular and projected design, but the morbid passions it nurtures indirectly produce the end. Hatred of man is the dark sentiment of the misanthrope, a being whom the sentiment of the German drama has sought to invest with incompatible qualities; and, as in most of its dramatic catastrophes, has endeavoured to make “the worse appear the better cause,”—to represent virtue as growing out of vice.

But it is utterly impossible that the bosom which really detests its fellow-creatures, can be capable of the benevolent actions, assigned in plays and novels to the misanthrope. It is an insult to common sense to present such incongruities. It is an offence against good morals, to suppose an union of virtue and vice, which never can exist. The man who really hates his fellow-man, can never be willing and anxious to benefit him.

The guilt of harbouring the passion of hatred cannot be more fully demonstrated than by the unwillingness of those cherishing it to avow their hatred. The most hardy alone acknowledge its dominion. Instead of being deceived by the false representations of the passion, displayed in the misanthrope of the stage or the romance; let us look upon

it in all its hideous deformity, as exhibited in the felon at the bar of justice, who has been placed there by crimes perpetrated from the dictates of hatred. It there stands before us in its natural turpitude, unveiled by sentiment, unexcused by sophistry; and the mind shrinks appalled from the fearful image.

Milton, desirous of rendering Satan an object of universal horror, describes him cherishing this passion against the beneficent Author of Nature, as the acmé to the dark catalogue of his crimes.

But though hatred, in its darkest form, we may hope, is seldom cherished, yet, unhappily for the peace and the virtue of mankind, some modifications of it are admitted to rankle in too many minds. But never can it be innoxiously indulged,—never can it be excused, by summarily hoping we do not hate, or, if we do, briefly entreating that it may be forgiven, for it cannot be helped. We may be assured we can avoid it; we must avoid it:—an emotion so inimical to social comfort and benevolence will not be forgiven.

For, however the errors or the vices of any character may raise our aversion, they can never excuse our hatred. A person may not be wholly worthless, though stained with one bad passion. In short, what passion is more deserving of hatred than hatred itself; so that, by admitting it, we deserve the very aversion we cherish.

There is another evil that arises from the indulgence of hatred; its presence induces the growth of other malignant emotions. It produces a state of warfare, not with man alone, but with the objects of nature, and the events of life. The eye habituated to scowl on a fellow-creature, looks with displeasure on all other things: the lips accustomed to mutter imprecations on human infirmity, are disposed to express disapprobation of whatever is experienced or beheld.

Can any happiness reside in a bosom clouded by such a degrading passion? Diametrically opposite to benevolence in its principles, it must be so in its effects.

As we prize our virtue, as we prize our happiness, let us discourage the smallest tendency to this malignant passion. Let us remember that it can never be justly indulged, and that the penalty we must pay for its indulgence is more severe than we can readily surmise.

ENVY.

Akin to hatred, and bearing strong mark of its relationship, is envy;—a stiller, but not less criminal passion. Each calls each into being; hatred bringing forth envy, and envy, in its turn, often proving the parent of hatred.

The desire of imitation, remarkable in man, and which prompted Aristotle to denominate him “the most imitative of animals,” produces a feeling, which, according to the bent that is given to it, becomes envy or emulation.

Emulation is the wish to equal, and, if possible, to surpass the merits and excellencies of compeers. It is a generous sentiment, that never seeks to lower the standard of another’s skill, but simply to elevate its own. It never denies praise to another’s talent, and is content with sharing, without diminishing, another’s renown. However disappointed in its aim, no bitterness mingles with its regrets; for the noble sentiment that inspires it dictates, sustains it under discomfiture. He who mingles wishes of success for the schemes of others, with wishes of success for his own, has a double chance for gratification: if his own fail, he gathers comfort in the contemplation of the success that attends the plans of his competitors. If, therefore, “to imitate” is an implanted desire, we hereby see that we have the choice of indulging this desire in a most amiable form,—

in a form that shall secure us against mortification, and heighten every feeling of success.

But if, disregarding the advantages presented to us, by giving this channel to the exertion of our imitative wishes, we permit them to take the expression of envy, we may be assured that we are plunging into inevitable misery, and throwing ourselves into the way of, perhaps, perpetrating very serious crime.

Envy is a sentiment that desires to equal, or excel, the efforts of compeers;—not so much by increasing our own toil and ingenuity, as by diminishing the merit due to the efforts of others. It seeks to elevate itself by the degradation of others; it detests the sounds of another's praise, and deems no renown acceptable that must be shared. Hence, when disappointments occur, they fall with unrelieved violence, and the sense of discomfited rivalry gives poignancy to the blow.

How is envy exemplified?—A worm, defiling the healthful blossom,—a mildew, blasting the promised harvest. How true, yet how forbidding an image of the progress of envy! And would any rational creature be willingly the worm that defiles the pure blossoms of virtue,—the mildew that blasts the promised harvest of human talent, or of human happiness?

And what produces envy?—The excellence of another. Humiliating deduction! Envy is, then, only the expression of inferiority,—the avowal of deficiency,—the homage paid to excellence. Let pride, for once, be virtue, and urge the extinction of this baneful passion; since its indulgence can only produce shame and regret.

As among the painful emotions arising from self-love, pride is pre-eminent, so among the harassing sensations growing out of social communion, the most bitter is envy.

Its very definition speaks its pain-dispensing quality—a sense of uneasiness at another's success—a desire of embittering the prosperity it does not share—of appropriating to itself blessings designed for another. It stands, like hatred, opposed to every benevolent impulse: for while benevolence strives to increase general and individual felicity, and lessen general and individual suffering, rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep, envy reverses this beautiful system;—envy seeks to diminish social happiness, and augment social misery: it weeps when others rejoice, and rejoices when others weep.

If, as I have endeavoured to prove, happiness preponderates over sorrow, good outweighs evil, this assurance, so cheering to every well-constituted mind, is, to the envious, cause for bitter and unceasing wretchedness. Are the industrious prosperous? Are the amiable beloved? Are the unfortunate relieved? Are the humble elevated? In such cases, while every generous bosom glows with freshened gratulation, the envious spirit writhes in cureless agony. And why repine? Does the good fortune of others deduct any thing from our prosperity? Are the virtuous prosperous in consequence of their virtues?—We ought to rejoice that merit ensures reward, since we have only to equal their merit to attain their felicity. Are the vicious prosperous?—Still less cause is there for envy; since, however external appearances may deceive, we may be assured that prosperous guilt can never be worthy of envy.

Few people are willing to own themselves susceptible of envy; but it is very useful sometimes to analyze our feelings, and discover their real tendency. In believing ourselves incapable of the mean passions, we may be apt to delude ourselves egregiously. Such delusion must not only perpetuate our error, but with it its accompanying vexation.

It would be wise, therefore, when we feel irritable, morose, or pensive, without any just cause to be so, not idly to attribute such sensations to "excessive sensibility," or some other blameless motive, but fairly to consider whether our dejection does not arise from the indulgence of some criminal passion. I am not willing to speak harshly of human frailty, yet truth compels me to confess, that I sincerely believe, in nine cases out of ten, our discomfort will be found to arise from the indulgence of unamiable emotions;—from hatred, from pride, from envy;—not, indeed, always in their most malignant form, but in some minute and shrouded ramification. The effects are, however, the same; proportioned, indeed, to the degree of malice encouraged, but always painful. From these bosomed enemies no prosperity can shield us: they can only be exterminated by bosomed friends—by virtues; and we have only to cherish the better passions, to assure ourselves of a mastery over the baser ones.

PRIDE.

Pride, the most offensive form in which self-love displays itself, is an emotion that pays a heavy price for its indulgence. By raising false ideas of self-consequence, and arrogating to itself undue courtesies and submissions, it provides for itself inevitable mortification. There is a principle in human nature, that rouses the meekest spirit against the insolent claims of arrogance, and unites the most opposite tempers in a confederacy, to oppose the demands of the proud.

Wherever, and whenever, therefore, the indications of pride appear, this principle is urging to the quickest measures of contravention, not seldom to the most provoking methods of humiliation. The proud are by the wise des-

pised, by the benevolent pitied, ridiculed by inferiors, oppressed by superiors,—an open mark for general contempt, ridicule, and oppression.

Its intimate connexion with meanness, sufficiently accounts for this universal reprobation. For on what does pride build its arrogant pretensions? Not on virtue and wisdom; for virtue and wisdom are incompatible with pride: it builds its pretensions on birth, rank, wealth, or personal beauty. But wherefore boast of advantages, over which human nature has no control?—Is any personal merit due to the possessors of wealth, beauty, or rank? To be proud of advantages which are the gift of Providence, unearned by merit or by talent—advantages which might have been the lot of any other human spirit—which might have attended the soul, now infused into the squalid frame of the wandering beggar, or of the sentenced felon, bespeaks the absence of every motive for self-estimation. Contemptible must be the passion arising out of such pitiful emotions. The virtuous are never proud; for the better we are, the more we feel our demerit. The wise are never proud; for the more we know, the more we feel our ignorance. There remain, then, only the vicious and the ignorant to be proud. What is the corollary of this simple logic? Whoever condescends to be proud, tacitly acknowledges inferiority in wisdom and in virtue.

Wretched, as well as ridiculous, are the indications of this demeaning passion. It is for ever involved in disputes for precedence and observance; harassed by premature fears of waning consequence; dreading in every glance disrespect, in every movement incivility; and poisoning every received courtesy in the scale of self-adjusted importance:—perpetually labouring for distinction by many a stratagem,—too often by many a sacrifice of real dignity. It holds

the language of insolence to inferiors, of servility to superiors; the only distinctions which it allows for equality, it never admits. People are to be shunned for their poverty and low birth, or courted for their wealth and rank. Stately and aspiring, not from innate dignity and worth, like the firm and sturdy oak; but owing its elevation, like the ivy, to what it clings to: take away its adventitious support, and it falls, grovelling, to the dust.

Can any modification of happiness exist under such a total absence of dignity?

ANGER.

There is a generous indignation, that is equally friendly to virtue and to happiness. When the bosom glows with a noble warmth at acts of injustice, cruelty, and tyranny, there is a spirit roused, which, judiciously directed, will conduct to most honourable results;—to the energetic defence of injured innocence,—to the bold advocacy of oppressed merit,—to the ardent patronage of the poor and helpless, “of the widow and the fatherless, and of those who have no helper.”

Anger, thus legitimately awakened, and thus wisely regulated, is a noble sentiment, and may be permitted to warm the breast. The emotions it thence generates are dignifying and grateful. The spirit is elevated, and draws its happiness from a conviction of usefulness and honourable exertion. The benefits conferred by an honest indignation, in rescuing the victims of tyranny from their state of suffering, and compelling the cruel and the unjust to see and feel the full cruelty and injustice of their actions, sufficiently account for the agreeable feelings attendant on bounded and legitimate anger; since every exerted virtue has its appointed reward.

But when anger is not roused by noble motives, and when roused by noble motives, is not wisely regulated and restrained, it then passes the bounds of pleasurable feeling, and becomes as painful as it is mischievous. The fire, confined to the hearth and the stove, dispenses extensive benefit and comfort; but, allowed to spread its flame without barrier and without limitation, it quickly becomes an active agent of pain and devastation. Thus the generous spirit of indignation, given for useful and noble purposes, degenerates into a passion the most criminal and destructive of all the passions;—the only one that not only bears the appearance of insanity, but often produces the wildest form of madness. It is difficult, indeed, sometimes to mark the line that distinguishes the bursts of rage from the bursts of phrensy; so similar are its movements, and too often equally similar are its actions. What crime has not been committed in the paroxysms of anger? Has not the friend murdered his friend?—the son massacred his parent?—the creature blasphemed his Creator? When, indeed, the nature of this passion is considered, what crime may it not commit? Is it not the storm of the human mind, which wrecks every better affection,—wrecks reason and conscience; and, as a ship driven without helm or compass before the rushing gale, is not the mind borne away, without guide or government, by the tempest of unbounded rage?

The mind, when under the dominion of reason, shrinks from the contemplation of the direful acts to which rage impels; as the man, when sober, shudders at the follies and the crimes which, when inebriated, he may unhesitatingly commit. But so reflecting, he will surely pause, ere he quaffs the sparkling goblet; for then only can he ensure his innocence. The passionate ought thus, in moments of self-possession, to anticipate the season of mental abandonment,

and provide some power of self-control. How much can be done towards self-government can be only fully understood by those who have steadily attempted it. Why should man boast of the superiority of his mental powers—of his distinguishing attribute, judgment, if he cannot urge them to govern those passions which he possesses, in common with all living creatures. The bull, roused to anger, has no bounds to his phrensy. Shall man imitate this infuriated brute?

——“Why then was reason given?

Reason, the brightest, richest gift of heaven!

Pope.

It can require little discussion to prove the evils, selfish and social, which flow from the indulgence of unlimited anger. The social evils it dispenses have been suggested; the selfish suffering it causes must be of proportionate acuteness. Terrible, indeed beyond the power of language, must be the state of that mind, which, recovering from a paroxysm of anger, discovers that it has perpetrated some heinous crime. Even when the expression of rage is bounded to words, what a warfare of the affections it induces! How very long it is, ere each turbulent emotion is calmed, and the peace of mind previously known restored!—and, during that interval, how wretched, how unharmonized, how irritated are the feelings? Yet severer personal calamities sometimes attend the indulgence of anger. We have heard of more than one person dying from the effects of unbridled rage—a blood-vessel having been burst—or some other internal injury having been sustained; and many have seriously injured themselves by the motions of passionate menaces and declamation.

Who, then, possessing common reflection, will allow him-

self to be the victim of so dreadful a passion? I do not know that any better remedy can be offered, than the three mouthfuls of cold water; and when the water is not at hand, three moments of silence, as an efficient check to the first risings of ire. Let not the simplicity of the recipe cause it to be despised. Its efficacy is indubitable: and what more easy, what so easy of practice!—to be still—neither to speak, nor move for three seconds! No one is incapable of this kind of self-command: whoever fancies it unattainable, must give up all pretensions to common sense and common energy.

Destructive and distressing as are the violent ebullitions of anger, perhaps no passion is so easily and certainly controlled. One effort softens the succeeding one, and a few vigorous exertions of reason ensure its perfect subjection. Every step in this course of amendment is peculiarly accompanied with grateful sensations; for as peace is dearer than strife, as calms are more delightful than storms, so every gradation by which we recede from anger and approach tranquillity, must be progressively soothing.

I am tempted to consider the two degrees of anger—a generous indignation, and an unbridled rage, as taking their good and evil tendency from the emotions which give them birth. When anger is roused from social causes, it is not only a more honourable sentiment, but more easily regulated. Whereas, when awakened from selfish motives, it is not only a less honourable feeling, but less easily governed; for self-love is not alone a pitiful spring of action, but it is one that is not very capable of clearly seeing or fairly deciding on occasions for displeasure. It is apt to magnify affronts given by others,—very apt to magnify benefits conferred by ourselves. Hence it induces a false view of events, and thereby urges an erroneous play of the

feelings. The very consciousness of exuberant and unjustifiable anger adds force to its violence, as is often remarked in conversation, where the least wise are sure to be the most warm, and the most erring the most impassioned. It would be no bad rule, to measure the strength of the understanding by its power of ruling the passions. In such case, the most impetuous must be content to be judged the most faulty and most irrational.

REVENGE.

If we do not hear the warning which closed our comments upon envy,—if we do not analyze our feelings,—and, when we find them springing from unamiable passions, if we do not oppose their growth, by the encouragement of the amiable affections,—we shall find ourselves the victims of most painful emotion; we shall find that the smallest indulgence of malevolence, is only the prelude to its strengthened dominion; and that hatred, pride, and envy, are only the precursors of the worst passion with which man curses himself.

Of all malignant passions, revenge is the most demoniac. Revenge is the final result of the malevolent passions working together. Its actions can never be contemplated without horror, and are generally such, as no after-measures can soften or remedy:—the outrage of infuriate cruelty, or the cold-blooded stratagem of disguised cunning. The wrongs thus perpetrated, are too often beyond the reach of expiation;—for what shall bound the operation of the united vices? what check their career? what curb their license? Easier would it be for unaided man to level the waves of a stormy sea, to resist the whirlwinds of heaven, or check the fury of a raging volcano!

Of all the wretchedness caused by the vindictive passions,

the sting inflicted by the sure attendant of revenge,—remorse, is the most poignant and incurable. To this misery every other is ease. Other pangs may be alleviated by time,—this by continuance gathers strength: other frailties may be atoned for; but the crimes prompted by revenge are seldom within the scope of reparation. Remorse once roused, and its clamours can never be hushed.

Nor is it more than just, that a sentiment so pregnant with evil to mankind as revenge, should be compelled to pay the heavy penalty of remorse. We see universal welfare so carefully guarded on every side,—on every side defended from vice by the entailment of consequent punishment,—we see a system of retributive justice so invariably pervading the course of events, that we cannot wonder that the greatest crime should incur the severest chastisement.

It is worthy this wise and merciful ordination, that the most heinous offences are the most difficult of commission: not only being opposed by every implanted sense of right, by the dictates of conscience, by the instinctive impulse that draws us from whatever may inflict pain; but also by the external obstacles opposed to the completion of guilty deeds: the desire of self-preservation in the destined victim inducing vigilance, courage, ingenuity: the natural impediments of time, place, opportunity: above all, by the interfering Mercy that often manifests itself to rescue the innocent from the hands of the wicked, and the wicked from the delusion of their own bad passions.

Thus having slightly commented on the principal emotions of the heart, and traced every virtue to its legitimate use,—the refinement and diffusion of happiness, we can see, in one view, what emotions are to be cherished, as conducive to our usefulness, our peace, our enjoyment,—which are to be discouraged, and if possible exterminated, as tend-

ing to render us useless, irritated, and unhappy. It would be ridiculous for us to complain that we cannot obtain happiness, if we do not seek it in the only way by which it can be obtained. The great secret of happiness may be comprised in a few words:—exterminating vices, and acquiring virtues.

I have here drawn up a table, that will show you at once which are the emotions inimical, which friendly, to the growth of happiness.

Emotions to be cherished.

Emotions to be discouraged.

THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

SELFISHNESS.

Patriotism,
Courage,
Truth,
Industry,
Economy,
Temperance,
Benevolence,
Hope,
Patience,
Perseverance,
Justice,
Disinterestedness,

Apathy.
Cowardice.
Dissimulation.
Idleness.
Avarice.
Intemperance.
Envy.
Pride—Servility.
Impatience.
Anger.
Hatred.
Obstinacy.

ON THE MIND.

It has been well said,* "That the best knowledge man can attain is to know himself;" since it is only, by being acquainted with his several faculties, that he can discover his capabilities for happiness, and the surest means of rendering every talent most beneficial to himself and his fellow-creatures. Such knowledge is therefore as necessary as it is for the workman to know how many tools he possesses, and to what use each tool may be most profitably employed.

A slight sketch shall therefore be here attempted of the several intellectual faculties; which sketch, however trivial in a philosophical point of view, may yet serve to enumerate and develop the powers of the mind sufficiently for the purposes of this undertaking.

The senses and bodily energies, we possess in common with the brutes, and are in all surpassed by some being or other of the irrational creation. How much more exquisite is the scent of the dog? how much more powerful the sight of the eagle? how much more rapid the movement of the horse? How many animals excel man in bodily strength? How, therefore, could he ever have gained any dominion over them, had he not been endued with powers superior to mere corporeal force or agility. The senses, appetites, and muscular motion, give therefore no distinguishing attribute of human kind; nor can the pleasures arising from these powers, however various and delightful, be deemed worthy of first-rate estimation, since with brutes we share them.

* "Know thyself." One of the didactic sentences written in the vestibule of the temple of Apollo at Delphos, by the seven wise men of Greece.—*Pausanias*.

Even affections and passions are discernible in the animals that wander in the wilds, or domesticate under the protection of man.

Not a bird that flits over our heads, or rustles in our barns, but conspicuously displays maternal tenderness. The tribes of doves are equally remarkable for their conjugal fidelity. The dog has been long regarded as the emblem of faithful attachment, watching with vigilance, and defending with spirit its master and its master's property. The cunning fox, apt at stratagem and contrivance, bespeaks some power of invention; and, if dreams betoken the presence of imagination, the dog barking in his sleep sufficiently denotes the possession of this intellectual faculty by brutes. If by one possessed, perhaps possessed by many.

What, then, is the attribute that distinguishes man from all other living creatures, that raises him to such a marked superiority, that enables him to subdue the most powerful, entrap the most artful, and govern the most ferocious? It is judgment.

Judgment is defined as the faculty, by the aid of which the human mind compares, reflects, and deduces consequences. It is the faculty that distinguishes creatures guided by instinct (that is, natural impulse), from creatures directed by a consideration of causes and effects. The parrot can articulate sounds, and the monkey has the upright form of man.

It is the judicious culture and exertion of these several intellectual faculties, that not only tend to their full expansion and vigour, but decide the wisdom and usefulness of every character. When we consider how replete with agreeable emotions, how diffusive of pleasure and utility these several capacities may be made to prove, we shall per-

ceive how rich our hoard of intellectual wealth, and how much it is our interest to improve and enjoy this wealth to the utmost of our power.

JUDGMENT.

It is the office of judgment to compare the ideas received through the senses with one another, and thereby to gain right conceptions of things and events. Hence it by degrees forms for itself a standard of duty and propriety, accumulates rules and maxims for conduct, and materials for reflection and meditation. The young, it should seem, must of necessity be for some time deficient in the knowledge of the best modes of action, and can only gradually acquire the power of deciding on the propriety or impropriety, the perfection or imperfection, of what they experience and of what they observe. It behoves the young, therefore, to be very diffident in giving their opinions, and forming their decisions; and since those only are likely to learn who are conscious of their deficiency, so the most modest and humble are most likely to acquire improvement and information. If it is a just comparison to liken the young mind to a sheet of blank paper, and few, if any, will deny the truth of this proposition, how momentous must be the duty of impressing this unspotted tablet! When we reflect that all the dignity, the prosperity, the wisdom, the virtue, the felicity of life depends upon the event, we shall feel the immense importance of its direction.

The judgment not only receives, investigates, and arranges the ideas presented to it; but it also regulates and directs the other faculties, where their exertions may be most beneficial and compensating. It also restrains them from undue excursiveness, and prevents their wandering into unprofitable and vicious efforts.

Whatever the invention contrives, the judgment assists to bring to completion. Whatever the invention conceives, the judgment aids to embody and perfect. Where this intervention does not act—where this superintendence cannot interfere, the invention must prove worthless; the contrivance vain and futile.

Judgment gives great helps to memory, by guiding it to accept only such ideas as are worthy of accumulation, to reject wild, fantastic, useless conceptions; it preserves memory vigorous and undefiled, and fit for its best services. Judgment also suggests what is most necessary and agreeable to be remembered. It so arranges the knowledge collected, as that it shall be easiest recalled, and recurred to for after speculation. It teaches by what associations ideas may be most firmly retained, and by what disposition the greatest portion of knowledge may be hoarded.

Judgment is as active in governing the emotions of the heart, as the conceptions of the brain. It is the guardian of the passions, and controls them from exuberant dispersion, or unwise indulgence. It curbs the violence of desire, restrains the license of anger, dissipates the inflation of pride, and arrests the progress of envy or revenge. Its influence not only restrains the malevolent passions, but gives consistence and encouragement to the amiable affections; guides the tenderness of parental love, to a wise discharge of its duties; directs the selection of social attachments; restrains generosity from dissipating into profusion, and sustains charity through every labour of benevolence; shows the just distribution of the dole of compassion, and the objects best entitled to pity and relief.

INVENTION.

Invention is that effort of the mind, by which it strikes out new ideas, or combines those already known into new associations, and thus elicits fresh combinations. It is this faculty that aids the writer and the orator, to give birth to new trains of ideas and clothe the old in novel strains of eloquence. It bestows the pleasures of composition on every branch of the fine arts. Authors, painters, sculptors, musicians, these, darting on nature the eye of curiosity and of genius, are perpetually discovering beauties heretofore unknown or unnoticed. New combinations of thought are thus produced;—fresh materials for the imagination and the judgment to expatiate upon. To this faculty, the world is indebted for every accession of intellectual gratification; for it is continually creating novelties of every kind, useful and ornamental, profitable and pleasurable. Thus original publications, pictures, music, sculptures, are hourly enriching the polite arts; and innumerable contrivances in mechanics, and discoveries in chemistry are perpetually adding to the conveniences and elegancies of life. The sources of intellectual pleasure are endlessly extended, and before one novelty has lost its gust, another appears to supplant it, and keep alive the animating charm of newness and variety.

The selfish pleasure possessed by those who provide these accommodations and mental treats for the public, it is difficult for any but those so employed to detail, but they may be guessed by reasoning from analogy. If the participation in the use and amusement of these several scientific or simple productions, is so replete with agreeable emotions, to the unconnected spectator, how much more exquisitely so must they be to the successful projector! If the finished

whole claims praise and bestows gratification, how bewitching must have been the several steps of gradual improvement that promised and led to so desired a consummation! How animating must have been the emotion, that from the first rude conception to the finishing touch, accompanied the several stages of the progressive work! It is possible for the most uninitiated to form some idea of the rapturous sensations felt by the mind, on eliciting some new combination of thought, some hitherto unknown application of power. The delightful efforts by which these are dilated and confirmed, the soothing labour by which they are modified and arranged, the animating sensation with which they are beheld, imbodyed and perfected.

Let us follow, in fancy, the progress of a painter's composition. The first luxuriant but indistinct conception, like a beam of light irradiating the imagination. Next the judgment more soberly deciding on the practicability of the work, and guiding to the mode of best perfecting it. Then the trembling fingers sketching the rude outline, touch after touch, calling into being form, limb, feature, expression. With what eager joy is the unfolding thought watched, with what agitated earnestness is its full and final development beheld. So the gay flower bursts its dark calyx, opens petal after petal, adds tint to tint, till, displayed in bright luxuriance, blooms the expanded blossom.

NOTE.—I hope the period is not far distant, when human invention will do honour to itself, by contriving and perfecting a machine for the cleaning of chimneys without the aid of climbing boys. Humanity shudders at the wretched fate of those hapless little beings, than which a more pitiable race does not exist. If gradual improvements in building, can alone bring about the desired change, let every architect begin the good work. In the mean time, let all con-

trivances be tried, and every inventor of them be encouraged in every possible way.

IMAGINATION.

While judgment stands the helms-man of the affections and passions, guiding them to whatever is good, and steering them from whatever is evil, imagination owns a lighter but more extended and more enchanting dominion. More fitted to serve than to govern, it yet exerts an unlimited sway. Confined by no laws, restrained by no bounds, its throne is the human mind, its empire the universe. From its secret cell it flies on the wings of thought to every corner of the habitable globe; with the lightning's speed darts through all space, expatiates in the boundless ether, visits the suns of other systems, images each possible and impossible form of creation; "exhausts old worlds, and then imagines new."

No spot can be barred from the incursions of imagination, no space too vast for its flight, no object too minute for its notice. From the gloomy dungeons of captivity, it can waft the poor prisoner to light and liberty. It can in one moment transport the sorrowing exile over half the globe, to the endeared scenes of home. In the midst of the smoky city, it can exhilarate the spirits with pictures of rural beauty. It can cheer the dreary blank of winter hours with the fruits of summer, and the flowers of spring; and, leaving nature and reality behind, it can form to the attentive mind romantic fictions, tales of fairies and of genii, of what has never been, of what can never be, of characters without defect, and life without vicissitude.

But it were easier to enumerate the various evanescent tints, that enrich the sky on a glowing summer's eve, than

to enumerate, or limit, the delights enjoyed through the imagination.

Already depicted in harmonious numbers by Akenside, and in eloquent prose by Addison, I have only to refer you to the works of those celebrated writers, for the best views of the subject, and will here only touch upon the most obvious pleasures it bestows. Among these may be estimated the power of attraction it confers on the fine arts.

To music, imagination lends the most seducing charm. The melody of pathetic airs softening the feelings into responsive tenderness, and often drawing from the eyes the full flood of pity at well-sung woes. The indulgence of such soothing emotion, "is pleasing though mournful to the soul," and few would shrink from being so touched. The gaiety of playful tunes has an equally powerful influence, and diffuses a sense of cheerfulness and exhilaration, as pure as it is delightful; when strains of pious chauntings sound, calm and holy thoughts arise.

" — Let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high; and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes." MILTON.

To martial tones, the spirits warm into correspondent energy, and fancy instantly aroused, depicts all that charms the brave, or incites the daring. Honour, glory, fame, with potent imagery, start before the mental eye. The bolder passions wake, and borne above the din of arms and cries of pain, above the courage of the slaughtering field, the warrior thinks only of the victor's wreath, the shouts of acclamation. Under the influence of such awakening illu-

sions, the hardy soldier stands firm amidst the battle's shock, and absorbed by images of fame and conquest, scarce feels the wound that mutilates, or the blow that lays him a senseless corpse upon the field of promised glory. The beneficial effects of martial music, in arousing the spirits, is acknowledged, by the necessity of the bands that accompany every corps, the drums and fifes of the infantry, and the shrill trumpets of the cavalry.

On the other imitative arts of painting and sculpture, the imagination holds a scarce less bounded sway. The faithful representation of nature's quiet scenes, still vales, gently gliding streams, peaceful cottages embowered in sheltering woods, inspire in the beholder a sentiment of repose and peace; while the depicted view of roaring cataracts, storms and volcanoes, rushing seas, and plains of warfare, induces a feeling of breathless fear. What but imagination, giving strength to the delusion of the eye, produces these pleasant and beguiling emotions!

Through the same medium sculptured groups possess the same power. It is this conjunction of what is fancied with what is seen, that causes the effect of monumental statuary. For however excellent the workmanship, or the disposition of the group, it is not this that is chiefly affecting. It is the fancy conjuring up the thoughts of the loveliness, the youth, the worth, that lie mouldering below! We see indeed only veiled urns, weeping mourners, the extinguished torch of life; but our imagination is dwelling on those so commemorated. There is a modern erection in Westminster Abbey remarkable for its simplicity, and powerful impression. A monument raised by a sister to the memory of a beloved brother. It consists of nothing more than a coffin over which a female figure lies stretched, with clasped hands, her face resting on the cold surface. How true an image,

of the utter self-abandonment of affliction! of wo too mighty for expression!

Terror and prowess may also be excited by the sculptor's skill; perhaps no one ever looked upon even a drawing of the Laocoon* without feeling touched by the horror of the situation. A wretched father struggling in the folds of enormous serpents, whilst beholding his sons in the same distress he strives to release them in vain.

For the attractions of poetry, and every species of descriptive writing, we are almost wholly indebted to the imagination. If the numbers and the delineation fail to touch this power and make her an auxiliary in beguiling the attention, vain are all the efforts of the author. The most musical lines, the most judiciously selected words, the most interesting events, are little worth, if not so arranged, as to affect the imagination: she cannot be affected by what is not easy, what is not natural, what is not probable. Hence writers of this class see the necessity of adhering to truth and nature, and simplicity; of drawing their characters and incidents from real life, of using appropriate epithets, and of obtaining their metaphors from obvious and simple sources.

Hence the ancient poets, having all nature unexplored before them, wrote with every advantage. The moderns, less rich in novel terms and imagery, too often become unnatural and hyperbolical, by seeking to be new. Novel writers labour under the same disadvantage, and have not, like their predecessors, the unlimited range of character and incident. For the most striking are already engrossed. But the powerful efforts of genius conquer every obstacle, and we yet occasionally meet with exquisite novelties in

* Virgil's Eneis, Book II. Verse 263.—Laocoon, the Priest of Neptune, when attempting to save his sons from two serpents, that had risen from the sea, and perished with them.

poetry and romance, and are occasionally electrified with new thoughts clothed in beautiful language, and novel views of men and manners.

MEMORY.

If judgment caters our sober, and imagination our gayer intellectual enjoyment, memory provides a dearer gratification; and while administering to judgment and to imagination, supplies many precious joys to the heart.

The uses of memory, extensive and important, and various as they are in the service of science, of wisdom, and of duty, are yet surpassed by its pleasures. The retrospections of the past come over the soul with a soft and soothing influence, even when the recollected events are in themselves painful; for they return to us associated with the remembrance of the friends who consoled or participated in them; the friends whose tenderness soothed, whose affection cheered, whose generosity alleviated pain, sorrow, or adversity. Past events recur to us after the lapse of years, mellowed by time and distance, mementos of how much we have enjoyed, or mementos of how much we have endured, at the same time reminding us of how much we have been comforted and sustained. We recall the image of the beloved friend or relative, now far distant from our view; or, more cruel separation, now withering in the grave. We think of them as they were when, in the hours of health and gaiety, we shared their cheerfulness and mirth, and feel the recollection warm our bosoms: though we mourn their loss, we are grateful that we were once blessed by their kindness, counselled by their wisdom, and honoured by their esteem.

With those, indeed, shut from us by the grave, memory seems to be the only connecting tie. Is there a heart that

mourns departed worth, which does not bless the faculty that gives the power of recalling the form the mortal eye shall never more behold, that enables the mourner to live again over the past, and make present the words, the actions, the virtues, the talents, of those gone before.

Occurrences of pleasing import recur with more gay though less touching power. But, in hours of sickness or of sadness, it is no small privilege to have the capacity of enlivening the present with the recollections of the merrier past; of shutting out passing vexations, and yielding ourselves to the renewed contemplation of the joyous days that are gone.

But there is a yet more sacred service performed by memory, which death itself is not permitted to annihilate; the memory of ourselves; the knowledge of our identity. Not as a mere selfish principle is this effort to be so highly prized, for nothing that is purely selfish can be valuable; it is precious, as preserving to us the capacity of remembering and recognising those beloved by us.

Though the belief of an existence beyond the grave is universally cherished, by the most barbarous, as by the most enlightened nations, the hope of a re-union in another world with those known and prized in this, is by no means so generally avowed or nourished, though by some anticipated with unshrinking faith; by perhaps as many wholly uncredited. If man, in his natural state, rude and uncivilized, expresses such a conviction, and if with him it seems coëval with the idea of a Divinity, these connected thoughts seem to sustain each other, and we may reckon such a sentiment favourable to the more acceptable doctrine. The inhabitants of all savage countries, I believe, without one exception, expect to meet in another world their friends and kindred. Hence arise the many funeral customs that pro-

vide for such revivification; hence the enslaved African earnestly seeks for that death which is to restore him to his family and his associates.

Does this universal and powerful belief speak some instinct implanted in the human mind to supply the defect of higher testimony? Does this argue that by too refined a mode of reasoning by deluding sophistry, the native of civilized countries darkens his mind and destroys this instilled belief, and reasons in the doubtfulness produced by his own misled conceptions? is entangled in a net, he has himself woven?

The opinion of the best and wisest men may be adduced to support the doctrine of re-union. The simplicity and clearness with which the subject has been treated by a modern divine,* entitle his sentiments to consideration and diffusion; and I shall be happy to lay before you an extract from his interesting work.

“It is *impossible* that memory should die, for memory constitutes identity. It is the memory alone that renders us to ourselves every moment the same identical individual beings. But memory of ourselves cannot live, without the perfect recollection of those with whom the various acts of our remembrance are interwoven. In fine, every reasoning from the best form of the human mind, leads us to conclude that we shall know and be known, love and be loved, by those whom we have known and loved on earth.”

WIT.

Wit is generally considered as the least desirable and least valuable of the mental powers. But though the offspring of fancy, it seems to have some claim to be separately con-

* The Rev. G. Walker.

sidered, since we find it the peculiar talent of some minds, and in its purest and best form of very rare occurrence.

It may, perhaps, be said that the witty are seldom wise, and the wise seldom witty. The temperament that produces the one quality being adverse to the culture of the other. The light soil that can sustain the slender flower has not always depth of nourishment for the stately oak. Many characters, doubtless, possess wit and wisdom united; but it may be a question, whether the union is friendly to either quality; whether the brilliancy of imagination productive of wit, is not prejudicial to the expansion of the soberer power, judgment; and, *vice versa*, whether the calm and steady faculty of judgment is not often stopped in its grave and profound operations by the intruding sallies of a bewitching but beguiling wit.

Popular opinion condemns wit as a dangerous possession, because it too often degenerates into satire. Perhaps the incitements it offers to raillery and sarcasm, cause it to be thus decried, and account for its being so little indulged in by the candid and generous: but it is by no means inevitable that wit must degenerate into satire, and, like the lightning's flash, alarm, if not wound. Its coruscations may be bright and harmless, like the aurora borealis, diffusing innoxious light, giving an acceptable vivacity to conversation, and an enlivening charm to works of fancy.

Perhaps wit is never more profitably employed, than when, enlisted under the banners of virtue, it opens its artillery on folly and on depravity: when, with the weapons of ridicule and satire, it attacks the frailties and the vices of the age: when, under the mask of amusement and in the guise of mirth, it darts its sallies of censure and of advice on the thoughtless, the idle, the licentious; those whom counsel and admonition could not reach through a graver me-

dium; those who shun the society of the wise, and the literature of the learned, and can therefore in no other way be awakened or informed.

It seems then to be the legitimate province of wit to arouse, and reprove, and advise the young and the frivolous, from the stage, and through the lighter productions of the pen. If to these duties confined, its possession would be no longer decried; but, like every other mental quality, it would become valuable to the possessor, and useful and agreeable to society.

So it is, that if we please we may trace out the source, and remedy the evil, of many an operation; that we may cause to be esteemed what was before reprobated. Ingenuity cannot be better employed than in such labours, and in the investigation of natural powers. I am convinced the closer we scrutinize, the more effectually we shall discover, that each has an useful and agreeable office to perform; and that when any one becomes prejudicial to the individual, or to society, the mischief is produced by its unwise and inappropriate application.

These are the leading mental faculties that are so conducive to the felicity of life; a pleasing office yet remains—to enumerate the many gratifications enjoyed through them in the several arts and sciences. When we reflect, that in the investigation or prosecution of any *one* art or science, a long life may be profitably and agreeably employed, and yet the subject remain unexhausted and the mind unwearied: when we consider that the acquisition of any branch of knowledge, by enlarging our intellectual views, expands and confirms our religious hopes, not only yields delight by the varied occupation it demands, but also a sense of dignity and self-respect in the consciousness of our usefulness: above all, when we feel, that by the pro-

gressive enlargement, and elevation, and refinement of our ideas, we are gradually fitting ourselves to enjoy a state of yet higher mental expansion,—we may form some conception of the invaluable blessings we possess in the intellectual faculties.

GENIUS.

Of genius, that yet undefined and brilliant faculty, we may not presume to speak. We must bound our consideration to the capacities possessed by the many, and not make vain and presumptuous researches into the indescribable talents enjoyed by the few. Those gifted with that reach of mind, that exquisite tact, that acute discernment, that ready apprehension which form the attributes of genius, can only know its attendant delights. But that such delights are as exquisite as they are rare, who shall doubt?

ON THE SOURCES OF RATIONAL ENJOYMENT.

PLEASURE and happiness are terms bearing very different significations; however, I, in common with others, have sometimes used them as synonymous. Happiness is a more sober emotion, applying rather to the affections than to the passions,* to the virtues rather than to the senses and appetites. It may exist amidst counteracted passions, and with blunted senses; and is the unalienable possession of a virtuous soul. Pleasure, on the other hand, means the lighter enjoyment of the senses, the gayer indulgence of the passions. It is more brilliant, but less permanent: it is often accompanied with more lively, but less pure emotions.

* Passions are called the excess of the affections, by Dr. Cogan.

It sparkles, and vanishes, like the transient flash of the aurora borealis; nor, like happiness, beams with the steady refreshing glow of sunshine. Pleasures may be called the flowers that adorn the path of life; happiness the soft turf that smooths it. The one attends the spring-time and the summer of the year, the other is found not only in those lovely seasons, but amid the gravity of autumn, and the gloom of winter. But as flowers brighten a garland, and enliven the tints of green with which they are intermingled, so do pleasures vary the course of life, and may be admitted as forming part of the allowable gratifications of man.

The grateful acceptance of unpolluting pleasure is as laudable as it is admissible. The gay spirits of the young demand various occasions for the indulgence of exuberant hilarity. The sportive butterfly flutters from flower to flower, and finds some sweetness to sip from each: so may the youthful rove from pleasure to pleasure; and whilst only lightly tasting each, may fear no satiety. Be moderate, be rational, in your amusements. Be pure in your choice, and temperate in your indulgence; and the sternest ascetic cannot wisely forbid your enjoyment of pleasures.

MUSIC.

Music, either in solitude or society, has a thousand powers of gratification. The lone song warbled to cheer retirement or beguile labour; the social concert, where friends and associates meet in gay festivity; and the mingling chorus, warming into action every benevolent emotion; the martial strain arousing the sense of courage and of patriotism in the glowing bosom; the swelling anthem touching the finest chords of piety;—each and all of these are legitimate sources of the sweetest pleasure: whilst under the inspiration of music, the soul is incapable of criminal thoughts

or vicious desires. It is thus kept in a state of purity and elevation, which is not only friendly to the growth of every better sentiment, but for the time at least annihilates every rude and culpable feeling.

To be professors in this charming art, from a true love of its melodious powers, is the only motive that should urge the young of the fair sex to attain proficiency in it. No paltry sentiment of applause and exhibition should be allowed to tarnish the love of sweet sounds. The fair performer, on closing any musical performance, should be ready to exclaim with the auditors, on the beauty of the strain, and not wait in silent anticipation for the earned meed of flattery. And, did she well execute her part, the approbation bestowed on the composition itself, would be the most welcome applause she could receive; since it would prove her taste correct in the selection, her skill competent to the execution. Such indeed is in truth the genuine effect of music; and the spectator, that can so soon forget the charm of the melody, as to applaud the melodist instead of yielding to the enthusiasm of this feeling; or the performer, that can be thinking of the applause of the listeners, instead of the harmony of her performance, may *each fancy herself* possessed of science and of taste, but can have little of the true musical tact.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

Painting and sculpture have also their pleasures, and with this advantage, that the efforts of these charming arts are permanent, and require no peculiar circumstance of time or place to be prosecuted. Even to unlearned spectators, the images and scenes delineated by the statuary and the painter, are sources of high satisfaction. I shall never forget the thrilling sensation circulated through an admiring

group, by the exposition of a picture—the Dead Soldier, painted by the celebrated Mr. Wright, of Derby. The story told before the exhibition, perhaps much added to the interest with which it was beheld, as it greatly awakened the curiosity of the collected party. Mr. Wright, at some convivial meeting, had offered to paint a scene of exquisite distress, in which the only countenance depicted should be a smiling one. He fulfilled his promise, by producing the Dead Soldier.

In the foreground of a view, the back of which displays a field of battle shrouded with smoke and flame, a rude tent appears, constructed of the boughs of a large tree. Under the shelter of this tent a female is seen sitting, her head bent over the hand of a corpse which lies at her feet, and the countenance of which is turned from the spectator. The starting veins of the neck; and the tense sinews of the grasping hand, sufficiently indicate the acute suffering of a bereaved wife. Her other arm calmly sustaining a rosy child, bespeaks with equal force the tenderness of a mother. That rosy child, as if satiated with nourishment, is turned from the maternal breast; and as it lies archly smiling on its mother's knee, it is seen playing with the bloodless fingers of its dead father's hand!

Could genius more powerfully seize on the strongest emotions of the human soul! more artfully exhibit the power of a judicious grouping! Can such a picture be ever beheld without awakening the most exquisite delight, the highest admiration of human skill!

THE THEATRE.

The public theatres are undeniable sources of great and varied pleasure. It is only to be lamented, that the purity of the young mind, especially the young female mind, is

so often sullied by the representation of very indecorous scenes. One certain means of compelling the writers of plays to be more correct in their language and story, of urging managers to purify the popular pieces, already in the course of representation, would be for every woman to forbear attending the theatres till such changes shall have been effected. Who, without shuddering, can behold rows of lovely and innocent young females intently watching the performance of such a drama as *Othello*?

DANCING.

Dancing is an amusement not only animating to the spirits, but healthful to the body: when indulged in moderation, and with proper companions—when the exhilaration of the movement is enjoyed without any ridiculous endeavours to outshine compeers, this is a most allowable recreation. It ought to be always present to the recollection of the sportive dancer, that if this art has one pre-eminent charm, it is the charm of artlessness, the utter forgetfulness of self.

TRAVELLING.

The pleasures of travelling are as various as they are numerous: whether, as metaphysicians, we desire to observe the human mind under every peculiarity of climate and education; or, as philosophers, seek to prosecute more largely the studies of natural history; or, as artists, propose to profit by the inspection of the productions of ancient genius and ancient lore.

The very view of foreign countries must be singularly delightful; the diversities of the landscape, the system of husbandry, the dress, manners, and customs, of the artless peasantry, or the more refined gentry and noblesse, must

each and all present objects of agreeable observation and reflection. Never can curiosity,* one of the earliest and strongest emotions of the human mind, be more widely or more pleasingly gratified. Even in crossing the Atlantic, and finding himself in France, the traveller must be reminded by every thing he sees that he is no longer in his native land. The sound of a strange language, the sight of manners so different to those with which he has been familiar, must keep him alive to the consciousness of his being from home; and while at one time drawing him into meditations on the superiority of that distant home, must at other times lead him to select improvements with which, on his return, he shall supply what is defective, and amend what is wrong. If beyond France he passes to Holland, to a country redeemed from the sea, greater novelties of landscape must repay his fatigue; and the more northern nations must yet more gratify curiosity. The small and lonely island of Iceland is a mine of almost inexhaustible wonders: its singularly enlightened inhabitants, its severe climate, its languid vegetation, its geysers, its volcanoes, must each reward the attentive rambler's notice, and offer endless scope for observation and conjecture. Switzerland, with her lakes and snow-topped mountains, discloses a very different but not less interesting field for excursive wandering; and Italy, to the charms of landscape, adds the high treats of the monuments of ancient arts, whether viewed in the well preserved painting and sculpture, or in the ruins of edifices renowned for their beauty, or for their early use. The shores of Greece spread out a still richer banquet; for there scarce a spot can be traversed, without exciting interesting recollections of the great and the good who once

* See Burke, on the Sublime and Beautiful. Part I. Section 1.

flourished as heroes, statesmen; or philosophers; where now ruin and depopulation reign.

A new insight into the human mind is enjoyed by those visiting the semi-civilized countries of Asia, or the barbarous nations of Africa and South America. Not only men and manners different, but animals and vegetables dissimilar to all before beheld, regale the stranger's eyes. And it must be with an overwhelming emotion of surprise, that amid a people scarcely distinguishable by intellect from the brutes that surround them, the traveller discovers the ruins of architecture that denote the early civilization of a land, now desolate and unrefined. The ruins of Palmyra in Syria, the pyramids of Egypt, and the remains of ancient architecture scattered in the vicinity, are all interesting objects of attention thus contrasted. To travel only to a distant province of our own country, must refresh the mind with rich materials for thought and contemplation; but to ramble in climes and amid people dissimilar and before unknown, must afford one of the highest entertainments that can be enjoyed.

I cannot imagine a more delightful or improving mode of becoming acquainted with the natural history, the customs and manners, the architecture, &c. &c. of foreign countries, than that of visiting them; and, whilst residing in them, by books and by observation gaining every necessary information.

The history of a nation must be read with peculiar interest, and with more profound impression, in the midst of the scenes celebrated by the events recorded: the biography of the good and the great must be perused with increased earnestness on the spot where they acquired their renown; the habits and modes of life must be remembered with ineffaceable precision: the animal and vegetable productions,

by the double aid of books and observation, must be recollected accurately and tenaciously. A few years thus agreeably and profitably spent, besides the pleasure actually enjoyed, would enable the judicious traveller to lay up a hoard of intellectual wealth for future enjoyment. All the faculties of the mind, enriched and invigorated, would more nobly and healthfully expand. A matured judgment, an enlivened memory, a plenteously stored imagination, would present never-failing sources of mental recreation, for every after-hour of life. Nor would the benefits be confined to a heightened power of selfish gratification; the intelligent traveller would form an acceptable member of the social circle, conferring information and entertainment various, important, and amusive; instructing the young, and diverting the old.

KEEPING A DIARY.

As the simplest demonstration we can ourselves assay, does more towards our conviction than all that the reasoning and experience of others can suggest, I am solicitous to offer a very easy mode, by which you can try the justice of the position I have endeavoured to uphold, namely, "the preponderance of the means of happiness." The method of proof I would propose, every person can adopt; it is attended with little trouble, it requires no particular ability, and its testimony is clear and incontrovertible.

Many persons, of both sexes, accustom themselves to keep a journal of their daily engagements. It is for this purpose that so considerable a number of pocket-books are yearly sold; a fact that substantiates the numerous persons preserving such a diary. It may therefore be fairly presumed the practice is not troublesome or difficult. The great Dr. Johnson not only pursued the plan himself, but earnestly

recommended it to the observance of his friends and to society at large.

The memoranda usually noted in these journals are bound-
ed to the account of engagements and amusements, and
sometimes a few brief remarks on any particular occurrence.
I have often thought such a diary might be used in a way
in which I believe it has never yet been employed.

Instead of simply noticing an engagement or amusement
as an *occurrence*, I would advise its being marked down as
a *means* of pleasure, social or domestic: days so spent to be
distinguished by a peculiar marginal sign. Events of a
painful nature may also have some appropriated mark; say
a cross against the days of sorrow, and a circle opposite to
the days of ease and pleasure, to the days unclouded "by
any *cause* of sadness." At the end of a year, (for so long
should the system be pursued, to give it a fair trial,) the
crosses and the circles may be each summed up, and I am
bold to say, the signs of good would immensely preponde-
rate over the signs of evil. There is only one rule that must
be closely observed:—to note occasions as really in them-
selves productive of pleasure or pain, not as we enjoy or
abuse them; and thereby another benefit will accrue; we
shall be convinced how many means of happiness we have
failed to profit by, or have by petulance and folly turned
into sources of vexation.

The same kind of arrangement may be adopted to prove
how much the days of health outnumber the days of sick-
ness. A distinguishing mark for each, say a crescent as
the sign of health, (the emblem of Diana, the healthful god-
dess of the chase,) and an arrow as the sign of disease (the
metaphorical symbol of the dart of death). The calculation
of these several signs annually, would unequivocally prove,
in the generality of lives, at least how greatly the hours

of health and ease outbalance the hours of pain and disquiet. Is it too assuming to say that the proportion would be as minutes to hours?

You will observe I have been particular in specifying the *causes* for pain or pleasure. The sickly weakness of some minds, and the irascible impatience of others, often cause the perversion of the purest occasions of enjoyment. This is not the error of fate, but of folly; not the absence of the means, or the powers of gratification, but the wilful abuse of them; not a deficiency of opportunities, but of dispositions for happiness. A party of pleasure is assuredly an occasion for enjoyment and must be so noted, however ill-humour and impatience may have rendered it a cause of disquiet. The disappointment of any intended pleasure must not be designated an evil, unless the alternative sustained has been positive mischance; for persons may be disappointed of one particular amusement, and yet may not be thereby plunged into any state of discomfort; nay, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in the midst of disappointment, may remain surrounded by numberless means of gratification.

The kind of self-examination such a plan would demand, would not be the smallest benefit accruing from its adoption. How many frailties and mistakes would be thereby detected; and by being detected only by ourselves, might awaken, without wounding, the proudest; might improve, without exposing, the most faulty.

A journal would thus become a kind of second conscience, permanently recording the dictates of our internal monitor. It would become not only the register of our actions, but the remembrancer of our faults. We are invited to some festivity; we go in ill-humour; we see every thing through a distorted medium; we return discontented. This must not be noted as a day of disaster, but as a day of error.

Pleasure lay before us, but we chose to reject it; we are disappointed of attending some public or private entertainment, and are angry, and taint every home comfort with our indulged displeasure: yet we are in health, we have resources of domestic recreation, but because we cannot be happy in one particular mode, we will not be happy in any other. This, then, is not an instance of misfortune, but of obstinacy and cupidity.

If the faults of character, detected by such inquiries, are amended with candour and firmness, we open to ourselves a new source of satisfaction; for all mankind can bear testimony that the correction of error bestows pure gratification. "*Je sentis et j'ai souvent senti depuis lors, en y repéssent, que si les sacrifices qu'on fait au devoir, et à la vertu coûtent à faire, on en est bien payé par les doux souvenirs qu'ils laissent au fond de cœur.*"—These were the words of the eloquent Rousseau, when commenting on the feelings he experienced after having yielded his wishes to his duties. If to him, a man of sentiment, rather than of virtue; if to him these recollections were so sweet, how much more compensating must the remembrance of corrected faults prove to those better understanding morality, more justly appreciating virtue and vice.

REMARKS ON THE MAXIM, LIVE TO THE PRESENT.

PERHAPS there is no cause more detrimental to happiness than the habit, so prevalent among mankind, of losing the present in reflections on the past, or in anticipations of the future.

"Live to the present," sounds more like an epicurean command, than a moral maxim; yet if it is fairly consi-

dered, it will prove not only so just, but so practicable, that it ought to be written in letters of gold in every house.

You will readily judge, that I am not going to bid you enjoy the present in the gratifications of the appetites; but that it is intended to point out what may be possessed through the affections and mental faculties.

So far as relates to a provision for time to come, or profiting by the experience gained from time gone by, recollection and anticipation are more than allowable, are highly commendable. But to these uses their exertion ought to be bounded; they ought never to encroach on the time that now is, so far as to take from it its peculiar comforts and pleasures; to take from us the power of performing our immediate duties, or of relishing our passing joys.

Unfortunately, however, mankind do not so limit their recollections and their expectations: suicides of enjoyment, they sacrifice the pleasures, the duties that lie immediately before them, to the manes of their departed comforts, or to the promise of unarrived blessings; and, in the pensiveness or petulance of regret, too often deny that the present has any good to bestow. Perhaps events of the exact description they fancy (for it is only fancy) once existed do not now exist; if they did, are they sure they would enjoy what once they scorned? Are they sure that the lapse of time has not effected such a change in their taste and opinions, as to render what once was pleasing no longer so? But because one particular mode of being happy is not in our grasp, does it inevitably follow that no other can be discovered? There are who may confess they have some joys yet in possession,—why are they lost? Why are they allowed to slip away untasted? Pass a few years, and, in the ungrateful peevishness of complaint, we shall look back upon these wasted occasions with the regret with which we now recall

the images of earlier scenes. But it is worse than wasting, it is abusing the opportunities of enjoyment, if we cloud them with the shadows of repining for past good, or with the gloom of anxiety for anticipated evil.

It would be wise to pause, and ask ourselves if the moments we recall with so bitter regret, were indeed so blissful as we now depict them. Alas! our present blindness to passing advantages strongly enforces the probability, that then, as now, we shut our eyes upon blessings in our grasp.

RETROSPECTION.

Meditating on the past scenes of life, is like looking at distant landscapes: the space through which they are viewed gives a softness and beauty to every part, which a nearer inspection might dissipate. We only see the more prominent objects; and these, softened by the intervening space, lose any roughness, or want of grace, a closer observation might betray. The prospect is harmonized by the mellow tint of distance: we no longer perceive the weeds that disfigure the paths, or the stones that render them rough. We only see a beautiful whole, without blemish. It is just so that we look back on past life, and dwell on every felicitous event, forgetful of the trivial cares that we allowed at the time to swell into magnitude and embitter the hour.

But it is not the casting back our eyes on the road we have traversed, to live over again its joys, that is a censurable indulgence; so innocent and agreeable an occupation may be safely permitted. It is only when retrospection absorbs our feelings, and prevents them from yielding to passing felicity, renders them insensible to immediate good; or worse, when forgetting that the period we regret

had its little vexations, we notice the present trifling cares with increased acrimony. To continue the metaphor, we should, like judicious painters, give every point of sight its just colouring. The hazy back-ground, however charming, would lose its heightened beauty, if not opposed to the livelier tints of the fore-ground; and though with ingenious skill we dart a strong light on the rude rock and prickly weeds that appear in front, we find the same beam develops the smooth turf and tinted flower—that if we discover a blemish, we also detect a grace. When we look forwards, we practise the same deception, we dwell only on the one desired object we would obtain, and are unmindful that it may be environed with inconveniences which the distance conceals.

But, to drop all metaphor—let us soberly ask ourselves, how far the tenderness arising from the sentiment of things past forever may not endear them to us; and whether their being gone forever,—in short, whether their unattainableness does not give them an undue importance. Mankind are too prone to depreciate what they possess, and overrate what they have lost or never attained. This is continually exemplified in the case of health. The vigorous and active pass day after day in the perfect possession of this blessing; yet seem almost unconscious of its presence; and would look with surprise on any one who should remark their singular good fortune; but deprive them, if only for an hour, of this unappreciated good, let them endure the shortest cessation of ease, and they soon learn to acknowledge and feel, the full value of what they have lost. The same may be said of all the blessings that endear existence. Who ever prized the society, the presence of a friend, or relative, so intensely as at the moment of separation,—as when clasping either in a parting embrace. Life itself becomes more pre-

cious, as it becomes more precarious; when on the brink of dissolution, we are, perhaps, most acutely conscious of the capacities for happiness with which we are endued; and first feel the true value of existence, when expecting to resign it.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of Reason and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond perceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
Thesè still exist, by Thee to fame consign'd,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

ANTICIPATION.

How important it is, that we should forestal the works of time, that we should learn to improve the means of virtue

and enjoyment whilst they are in possession. Is it not puerile, is it not beneath the dignity of rational creatures, only to love that, only to desire that, which we cannot obtain? We smile at the peevish infant who throws away the twenty toys in his hand, to cry for the one he cannot have: we frown at the petulant child, who sits and weeps at the recollections of absent home, or the pleasures of yesterday, amidst kind friends, and the mirth and festivity of to-day. But should we not rather ridicule our own preposterous wishes, censure our own unavailing regrets? What in the child is folly, in maturer age deserves a harsher name.

To ascertain how far we are ourselves guilty of this error, and at the same time to detect its fallacy, an easy prescription may be given. Pause, and consider, what is at this moment the possession, the event you most earnestly desire; fix the remembrance of this desire firmly in your mind: if you are not wishing beyond all reason, and all probability, at some future period what you desire may occur. Should it do so, recall, I beseech you, the eagerness with which it was coveted, and then ask yourselves, if it indeed prove so felicitous as you anticipated, so felicitous as to compensate to you for the passing advantages you overlooked in its anticipation.

In repressing melancholy forebodings, this method will be equally efficacious. You are perhaps grave, in the expectation of approaching evil; so grave, that though you acknowledge you are free from actual vexation, nay are surrounded by comforts, you can neither taste nor relish them. The dreaded calamity occurs;—does its bitterness justify your previous anxiety? How rarely is that the case;—the lapse of time has altered your feelings, or raised up consolations;—something has happened to soften the blow, or assist you to bear its shock. It has fallen, but you are no longer

so acutely sensible to the stroke, or have wisely learnt to ameliorate it.*

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity;
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of Life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

* Dr. Blair, in one of his popular sermons, treats this subject with great ability.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,
 When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
 When every form of death, and every wo,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
 When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
 When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
 But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
 From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
 The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
 Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every wo;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

EXPERIENCE.

As illustrations from the future may not however suit the sanguine temperament of youth, which seldom loves to wait the slow result of experience, it will be better to make the past offer some recollections demonstrative of the same effect; for the past is ever ready for consideration. You can all remember the age, when you wished for the exact period which has now arrived; when, as children, you panted for youth, or, as youth, panted for manhood. The desired season you have obtained; but how are you employing it? not as you projected, in gaiety and self-gratulation, but in continued desires for something beyond, for, "something unpossessed." Or, yet more unwisely, are look-

ing back, with regret, to the hours, which, when present, you so little valued.

Have you at any time feared with anxious heart the approach of some particular period, the occurrence of some particular event? Both you have probably experienced. Was the deprecated period so full of annoyance as you supposed? was the event so calamitous as you imagined? You perhaps smile at the question, and wonder you ever dreaded what has proved welcome and agreeable. You are fitted for the new situation, prepared for the occurrence; time has befriended you; you have found yourselves capable of the duties it has imposed.

THE PRESENT.

Let these suggestions sink deep in your hearts, let the inference to be drawn from them be ever present to your minds, to temper the ardour of pursuit, and soften the asperity of remembrance. Above all, let them teach you from experience, from conviction—"To live to the present."

What is the cause assigned for the mirth of children? Is it not their freedom from regret of the past, and anxious forebodings of the future. If we would possess their cheerfulness, we must imitate their forgetfulness of the cares of the days that are gone, their inattention to the probable mischances of the days that are to come. This can be done without the smallest dereliction of duty. The sober prudence that provides for the wants of to-morrow, is a sentiment that dispenses complacency: it guards against the intrusion of solicitude and embarrassments, and bestows a consciousness of performed duty. The cheerfulness that judiciously looks forward to a continuation of present blessings, not only gives stability to the emotions of content, but diffuses the animating spirit of a chastised and rational

hope. If we yield ourselves to retrospection, without drawing comparisons injurious to the good in actual possession, our reflections may be as useful as agreeable. For however vanity may deceive us in the bewildering moment of commission, in the quiet and serious hour of after meditation our actions will appear in their true colours, every error unveiled, every virtue unmagnified. Brief should be our lamentation of committed folly, while the present lies before us to atone for and extenuate it. Pensively as we may recall departed joys, let the thought of them soothe our bosoms with the grateful assurance, that what *has* been, may be again. If it is pleasant to reflect on meritorious actions, let us consider that such reflections can only be prolonged by perpetuated virtue; and that whatever amiable acts we perform, will not only gild to-day, but shed a beam of light on to-morrow, when looking back, we live over again departed scenes.

Thus besides its own delights, the present shall be improved and animated by every foregoing pleasure, every foregoing virtue; by every anticipated good; the grand focus, which, collecting rays from every direction, pours its full lustre on the space before you! Can hope, can memory, can conscience, perform a more acceptable service than in thus combining to bless the present?

And what is this present, to which I am so anxiously calling your attention? Is it not life? Is it not the consciousness of existence, the very essence of being? Can we be said to be alive to the past? Can we be said to be alive to the future? Yet the only portion possessed, is the only portion decried. In committing the common folly, of wishing the accelerated flight of time, I beseech you to reflect that it is the extinction of a part of life that you desire; for what is life, but the aggregate of portions of time, of moments,

hours, days, years. We very properly deem that man criminal, who abridges the period allotted to him; but do we not act similarly, when we desire to annihilate certain spaces of our existence? That we only wish to perform, what the other actually does perform, is a poor excuse, for it is necessity, not choice, that governs us. We cannot annihilate the period, but we would if we could. This is an awful consideration, and places the guilt of such wishes, in perhaps a new point of view to your young imaginations. Make time synonymous with life (and surely it is so), use the word life instead of time, and observe how your desires for its accelerated flight would sound.

FOLLY OF WISHING TIME TO PASS MORE QUICKLY.

"I wish my life would pass more quickly."—"Oh! that I could jump over a week, a month of my life."—"How tedious is life."—"How slowly moves away life."

These are the murmurs with which too many stain and gloom the passing hour; they use common-place expressions, without reflecting to what they tend. But I trust, after this explanation, you will not do so, but that assimilating the ideas of time and life, you will feel the wisdom of living to the present, in fact the only period in which you can live.

There are some situations we all concur in supposing replete with advantages; wealth, rank, an honourable celebrity, an independent retirement. By some human beings these situations are filled; let them congratulate themselves on their good fortune, and study to enjoy all the blessings peculiar to their envied lot.

Were we indeed sometimes to consider ourselves as objects of envy, (and there are few of us, but possess some advantages that are generally prized and coveted,) the prac-

tice would greatly facilitate a knowledge of our peculiar blessings, and teach us more justly to appreciate them.

SOLITUDE.

Let these considerations, and the reflections that may arise from them, urge us to seize the joy borne on the wing of the passing hour. Are we in solitude, let us reap from solitude the sober satisfactions seclusion best bestows; meditation on what we have read, or seen, or thought; application to studious pursuits; indulgence in the light and gay productions of literature; the fine arts of music and painting; the various, beguiling, and serviceable occupations of trade and manual labour; gardening, the turner's lathe, &c. &c. The claims of sickness and poverty ever offer employment for the leisure of the recluse, either in administering help and kindness, or in arranging and preparing the needed comforts. With such avocations may the stormy winter's day, or dark winter's night, be whiled away; but in a gayer season, when the bright sun, or silvery moon, beams on a summer landscape, nature wooes us by a thousand charms, a thousand wonders, to ramble amid her diversified scenes; to inhale the healthy breeze, brace the form with exercise, and enrich and refresh the mind with images of whatever is grand and beautiful.

SOCIETY.

In society let us yield ourselves to the hilarity of the moment, attune our social feelings to the claims of benevolence, join with frankness in the mirth, applaud the wit, and respect the wisdom that circulates around us. If our associates are dear to us, friendship, love and esteem will brighten all our joys, and yield us the purest bliss. Are we with acquaintance, with people of whom we know little, and that

little known is not to our tastes, still let us not despair of amusement; in obliging others we secure our own content, and thus by humouring the opinions, yielding to the wishes, joining in the entertainment of those we neither love nor esteem, we shall yet find our account; we may be informed by their knowledge, amused by their wit, or interested by their singularities. Social conversation is perhaps the most beguiling mode of passing time, and it is very rarely that it does not strike out some new train of ideas, or convey some species of information. The benevolent affections are never more agreeably or easily set in play, than by the remarks thrown out in conversation; love, pity, esteem, are awakened either towards the speaker, or towards the persons spoken of, and thus the bosom finds itself warmed not only into gratifying, but sympathising emotions.

Is the scene of social meeting public? let us conform ourselves to the passing amusement, be it music, dancing, or any other innocent diversion; from each some entertainment may be culled. Thus it is, that under every circumstance of life, some happiness, or some pleasure, or some profit, may be gleaned from the passing hour.

Note.—The following remarks, made in France, in 1814, by Mr. John Scott, are worthy attention.

“The French only avail themselves of what is agreeable. If thinking becomes disagreeable, they do not think. It is not that they would estimate a dance in the evening, as a more exquisite pleasure than the receiving home of a husband, or a son, unexpectedly, safe after the dangers and horrors of such a campaign as that in Russia; but if they can manage the dance, and cannot accomplish the return of their relations, there can be no reason, they think, why the want of the greater should deprive them of the less gratification: if they are obliged to go without a dinner of meat,

which they would prefer, there is nothing in their mental constitution to prevent them from enjoying the apple which they can afford to purchase, to the full extent of what an apple can bestow. Instead of thinking the worse of what they have, because it is not so good as something which they have not, they deem that the circumstance of possessing it, places it in point of excellence far above any thing that is unattainable."

Is not this true philosophy?

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,
And laughs to see vain man oppress,
With idle fears, and more than man distress.

Then wisely from the present hour,
Enjoy the bliss that it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our power,
And like the changeful Tyber flows,
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides.

* * * *

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who master of himself can say,
To-day at least hath been my own,
For I have clearly liv'd to-day;
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void
The joy that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain blessing once enjoy'd,
Is safe beyond the godhead's power;
Nought can recall the acted scene,
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

Horace, Ode 29, Book 3.

ON HABIT.

Among the various helps to happiness, the power of habit ought not to be forgotten.

Habit is explained in our dictionaries as "an ability of doing any thing by frequent doing." Here we see *one* of its uses defined; another arises from its quality of reconciling man to apparently disagreeable circumstances, and teaching him to accommodate himself to his peculiar situation, whatever it may be.

And first, the power of habit in gradually overcoming difficulties in arts, and sciences, and manufacture, and every species of mental or manual labour.

This seems attributing a great range of benefits to this power; yet, we have only to recollect the difficulty with which we conceived any operation to be encompassed in our first attempts at its acquirement, and observe the facility with which we now perform it, to feel convinced that we ascribe to habit only its just attributes.

EFFECT OF HABIT IN WRITING.

Do you remember your earliest lessons in writing? the awkwardness with which you held your pen; the clumsy unmeaning strokes you formed; the impossibility you felt in imitating the copy set before you; the deep attention required to complete the rudest resemblance. How much was to be previously arranged; the careful adjustment of the paper on the desk, of the pen between the thumb and fingers; the keeping the strokes within the bounds lined out. The occupation seemed to demand the united energy of mind and body; yet, after all, the production was uncouth, unmeaning, and worthless.

Attempt the same operation, when repetition has made

you familiar with it, and how easy does it appear; how useful, how elegant the composition produced! how small the effort of mind or body, how little the assistance required.

EFFECT OF HABIT IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

In acquiring the art of instrumental music, the benefits conferred by habit are still more palpable. In its initiation few attainments are more difficult, whatever the instrument. For not only is each hand performing a different operation, but the eye has, perhaps, to read two distinct lines at the same instant, with sometimes a third containing the words. Such a multiplicity of diverse acts seems to defy all skill. Any person, for the first time, having this series of simultaneous operations explained to him, would be likely to pronounce it impossible to be performed. Yet how are all these difficulties conquered by practice.

We must not ascribe these effects to memory, since memory is an intellectual capacity, whereas habit appears in some measure a corporeal one. I have heard performers on the piano forte frequently declare, that if they could remember the first few notes of an air, their fingers would naturally place themselves to run over the remaining notes; and that though they could not write out a bar of the tune, they could sit down and play it without fault. Nor is it the ear that directs this correctness, since many are the instances of deaf people who play and sing with the most delightful accuracy. We also see performers on the harpsichord, &c. frequently conversing with by-standers at the very moment of their performance, thus farther proving the little dominion the mind has over the action.*

* The mind directs the first acquisition, but habit effects the perfect repetition.

EFFECT OF HABIT IN MECHANICAL ARTS.

Whilst habit thus facilitates the acquirement of elegant accomplishments to the rich, it assists the poor in more homely, but more eventful attainments. It bestows expedition and neatness in the execution of every branch of labour and handicraft.

In knitting, spinning, weaving, &c. how beneficial is habit to the humbler classes of society. The process of lace-making is eminently illustrative of this assertion. The innumerable pins and bobbins, and various sized threads, that are apparently mingled in the most inexplicable disorder; the fingers moving each with indescribable swiftness, and passing from movement to movement without pause, all compel a spectator to believe that the complicated operation must demand the highest talents; yet children of six years of age produce many beautiful specimens of this delicate manufacture; and when you stop their rapidly moving fingers, you discover a beautiful pattern growing on the cushion, without defect or omission.

Thus it is that not only very humble talents, and very feeble forces, are made subservient to the comforts and luxuries of the community, but insure to their lowly possessors a decent and independent subsistence. The well-known advantages attending the division of labour is fully exemplified; each artificer undertaking that portion which from repetition, that is from habit, he can most ably, and most quickly execute: thus the whole is completed in the least possible time, and best possible manner. By this saving of time the article can be brought into the market at so moderate a price as to ensure purchasers, and, consequently, ensure a demand for continued industry. Habit enables the artificer to execute his work with such despatch as to perfect so much of the

manufacture, as shall produce a certain salary, at the same time that the articles are finished at an expense so moderate as to render them attainable to the greater portion of the community.

Mr. Dugald Stewart has, with great skill and ingenuity, investigated the power of habit, and pointed out * how far it is a mental, and how far it is a bodily capacity. He does not fail to bear honourable testimony to the many advantages bestowed by this facilitating and reconciling power.

MORAL EFFECTS OF HABIT.

Numerous as are the benefits bestowed by habit in “rendering difficulties easy,” (this very definition forcibly expressing its value,) it has yet another and a more dignified office : Reconciling man to the peculiar circumstances of his fate ; causing his taste to relish, and his character to conform to, every variety of station, and every vicissitude in life.

EFFECT OF HABIT IN STRENGTHENING THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

It teaches the native of every country not only to endure with patience the peculiarities of clime and soil, but to prefer such peculiarities to those of every other portion of the globe ; to boast of them as advantages, and enjoy them as pleasures.

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.

* “The effects of habit are produced partly on the mind, and partly on the body,” &c.—*Stewart on the Mind.*

The naked Negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*.

EFFECT OF HABIT IN RECONCILING US TO INCONVENIENCES.

It causes the inhabitants of different districts to prefer their own residence to every other; and whilst the townsman expatiates on the delightful animation of a life spent amid busy streets, and in the vicinage of public spectacles, the tenants of retired and rural dwellings describe the charms of quiet, and the sweets of seclusion. Nor does that restless desire of change, perceptible in most men, militate against the reconciling power of habit. For how often, when a change has been effected, has it been resigned to return to those decried circumstances, the advantages of which were not fully known till lost.

But when change is necessary and enforced, quickly does the power of habit reconcile us to the alteration, and assist us to conform to its novelties. By gradually becoming familiar to situations and events, we cease to feel their inconveniences, and begin to taste their pleasures. The very senses seem under the control of the force of habit.

We see persons, accustomed to noise and confusion, actually become insensible to them; and the tolling bells and rattling wheels, that deafen a rustic city-visitant, are almost unheard by the resident familiar to their recurrence.

Situations apparently, and at first highly disagreeable, become not only tolerable but pleasurable, by the reconciling power of habit. Commercial or professional pursuits are not unfrequently decried by their professors, and the period of emancipation from business and anxiety ardently

anticipated. But that period arrived, unbroken leisure, and undisturbed tranquillity attained, it is discovered that long-existing habits of bustle and solicitude have rendered bustle and solicitude necessary and pleasing; and if time is not given for habit to make the new state agreeable, indolence and peace are often exchanged for the resigned activity and anxiety.

There is a well-known anecdote, that places in a forcible light the power of habit in reconciling man to the peculiar circumstances of his lot, even when these circumstances are replete with inconvenience and pain—the aged prisoner,* who, after many years' confinement in a gloomy dungeon, was restored to light and liberty. But the dimness and the quiet of his cell, by long familiarity, had become agreeable to him. The glare of the full day-light, and a freedom which he had ceased to value, because he had ceased to find it necessary to his content, were no longer the blessings he craved. He returned to the sovereign who had released him: “Give me back my prison,” said he; “the world has nothing to offer me that will compensate for the calm with which I have been so long familiar in my dark and solitary cell.”

EFFECTS OF HABIT ON THE MANNERS.

Many other anecdotes † might be adduced in confirmation of the beneficial services performed by habit. Enough has been said to speak its eulogy, and lead us to reflect on its numerous offices. But there is one deduction I must intreat you to draw from the hints here given, of most momentous

* Chinese Prisoner, under Chinwang the Chaste; related by Goldsmith.

† 4000 Grecian captives, found by Alexander near Persepolis, refused to return home, having become habituated to their foreign residence.

interest. If habits are often so inveterate as to be with difficulty eradicated, how careful ought all persons to be, most especially young persons, in forming their habits. The little disagreeable tricks, movements, and grimaces which disfigure manners, figure, and face, are but minor forms of the influence of habit; and when incautiously assumed, ought to be conquered as soon as possible; for be the habit of small or of great importance, the longer it prevails the more difficult is its extermination: and since, in the first instance, it is as easy to acquire right as wrong habits, it surely is wisdom to practise what we may always continue without shame or inconvenience, rather than what is disagreeable and awkward, and which must impose the trouble of unlearning, if any desire for grace or propriety remains.

Petty rudeness of demeanour, or inelegancies of speech, may be deemed insignificant, and therefore permitted; but, trivial as they seem, their encouragement may lead to very important effects. Uncouthness of gesture, and oddness of language, may gradually induce vulgar and low thoughts; and, unfitting for polished society, lead to the selection of coarse and mean associates. The mischiefs of such a selection cannot need enumeration; for what constitute the pleasures of coarse and mean associates? such as not only propriety, but good morals, must urge every honourable mind to shun. Inebriety, swearing, indelicate jests, coarse buffoonery, unlawful recreations, are the smallest errors of the great and little vulgar; for, by the term vulgar, I mean not men of low estate, but of low pursuits; dukes, lords, jockeys, and ploughmen; all, in short, who associate to eat, drink, swear, and deceive.

HABIT OF PROFANENESS.

Not one of the many habits that, carelessly begun, lead to important results,—not one is more common or more

dangerous than the habit of expressing earnestness by *oaths* and *imprecations*. The good taste of the times has almost entirely extirpated such expressions from the circles of polite society ; but it is not an event of rare occurrence to hear the youth, who would blush to use an oath in the presence of well-bred persons, indulge himself in an unbounded license of imprecation to his valet, his horse, or his tradesman. Without, in this place, insisting on the positive criminality of the act, two obvious reasons may be suggested for its continuance.

First, that lips accustomed to swear in the stable, the dressing-room, and the shop, may be apt to yield to the habit on forbidden ground : and as all habits are known to gain strength by indulgence, it will, in time, become very difficult, if not impossible, to prevent such mistakes. Thus, besides the universal censure incurred, a friend, a patron, or a mistress may be lost.

Secondly, why is swearing avoided in good society ? Because it is considered ill-bred and uncourteous ; because it incurs general contempt and reprobation. Wherefore incur this risk any where ? Is there any gratification in being despised, even by the groom that holds the stirrup, or the tailor who takes measure for a coat ? Does not such rude ungentlemanly conduct instantly level all distinctions, since it is only by superior manners, that superior rank can be evidenced. The master who indulges in loud oaths, willingly degrades himself to the standard of his lacquey ; shall not the mind be infected by the humiliation, and with the dignified language of good breeding, lose its attendant delicacy of thinking and feeling ?

HABIT OF INTEMPERANCE.

Intoxication, that most disgusting and fruitful source of crime and misery, is generally the consequence of coarse

habits too long indulged, and becomes itself an habit of incurable malignity. What crime may not the senseless, infuriated drunkard commit? Was the habit of inebriety ever cured? The answers to these two questions must, more powerfully than any logic, urge every rational mind to shun the smallest hazard of encouraging the inculcation and growth of this guilt and pain-dispensing vice.

Whilst practice confirms into habit evil propensities and debasing manners, it ought to be remembered that amiable dispositions, and correct deportment, may also by repetition be strengthened into habit. Thus it is a matter of free election, whether the lips shall be accustomed to utter the language of courtesy and truth, and whether the taste shall be led to prefer innocent pleasures and virtuous society; or whether habits of rudeness and deception shall be courted, and criminal indulgence and vicious associates selected. But on the momentous decision, be it recollected, much of the dignity of character, and happiness of life, depend. It never can reasonably be asserted, that it is not a matter of choice to which service the beneficial power of habit shall be directed. Surely it depends upon ourselves whether we practise errors and faults until we acquire the habit of almost unconsciously practising them, or whether we repeat graceful and meritorious actions until by repetition they become easy and natural to us.

ORDER AND METHOD.

ORDER and method appear synonymous terms, but, in strict propriety, have very distinct significations. *Order*, implying the arrangement of *things*: *Method*, denoting the regularity of *actions*. Articles may be placed in order,

and disposed in the least possible space, or placed in the best possible arrangement; but this disposition may be performed in several different ways, methodically or unmethodically. *Method* implies that the operation of adjusting such articles, was the most expeditious, neat and judicious that could have been adopted. Order, saves space: method, saves time.

The advantages of order and method may be illustrated by a variety of instances. Take a familiar example. Throw into a trunk, various articles, promiscuously mingled: fill every part as closely and as fully as possible, till pressure and sight convince you, that by this mode the trunk can hold no more. Now by this plan can you hope to remember the station each article occupies?

But unpack the contents of the trunk, empty it, and replace the articles with regularity, piece by piece, in distinct rows, and adapted to the corners and vacancies as they occur,—you will soon perceive that the whole package will not only occupy considerably less space, but that you will with facility recollect the situation of each article.

Similar is the principle upon which order and method confer benefit, to whatever purpose they are applied: in the arrangement of time, money; in the regulation of ideas, and in the modes of acquiring knowledge, in all its branches of arts, sciences, and literature.

ARRANGEMENT OF TIME.

“Let every hour bring its occupation, and every occupation have its hour,” was the admirable maxim of that great moralist, Dr. Johnson. To which may be added the well-known adage, attributed to the celebrated De Wit, “Do but one thing at a time.”

The axiom of the English moralist carries its meaning on

its surface; but it is impossible for any one, who has not made the experiment, to conceive the immense advantage of this appropriation of time. This is the age of experiment, and therefore a request for one to be made, may safely be risked.

Let any individual earnestly desirous of doing something, which in his present state of desultory occupation he deems it impossible to complete, calculate what number of hours the desired work will require. This computation will not prove by any means so difficult as it may at first view appear. It is only necessary to discover what can be effected in one hour, and multiply that hour by the several divisions of the work that can be effected in it. Next, must be run over in thought the successive occupation of the unregulated day.

Without stopping to smile at his surprise on the discovery of the preponderance of idle to busy hours, let him simply proceed to appropriate to each *necessary* daily duty just as much time as each may require, but no more; let him then give even a superabundant space for rest, and sleep, and meals. Yet after all these deductions, if the calculation has been fairly made, he will be astonished at the residue of leisure at his command.

In fact, it is only by appropriation that time has any value. For as Locke wisely asks,—What is time? Is it any thing that can be grasped, portrayed, or in any other manner than by occupation possessed. Nay, can it be defined, but by the events by which it is marked. Divided by the alternations of light and darkness, by the changes perceptible in nature or ourselves, we conjure time into a real possession, when in fact it is a nonentity more utterly undefinable than any thought the mind can form.

The maxim of De Witt* requires further comment, for it appears on the surface as a truism too palpable, and wholly unnecessary to be inculcated, since to do only one thing at a time is a matter of necessity. This great man, however, knew from experience its importance, and felt, from observation, the propriety of its diffusion. He accomplished so much in the twenty-four hours, that he was asked, by what secret art he completed what he undertook. Then it was that he answered, "I do but one thing at a time."

Those indulging themselves in desultory employment, passing from business to business with versatile and unfinished eagerness, will quickly discover the worth of this maxim. Perpetually busy, harassed by numerous occupations, they fly from one to another, and though always employed, effect nothing. Affairs multiply rather than lessen beneath their assiduity; for continually entering on new avocations, they neglect to complete those before commenced.

Thus wearied, embarrassed, and disheartened, they not unfrequently sink into quiescence and indolence, from utter hopelessness of extricating themselves from their multifarious undertakings.

But let them calmly obey the judicious mandate; let them begin any one business, and steadily complete it, ere they pass to another; let each affair in its due time be adjusted, and gradually the pressure complained of would cease.

Besides the time gained by arranging our hours to appointed duties, another advantage is thereby procured—the spirits are preserved cheerful, and free from irritation.

The consciousness that whatever ought to be done has its

* The celebrated minister, or pensionary of Holland, put to death 1672.

allotted period for performance, prevents any restless attempts at executing it at improper times, or any risk of neglecting it altogether. Leisure is consequently relished, without any harassing fear of its being improperly extended. The clock will remind us of the hour of business, till when we may enjoy the sweets of relaxation. By having such appointed periods of business and rest, we escape the irritating sensations of knowing there are duties to be performed, without knowing when. Thus we taint leisure with the cares of business, and hurry business into fatigue.

The haste caused by procrastination is not the least mischievous or unpleasant result of unregulated activity. Avocations that would have afforded amusement, if performed in their right season, free from hurry and perturbation, by being deferred, enforce such precipitation (that haste may supply the omissions of punctuality), that they become actually tormenting; or by being performed slowly, at long intervals, prove wearying and disgusting.

The flushed cheek, the trembling hands, that accompany hurried employment, sufficiently express the painful disorder of the mind and feelings; as the listless yawn, and joyless assiduity, of those wearied by procrastinating slowness, evidence the cheerless lassitude of the tired spirits. Easy is the mode by which these minor but harassing vexations may be avoided—"Do one thing at once, and at its appointed time."

ARRANGEMENT OF MONEY DISBURSEMENTS.

The orderly arrangement of money disbursements, though deemed a lowly duty, is of the utmost consequence to all degrees of the community, the rich and the poor, the noble and the ignoble.

The most considerable revenue may be rendered inad-

quate to the expenditure of its proprietor by mismanagement : for it is a self-evident proposition, that if disbursements exceed receipts, confusion and poverty must ensue. It matters not whether the receipts are hundreds, thousands, or millions ; the rule equally applies to all. And to all there is but one preventive—order in regulating expenses, and adapting payments to the power of making them.

Again it is necessary first to provide what is essential to comfort and decency, what is more immediately required by the individual, or what is in character with his rank, before unnecessary expenses are incurred. For if the limits of the fortune are faithfully observed, yet if that fortune is lavished on superfluities, the unnoticed claims of necessity will produce the horrors of want as surely, as if the limits of fortune had been at once outstepped, since it must come to that at last.

Thus, those who indulge in luxuries beyond their means, and gratify themselves with the embellishments and amusements of life, at the risk of resigning their comforts, and finding their actual wants unsupplied, are preparing for themselves the most painful form of poverty—poverty embittered by former magnificence ; since a day of reckoning must sooner or later arrive, and the claims of nature cannot be set aside.

To avoid this distressing mistake, (for such folly is the effect of miscalculation, or of the neglect of all calculation,) there is a simple rule, to commence every year with making a computation of every *necessary* expense, of all that must be purchased, and then at one glance shall be seen what may be appropriated to superfluities. So much may be assigned for dress, so much for housekeeping, &c. &c.; a dozen lines would comprise the whole statement.

It may here be observed, that it is an admirable plan to

set aside a certain sum annually, monthly, or weekly, for the purposes of charity, according to the circumstances of the individual. Benefactions would thus be performed without effort, and a regular stream of beneficence be perpetually flowing. We have heard of a small sum being put into a purse, for the service of the poor, every week, when the accounts for that period were closed. This sum, either as a guinea, a crown, or a shilling, if adapted to the fortune, cannot be felt as a loss, and yet give great power of relief.

The judicious dispensation of fortune, also precludes the necessity of resorting to expensive expedients, to supply the deficiencies induced by omission and negligence; just as the regulation of time prevents the confusion of haste and the embarrassments of non-performance. The effect on the feelings is exactly similar; the well-ordered fortune, and wisely regulated household, of families of every rank, causing more honour and felicity, than could be possessed by the largest revenues, and proudest titles, without regulation of finance and internal economy. Since nothing can be more certain than that, the man who squares his expenses to his wealth, however limited that wealth, must feel more true peace, and ensure more genuine respect, than the richest noble, whose profusion plunges him into debts he cannot liquidate, and into perplexities equally fatal to his honour and his tranquillity.

ARRANGEMENT OF IDEAS.

In the arrangement of our ideas, the comparison already stated is strikingly illustrative. For it is of very inferior consequence to have accumulated a vast number of ideas, if they are so confusedly mingled, that not one can be found at the moment it is wanted.

It is by judicious regulation, that we render the faculty

of memory truly valuable. For as Rogers elegantly exclaims, when speaking of thoughts, "Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise." This power of association enables us so to link our recollections with one another, that we are enabled, by recurring to one thought, to unfold the chain of ideas of which it forms the first link. Here we see of what vast importance it is, to arrange these several links in such a manner, as shall make them successively informing.

How much may be done by a skilful association of ideas, is demonstrated by the ingenious science of Mnemonicks,* by which the faculty of memory is assisted to effect a surprising accumulation of knowledge.

Though the professors of this science announce its simplicity, it is generally deemed of very difficult attainment. Yet if we reflect that all our remembrances are caused by associated ideas, we shall find that we all in reality act upon the same principle. The reference to this modern study has been introduced here, only to confirm the opinion of the advantage of regulating our ideas, and of the possibility of doing so.

As when articles are thrown into a box without order, it is difficult, if not impossible, to find them the moment they are wanted; and as, after long search, they may be discovered too late for the purpose for which they were sought; so ideas received into the mind without order, make but slight and confused impression, and are seldom ready for

* The method of assisting the memory by the association of ideas with places and images, now reduced into a science under the title of Mnemonicks, was well known to the ancients, and was supposed to be invented "by Simonides, the Cean; of whom both Tully and Quintilian speak with respect." See Grey's *Memoria Technica*, in which another mode of artificial memory is displayed. —Simonides of Cea, the poet, flourished 500 A. C.

use—remembered accidentally, and perhaps at periods when their recollection is of no service. Thus many occasions of improvement to ourselves and others are lost, and the mind never enjoys that delightful command of itself, that grasp of its powers, that clear insight into its accumulated knowledge, that makes the effort of acquiring information, and the consciousness of possessing it, equally sources of animating and agreeable emotions.

ON METHOD.

To insure this joy-dispensing order in all our thoughts, and connect it with all our acts, we must habituate ourselves to introduce method into our train of thinking and acting.*

For, (to recur to our old comparison,) the articles packed into the box may be arranged in precise order, but in so packing them, considerable time may have been lost by the manner in which the operation was performed, and thereby great labour and tardiness incurred. But by acting on some plan, by methodising our efforts, we not only gain time, but avoid weariness.

METHOD IN SELF EDUCATION.

Thus, in attaining knowledge, it is not enough that we endeavour to arrange our ideas after they are acquired, we must also, if we would unite pleasure to duty, pursue a methodical system in acquiring them.

We must not jump from science to science, or take our first view of any branch of learning at the middle, or closing proposition: we must begin with the rudiments, and only proceed step by step, not moving an inch, till the first thing to be learnt is perfectly comprehended. We must also

* Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his able work on the mind, points out the advantage of method in thinking as well as acting.

make ourselves acquainted with the easier studies, ere we go to the more difficult ones; for otherwise we shall needlessly multiply difficulties, and either become very superficially acquainted with the science we study, or resign our attempt of acquiring it, from the accumulation of those obstacles ourselves have caused.

It is attention to method, that renders schools, and professed instructors, so generally preferred for the attainment of knowledge. These invariably inculcate every art or science by certain given rules, and slowly and gradually lead pupils from the first principles to the higher branches. Persons designing to teach themselves, are generally too impatient to comply with such progressive initiation, and are desirous of springing to the summit of excellence, without condescending to mount to it step by step.

METHOD IN DOMESTIC TUITION.

The objection just started to self-instruction, applies to domestic tuition. Parents and friends are little conversant with the regular gradations of learning, and are besides too eager for the advancement of their pupils. Thus they often adopt wrong measures, and unconsciously expect more than the young mind can perform. In both cases, (self, or domestic instruction,) the aim is missed, because the means are mistaken, and what might be a pleasure, is rendered a vexation.

It is now so much the custom to instruct children, especially daughters, under the parental roof, that it would be performing a valuable service to the community, if any individual accustomed to the tuition of the young, would publish a tract descriptive of the best method of inculcating a knowledge of the several accomplishments most generally desired. The arrangement in which they should succeed each other, is also necessary to be known.

DRAWING.

Drawing ought to be well understood, ere painting can be wisely attempted. For what beauty, or truth of colouring, can conceal deformity of proportion, or falseness of perspective? Nay, can there be truth of colouring, where there is no accuracy of delineation.

The most acute genius cannot comprehend the abstruser branches of the science of numbers, algebra for instance, without having previously learnt the power of numeration, and passed through the science of arithmetic.

READING HISTORY.

In reading, most especially in reading history, a method in doing so is essentially necessary. And here, it may not be deemed irrelevant to remark, a common anachronism induced in the memory of youthful readers. The history of their own country, or of Rome, are generally the first works put into their hands; and it is not till some time after, that the history of Greece is given to them. Now does not such an irregular proceeding, produce a misconception of the occurrence of events in the opening mind? a misconception never perhaps to be eradicated.

Young persons having read of the obscurity of the earliest history of Rome, and thereby naturally exaggerating her antiquity, cannot afterwards very readily believe in the existence of states and empires antecedent to that obscure era, and will perhaps be ever apt to place all other facts subsequent to those, with which being first acquainted, they conceive have first occurred; or at all events will possess confused and inaccurate recollections of dates and epochs.

Let me therefore recommend you to read history as much as possible in the chronological order in which the several

states and empires flourished: and give Greece the precedence to Rome, in the course of juvenile study.*

If no regard is paid to order in reading, if a reign in the fifteenth century is read previous to one in the fourteenth, or the lives of ancient heroes perused without attention to the period in which they succeeded each other, strange misconceptions will be imbibed; and by the false order of dates thus established, egregious historical mistakes induced. The difficulty of eradicating ideas once received, and of altering the course of recollections, points out the importance of implanting them originally correct; otherwise the chain of thought, though linked, has each link misplaced, so that when it is extended, the later dates are recalled before the prior ones, and though each fact is remembered, its period of occurrence is mistaken. Thus confusion and trouble ensue, and the accumulated knowledge is of little value.

After the mind has attained one clear grand outline of history and biography, and is master of the succession of the principal states and great men to one another, it may then safely indulge in desultory reading, and cease to preserve a chronological order in the perusal of narratives.

UTILITY OF METHOD IN MANUAL OPERATION.

Habit is justly prized as giving facility and celerity to

* It may be said, perhaps, that the events of the Roman empire are more readily remembered by the young, and the perusal of its history more relished, from that great commonwealth being earlier introduced to their attention, by the channel of general conversation. This may in part be true, and only in part, for surely Alexander is at least as often named as any Roman warrior, to say nothing of Sparta and Athens,—the black broth of the one, and the ostracism of the other. But this remark rather enforces the necessity of reading, to correct the misconceptions produced by desultory conversation, and tends only to prove the propriety of early ideas being early corrected.

every manual, and indeed every mental operation. But habit would be of very secondary utility, if it were not conjoined with method.

There are many ways of performing almost every labour, simple or scientific; but there can be only one way of best effecting it. This best way, may be called the method.

We hear people continually lamenting that they could never do certain things so well as they ought to be done, or as they have seen others do them, because unfortunately they had never learnt the right method. Practice may have given them a degree of quickness and neatness of execution, but not that excellence of performance exhibited by those who acquired the right way at first, or, in other words, were taught the proper method.

This obtains in whatever the mind can project, or the hands execute. We must have method, even in thinking efficiently; and cannot write or draw in our closets, or toil in our gardens, without feeling the necessity of methodising our efforts.

No one was ever taught the simplest operation, without perceiving one mode more effectual than any other in composing it. This the instructor generally points out, and it is for this information we resort to instructors, that by acquiring the right method at once, the labour of learning may be lessened, and a more assured perfection of execution be anticipated. By the peculiar mode of placing the fingers, arranging the materials worked, or moving the implements working, a better and freer action of them is attained, and consequently more excellent workmanship produced.

UTILITY OF METHOD IN LEARNING THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It may be safely pronounced that no person ever gained any high degree of eminence in any art or science, without attention to order and method in the arrangement of his time

and studies. The memoranda published in the biography of the great and the learned, abundantly exhibit the advantages of a due regulation of the hours of life. The memoirs of Gibbon, of Reynolds, and of Dr. Franklin, in short of every man distinguished in literature or science, record the peculiar arrangement of time each adopted. Some arrangement was adopted by all. Sir Joshua, indeed, in one of his opening Discourses, suggests, that too great a regard to system, too much attention to order and method, is prejudicial to improvement, as it gives a check to the free indulgence of application, and excursive study, and offers an excuse for the procrastination and dilatoriness of the indolent. This remark is perfectly just, for every beneficial scheme is capable of being misapplied, or carried beyond just bounds; in either case rendered worthless and pernicious. But though the idle and the foolish may thus reverse the result, by misusing the means, it does not follow that those means, in wise hands, are not highly valuable and serviceable.

History informs us that Alfred the Great, great as a warrior, a statesman, a king, was so well aware of the advantage to be gained by a wise distribution of time, that he divided his day into three equal portions, and gave one to study, one to the transaction of public business, and one for sleep, meals, and relaxation. Such an adjustment may be deemed too severe for general adoption; but were a milder plan proposed, were eight hours devoted to study and business, eight to meals and relaxation, and eight to sleep, few persons, especially young persons, could complain of the arrangement, or not find the most beneficial results from it.

A notice might here be given of an individual, a woman, who divided her day into two portions, assigning twelve hours to sleep, meals, and recreation, and twelve to the duties of domestic life and studious pursuits.

The keeping a journal for a few days would be an easy mode of detecting the hours lost, by a want of some systematic regulation. The diaries inserted in the Spectator and other periodical works, humorously expose the dreadful waste of time produced by desultory occupation.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

After this view of the subject, we may venture to declare that order and method greatly conduce to our virtue, our usefulness, and our happiness.

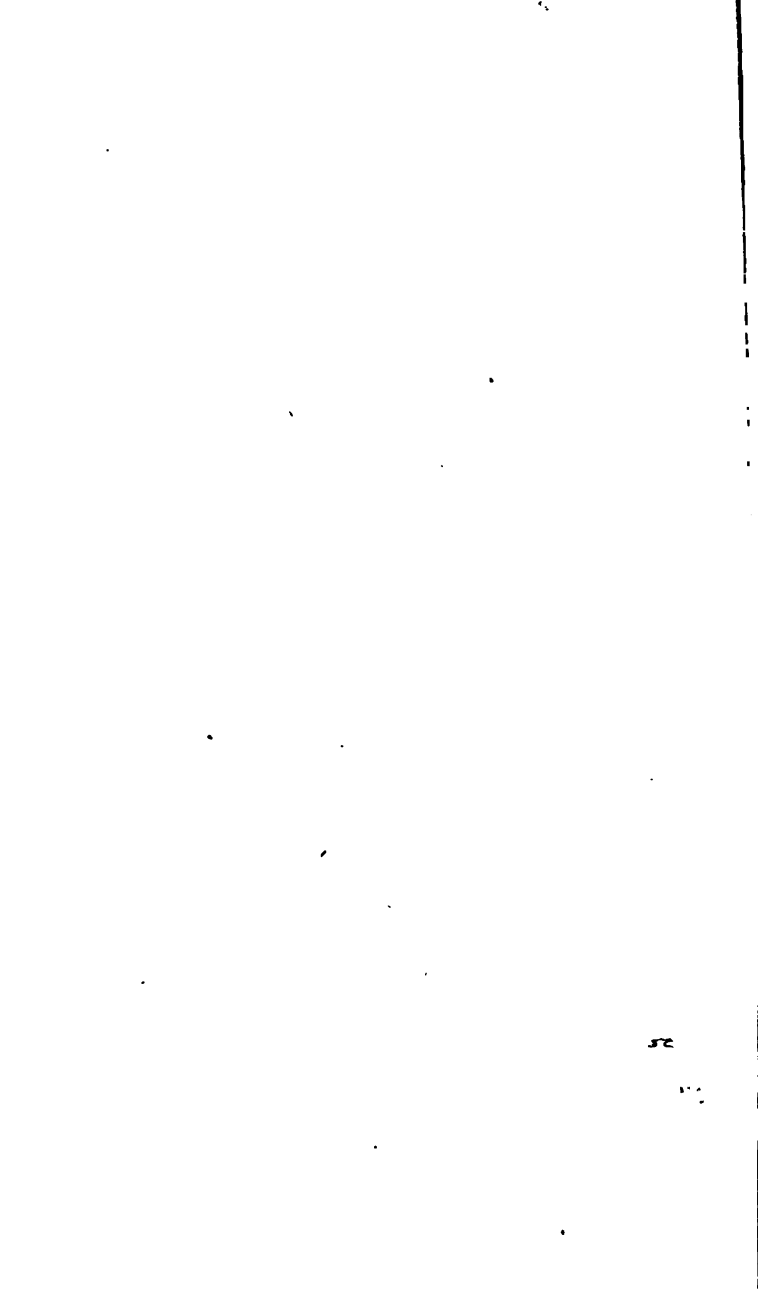
To our virtue, in preventing all those irritations that disorder and difficulty induce, which, by harassing the spirits, and exasperating the temper, too often cause ill-humour, violence, and unkindness.

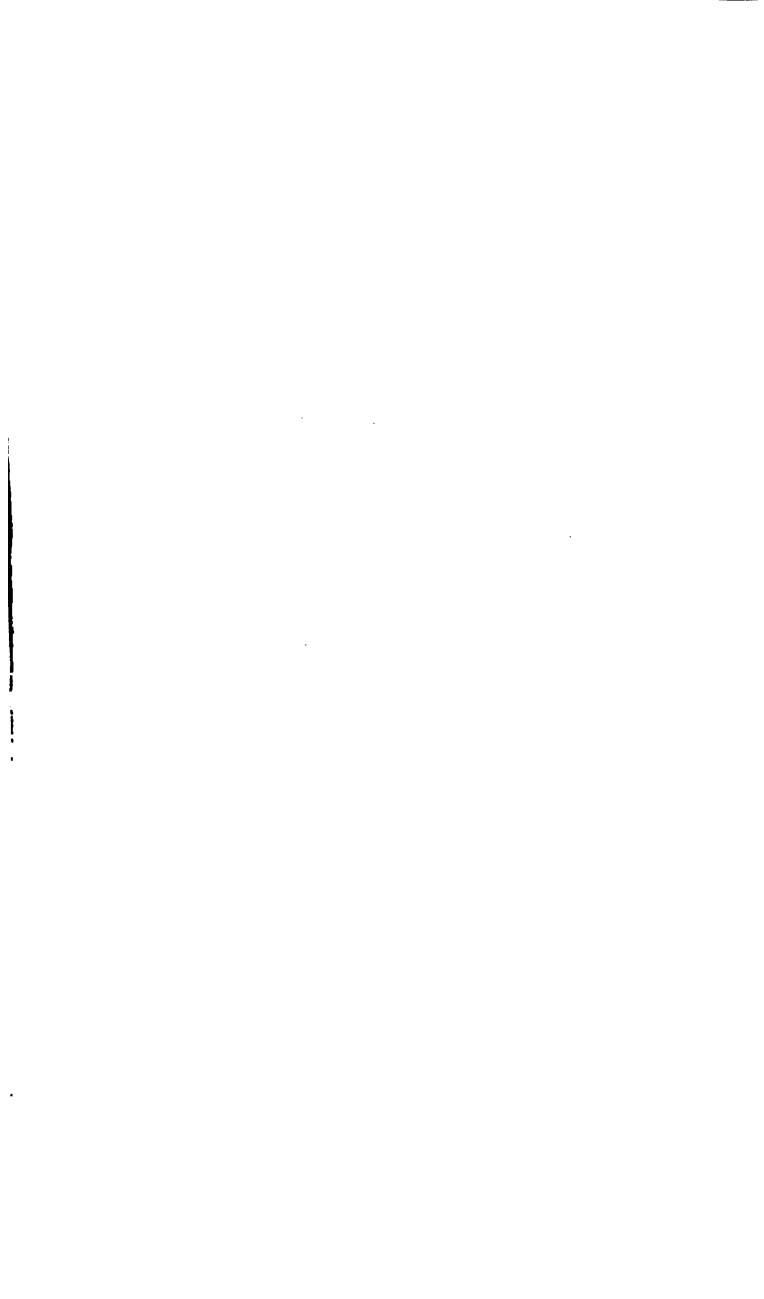
To our usefulness, in facilitating and perfecting mental and manual operations, producing despatch and dexterity, and thereby enlarging our power of promoting the accommodation, the comfort, the luxury of ourselves and our fellow-creatures.

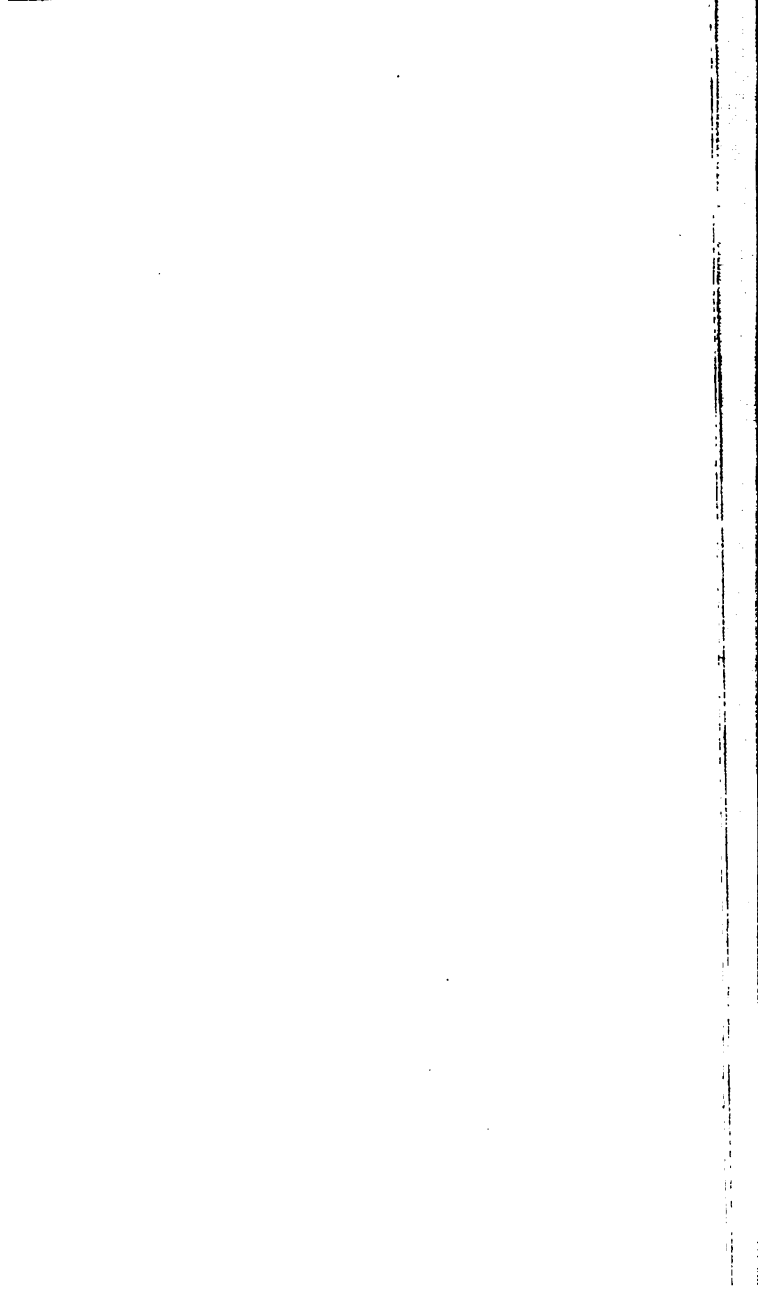
To our happiness, in rendering simple, easy acquirements necessary to be attained, and labours necessary to be performed; in removing the obstacles to study, and softening the toils of industry.

It is upon record that Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epic-tetus, gave from eight to twelve hours daily to study. And a periodical work remarks, that Miss Edgeworth every day devotes six hours to her writing-desk. Such regular and persevering study is the sure path to eminence. Both these ladies have found it so.













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